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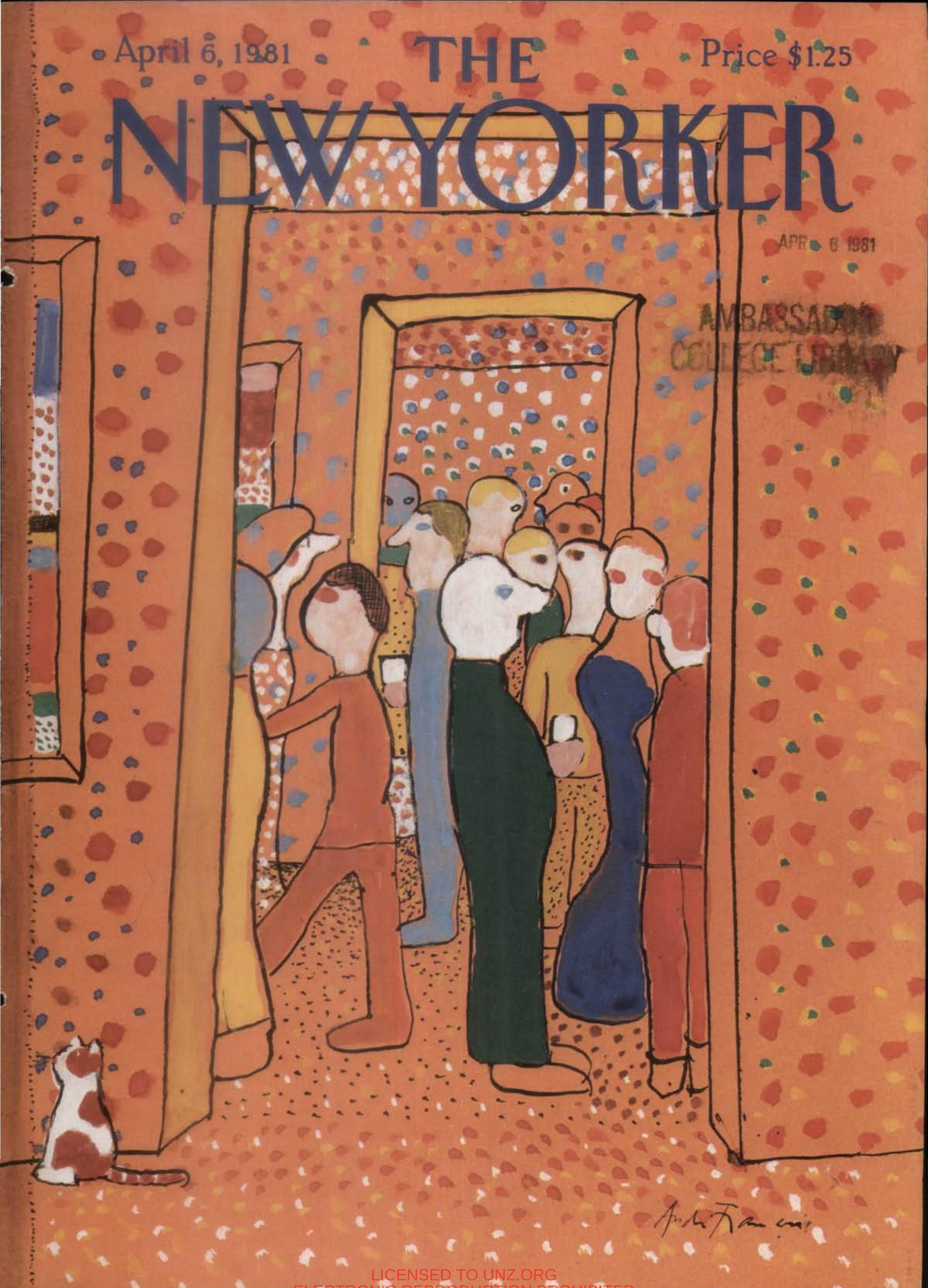
THE NEW YORKER



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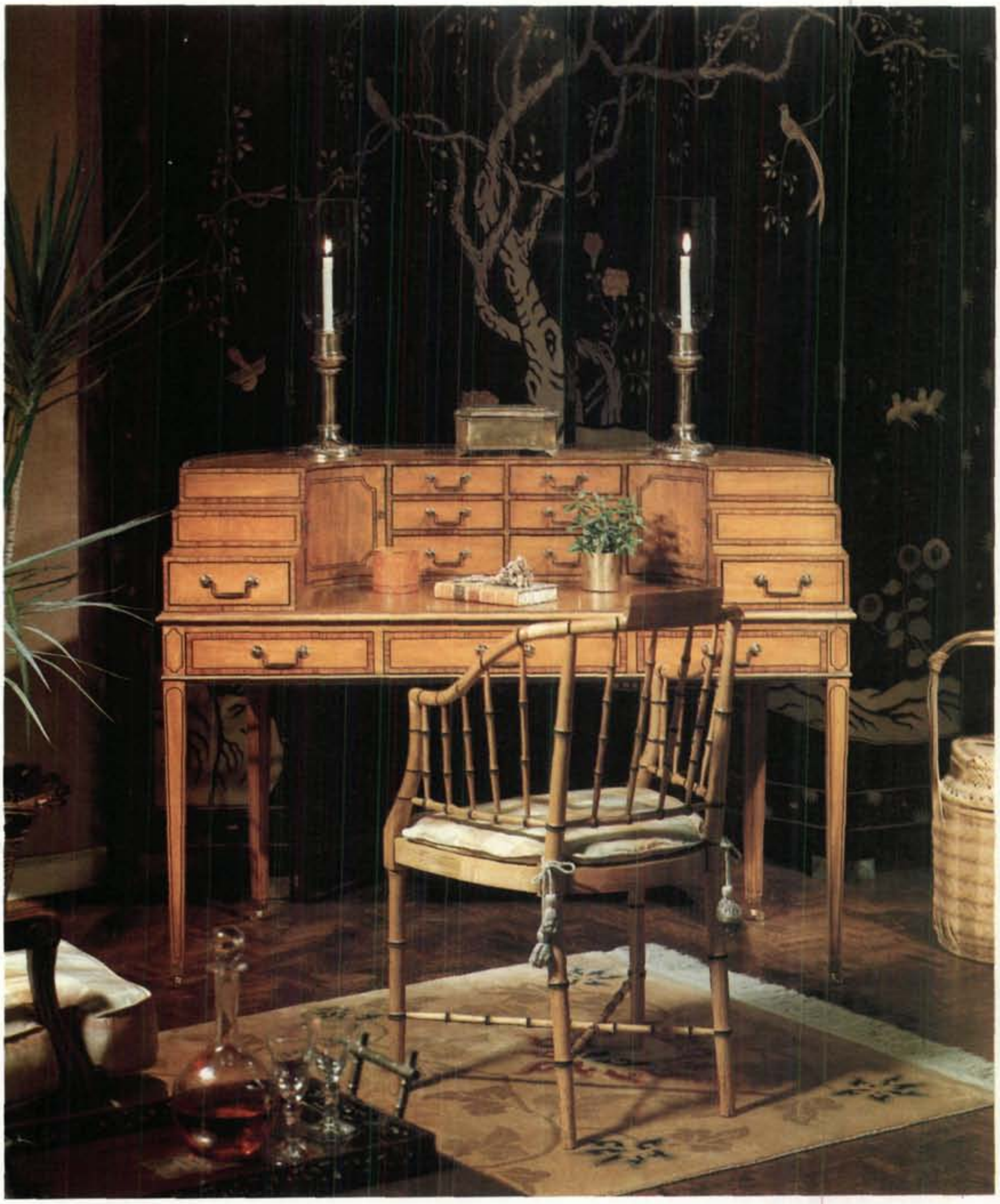

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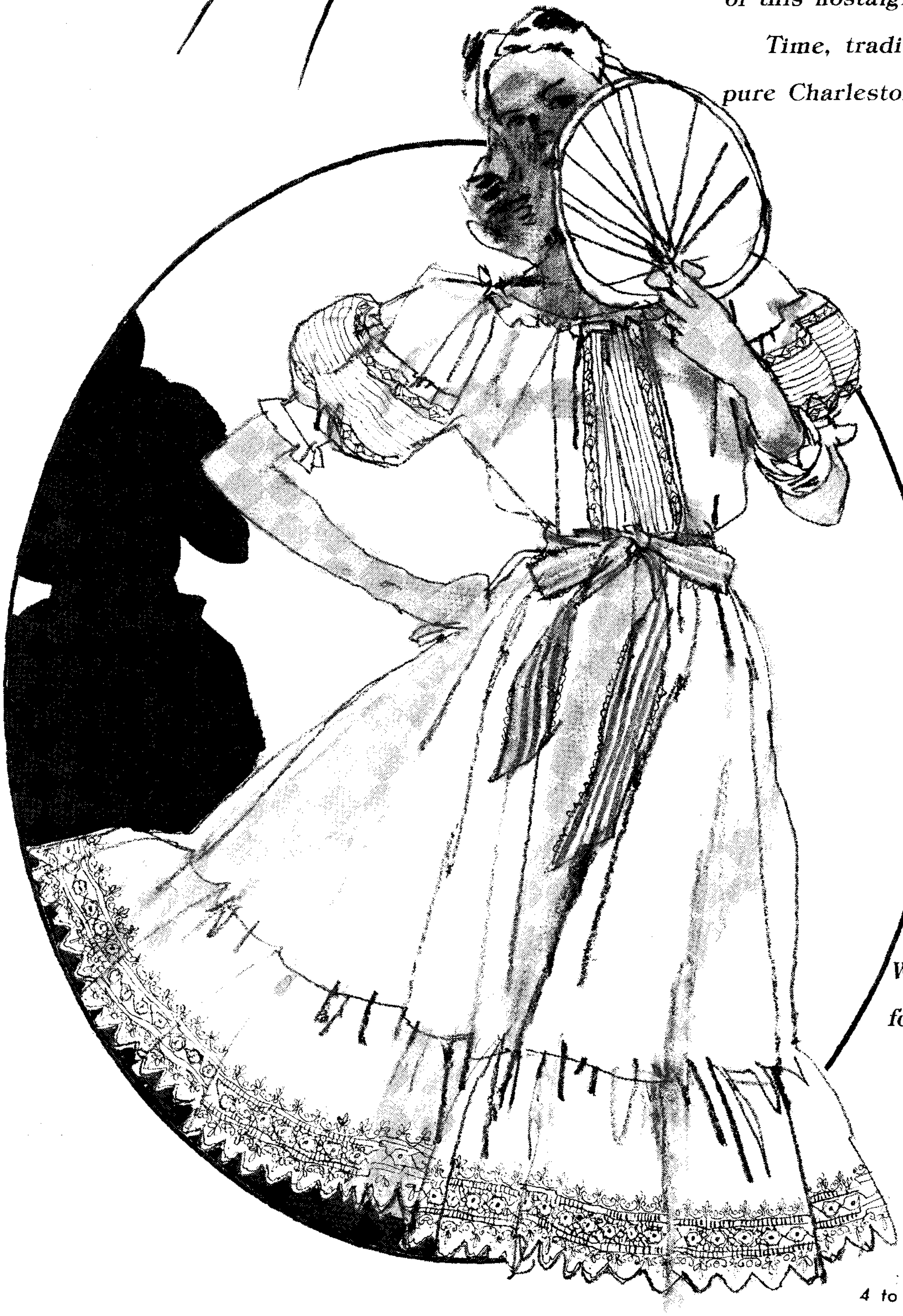

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are acted by Tracy Pollan, Jan Leslie Harding, Sam Robards, and Ralph Davies, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Jane Seymour heading the large cast. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—Two of five plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. **THE WILD DUCK:** An unsatisfactory production of Ibsen's tragic comedy. (3/23/81) Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, at 8, and final performance Sunday, April 5, at 2. . . . ¶ Bertolt Brecht's **JUNGLE OF CITIES**, with Don Scardino and Beth McDonald. Thursday through Saturday, April 9-11, at 8 (previews). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Childe Byron—William Hurt and Debra Mooney are Lord Byron and his grown daughter in this foolish play by Romulus Linney. (3/9/81) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 12.)

Chucky's Hunch—A monologue that becomes an anatomy of failure. A middle-aged man who has failed as a painter, a husband, a philanderer, and now as the live-in son of his ancient mother, speaks aloud imaginary letters to the second of his three wives as he gulps down gin. Rochelle Owens is a clever writer who should be writing dialogue; her Chucky, even in a strong, imaginative performance by Kevin O'Connor, is only in-and-out believable as a solo turn. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Thursdays through Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, April 12.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Copperfield—A musical based on Dickens' "David Copperfield," with book, music, and lyrics by Al Kasha and Joel Hirschhorn. With George S. Irving, Barrie Ingham, Brian Matthews, Carmen Mathews, and Evan Richards. Directed by Rob Iscove. Previews through Saturday, April 11. Opens officially on Sunday, April 12. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Mondays and Sunday, April 5, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—An enthusiastic revival of Cole Porter's glorious musical **ANYTHING GOES**, which often does it justice. The fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (3/30/81) (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 5. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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The Father—Ralph Waite and Frances Sternhagen in a revival of Strindberg's play, newly translated by Harry G. Carlson. Göran Graffman is the director. Previews Wednesday, April 1. Opens officially on Thursday, April 2, and will run through Sunday, June 7. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Richard Thomas and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fools—A play by Neil Simon, with John Rubinstein at the head of the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. Previews through Sunday, April 5. Opens officially on Monday, April 6. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

42nd Street—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. (9/8/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Inadmissible Evidence—Nicol Williamson repeats his brilliant performance in this first-rate revival, which might well be tiresome without him. John Osborne was the playwright. (3/9/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

Knuckle—In this play by the English dramatist David Hare, a man interrupts his investiga-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion of his sister's disappearance with long, cynical lectures on a number of abstractions. The character is a bore, but he is well acted by Daniel Gerroll. With Fran Brill and Alice Drummond, among others. (3/23/81) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

Late City Edition—A musical entertainment, conceived and directed by Isaiah Sheffer, that incorporates the writings of Eve Merriam, Russell Baker, Barbara Carson, Mr. Sheffer, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Fridays and Saturdays at 11:15.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 5: **THE MIKADO.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, April 8-12: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. (3/16/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Lunch Hour—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marry Me a Little—Seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were eliminated from his shows during rehearsal are sung by Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in this abbreviated musical. Some of the songs are charming; the performance is only pretty good. (3/23/81) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

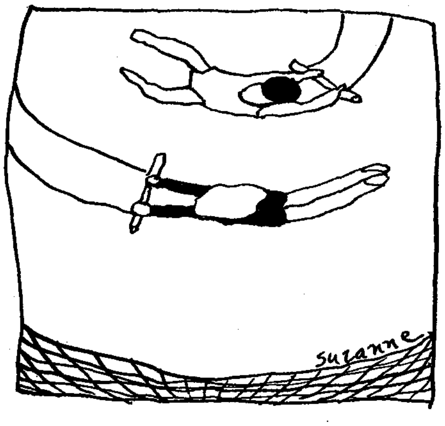
One-Act Play Festival at Lincoln Center—The first of three programs presenting new plays by American playwrights. The three plays here are John Guare's "In Fireworks Lie Secret Codes," Percy Granger's "Vivien," and Jeffrey Sweet's "Stops Along the Way." None is especially memorable, although Mr. Granger's and Mr. Guare's have their good moments. They are well acted by Michael Egan, James Woods, Graham Beckel, and Kathleen Widdoes, among others. Through Sunday, April 5. (3/16/81) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—Mustapha Matura's play **MEETINGS**, with Carl Lumbly, Michele Shay, and Seret Scott. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

Piaf—A singer of sad songs about life and death and lost loves, Edith Piaf has been dead for almost eighteen years, but she remains famous. Jane Lapotaire plays to the hilt as much of the authentic singer as has been allowed to emerge from this grubby little sketch of a play by Pam Gems. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. Kevin Kline is the most limber pirate since Douglas Fairbanks. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30.)



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A Reel American Hero—A musical about the movies of the thirties and forties. Judy GeBauer and Burt Vinocur did the book, Gordon Kent and Stephanie Peters the music, and Gerald Hillman (with Miss Peters) the lyrics. Previews through Wednesday, April 8. Opens officially on Thursday, April 9. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY.** (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Rose—A rather sad little comedy about an English schoolteacher who hopes to seize more from life than she is likely to. Glenda Jackson and Jessica Tandy make the play worth seeing. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Suddenly Last Summer—Dina Merrill heads the cast of a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. A production of Columbia University's Center for Theatre Studies. (Horace Mann Theatre, Broadway at 120th St. 280-3668. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Thursday, April 16.)

The Tantalus—A play by Ian Cullen and Catherine Arley based on Miss Arley's play "La Femme de Paille (Woman of Straw)." (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

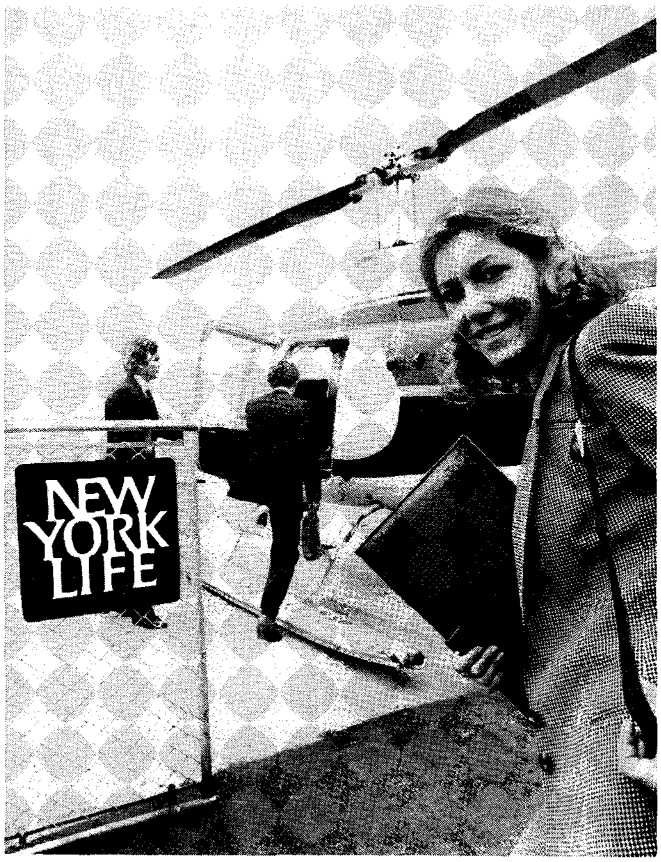
T.S. Eliot: Midwinter Vigil(ante)—A satirical entertainment (very remotely connected with Eliot) by Al Carmines—composer, lyricist, librettist, pastor, and, for this production, piano player. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. 477-0351. Fridays through Mondays at 8. Closes Monday, April 13.)

Widows—A play by Mfundi Vundla. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, April 12.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Susan Tyrrell and Anne Archer in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD/A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at

A woman going places has a special obligation to her family.



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53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,704 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the triphammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. With Anita Gillette and John Hammil. Starting Tuesday, April 7, Diana Canova and Ted Wass will replace Miss Gillette and Mr. Hammil. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A new show, a patchwork of Americana, has the Rockettes doing a precision number called "Stars and Stripes" (what else?) and thirty-six other performers doing everything from country hoedowns to polkas to jam sessions. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays through Mondays at 2:30 and 8.)

THE CIRCUS—Another big basketful of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey goodies. Opens Wednesday, April 1, and will run through Sunday, May 31. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Friday, April 10, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; and Tuesdays and Friday, April 3, at 10:30 and 2:30. Because of basketball playoffs, the performances on Sunday, April 5, may be cancelled.)

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NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Patience." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, April 10, at 8; Saturday, April 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 12, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

NATIONAL FOLK BALLET OF YUGOSLAVIA—A company of forty-five, in a single performance. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

HOUSTON BALLET—In its first appearance here. Tuesday, April 7, at 7; Saturday, April 11, at 8; and Sunday, April 12, at 2: "Four Last Songs," "Lady and the Fool," and "Praeludium." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, April 8-10, at 8, and Saturday, April 11, at 2: "Papillon." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

DANCE UMBRELLA—A four-week season by seven contemporary companies which will end Sunday, April 26. **VIOLA FARBER DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 2. . . . **DANNY GROSSMAN DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday, April 7; Thursday, April 9; and Saturday, April 11, all at 8; and Sunday, April 12, at 2. . . . **JOYCE TRISLER DANSCOMPANY:** Wednesday, April 8, and Friday, April 10, at 8; Saturday, April 11, at 2; and Sunday, April 12, at 8. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 265-0822.)

KAZUKO HIRABAYASHI DANCE THEATRE—Performing "Second Coming," a full-length work. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 2.)

LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, April 1, and Friday, April 3, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 2: "Cavalcade," "North Star," "Exsultate Jubilate," and an unnamed work. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 2, and Saturday, April 4, at 8: "Cavalcade," the unnamed work, "Marimba," and a film on ice dancing, performed by John Curry and Peggy Fleming. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St., 246-8989.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—Four benefit programs of works by Anna Sokolow, Paul Taylor, and others, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble conducted by Salvatore Scecchitano. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 874-7515. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 8; Sunday, April 5, at 3; and Monday, April 6, at 8.)

DANCE AT CITICORP—A series of one-hour performances. Sunday, April 5, at 1: Daniel Lewis Dance Repertory Company. . . . ¶ Monday, April 6, at 7: Battery Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 7, at 7: Rebecca Kelly Dance Company. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 8, at 7: Jerry Ames Tap Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 9, at 7: José Limón Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 7: The Eglevsky Ballet. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Free.)

MEN DANCING—Two programs of contemporary dance choreographed and performed by men. Tuesday, April 7; Thursday, April 9; and Saturday, April 11, all at 8, and Sunday, April 12, at 2: "Musings," "The Attic Window," "Statements of Nameless Root," "Meditations," and "Rope Dance Translations," performed by James Cunningham, Remy Charlip, Andrew deGroat, and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 8, and Friday, April 10, at 8; Saturday, April 11, at 2; and Sunday, April 12, at 8: "Passin' Through," "Gypsy Moth," "Dream R.E.M. 511772," "Early Sunday Morning," and "Shuffle Over Motion," performed by Don Redlich, Manuel Alum, Tim Buckley, and others. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant and a Chelsea fixture for years. Musicians pass through on weekends: **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** a bluesy, animated piano-bass team, will work on Friday and Saturday, April 3-4; and on Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will show up with a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand in the very back of the place. **TAL FARLOW,** the stunning heir apparent to Charlie Christian in the forties and fifties until he dropped out of the music scene in 1957, is back, his touch and harmonic sensibilities intact. Watching him play a set, one might wonder why he's been in semiretirement for so long—he appears to be totally at ease and he grins the whole time he's playing, whether it's during his solo or during one by his sidemen, pianist Barry Kiener and bassist Gary Mazzaroppi, which are generously long and which receive his enthusiastic comping. *Through Sunday, April 5. On Tuesday, April* 7, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** will bring in a trio. Mondays are claimed by the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION QUINTET.** Music from nine.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND**—trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** drummer **BILLY HART,** saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN,** and bassist **MIKE RICHMOND**—will trade sets with **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** the alto saxophonist with the lush, thrilling tone, and his quintet, which is made up of **BOB STEWART** on tuba, **CALVIN BELL** on electric guitar, cellist **ABDUL WADUD,** and drummer **BOBBY BATTLE;** on Sunday, April 5, **ROOMFUL OF BLUES** will play blues and rock; on Monday, April 6, singers T. S. Monk and Mark Sadane will share the facilities; and Thursday, April 9, will belong to Spirit, the San Francisco rock trio. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist and arranger **NORMAN SIMMONS** is working with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** through Saturday, April 4; then on Monday, April 6, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** will take over with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND.** Music from nine-forty-five.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open night-

For a pearl among opera singers, an Oyster.

On December 1, 1971, an unknown Maori soprano called Kiri Te Kanawa stepped on to the stage of the Royal Opera House in London.

Three and a half hours later, her performance as the Countess in "Le Nozze di Figaro" had made her a star.

The next day, Andrew Porter wrote of Miss Te Kanawa: "Such a Countess I have never heard before."

Another critic wrote: "It was evident that we were in the presence of a singer of quite exceptional promise... Covent Garden has a pearl of great price."

Since then, that exceptional promise has been realized in opera houses around the world.

"Phrase after phrase of effortlessly spun and firmly supported tone, culminating in a last act that would have drawn tears from a stone" was the comment on her Desdemona in a recent production of Othello.

Off stage, Miss Te Kanawa's life is a constant whirl: an endless round of interviews, engagements and rehearsals, and an international timetable that would make the most experienced traveller giddy.

She wears a Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust watch.

Of course, it is graceful, elegant and very feminine.

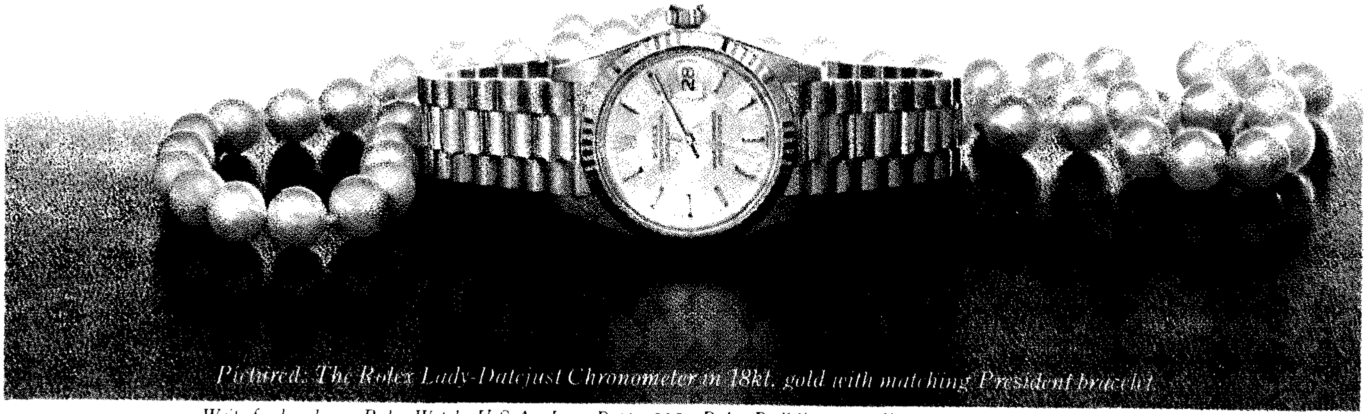
But her enthusiasm for it is practical too.

"If I had to keep worrying about whether my watch had stopped, I'd never get anywhere on time. My Rolex keeps perfect time, no matter what I do to it."

The photograph on the left shows Kiri Te Kanawa in costume as Fiordiligi in "Così fan Tutte" on the grand staircase of L'Opéra, Paris.

It is one of the very rare occasions when she isn't actually wearing her Oyster.

ROLEX



Pictured: The Rolex Lady-Datejust Chronometer in 18kt. gold with matching President bracelet.

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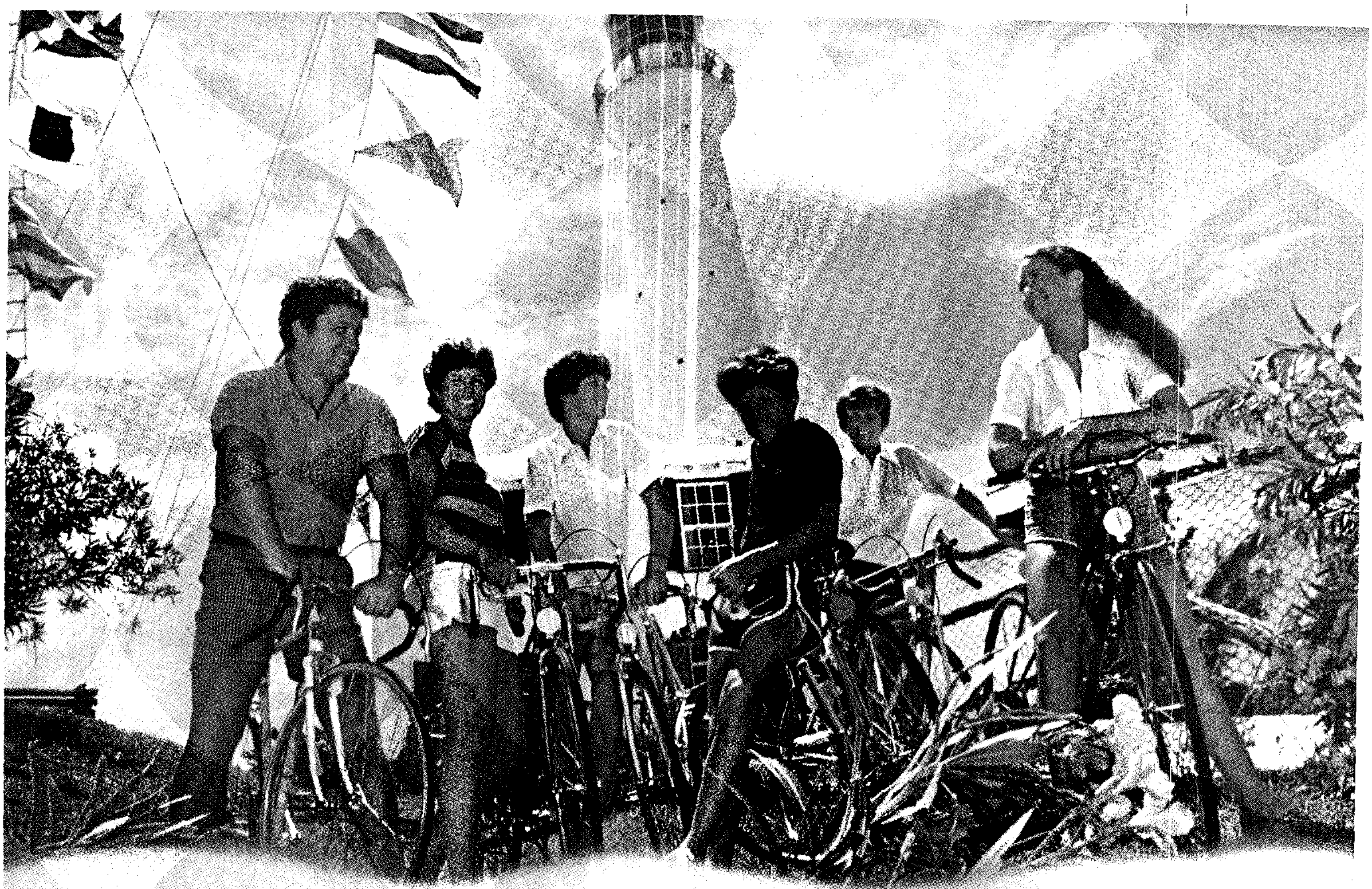

"We can't wait for each day to start, to ride around Bermuda and see something new."

Al and Jean Constantine, shown above at Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, talk about their twelfth visit to Bermuda.

"After a day in the sun, getting spruced up at night makes you feel special. Even the kids enjoy it."

"I don't know where you'd find more beautiful beaches. It's one of the things that keeps us coming back.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**bucky pizzarelli,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**bobby short** is back holding court in the Café Carlyle. In attendance are his bassist, **beverly peer,** his drummer, **robbie scott,** and his admirers, too numerous to mention here. Mr. Short can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **barbara carroll,** who sings a bit to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant. **adam makowicz,** a Tatum-inspired pianist, is working from a mostly Stephen Foster set list. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place—which has become as respectable as a three-piece suit—still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on rock-and-roll futures. The schedule: Wednesday, April 1, the Shakes, Retrievers, and Propellors; Thursday, April 2, Heart Throbs and 911; and Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, Roustabouts and Velveteen, with a third band—the Outsets on Friday and the Nitecaps on Saturday. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Lu Elliott was an Ellington vocalist during Al Hibbler's era (Mr. Hibbler, it so happens, is in town right now, too, at Star and Garter); she says she used to watch him from the wings singing "On the Sunny Side of the Street." Now Miss Elliott gets to sing it and a whole gang of Ellington standards, with some help from pianist Robert Banks and bassist Jimmy Lewis. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, April 1, Peter Bellamy and the Derby Ram; Thursday, April 2, jam session, with **matt glaser;** Saturday, April 4, the String Band Tycoons; Wednesday, April 8, Roy Harris and the Derby Ram; Thursday, April 9, Charged Particles, with Marty Cutler; Saturday, April 11, Jay Ungar & Lyn Hardy, with Molly Mason. Every Sunday is Fingerpicking Night, devoted to blues, ragtime, and jazz guitar. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, April 5, tenor saxophonist **buddy tate** will lead a quartet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Pianist **mc coy tyner,** as rhythmically intense as ever, leads a quartet through Sunday, April 5; on Tuesday, April 7, guitarist **joe pass** will begin a six-night visit. Mr. Pass is out-and-out revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike—and by a lot of the non-playing laity. "How *does* he do it?" his audiences seem to ask, stunned smiles on their faces. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

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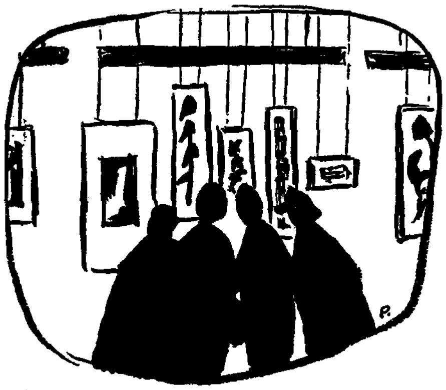
Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: **toots thielemans,** a jazz-harmonica virtuoso and composer—"Blue-sette" and the theme from "Sesame Street" are his best-known tunes—performs through Sunday, April 5; on Monday, April 6, trumpeter **doc cheatham** will join Monday regulars pianist **bross townsend** and bassist **bob cunningham;** Tuesday and Wednesday, April 7-8, will belong to saxophonist and Satchmo-inspired singer **big nick nicholas;** and on Thursday, April 9, singer **dakota staton** will arrive with a backup band. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **joe puma** works with pianist **hod o'brien,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **chuck wayne** begins at ten; and Sundays from five to ten stride pianist and singer **brooks kerr** is on hand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **art hodes'** sets are less like sets and more like History of the Jazz Piano 101, as they dip into the blues, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, and Count Basie's early and late blue periods. Mr. Hodes performs through Saturday, April 4. On Tuesday, April 7, stride specialist **dick wellstood** will claim the keyboard. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **marty napoleon** guides a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the d.j.s spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The bands: Brian Brain and Tiny Desk Unit on Thursday, April 2; Waitresses and Public Servant on Friday, April 3; and Student Teachers and the Speedies on Saturday, April 4. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.



Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, **roseanna vitro,** a fine young singer, and a backing crew under the guidance of saxophonist **sal nistico;** Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, **jimmy giuffre,** serene and guru-like, will lead a quartet through blues, ballads, and mainstream mantras—all of which swing. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning you'll hear even more jazz, played by saxophonist **mike morgenstern** and his combo. On Sundays from nine to one, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist **thiago de mello** appears with his Brazilian-jazz band, Amazon, which features trumpet solos by **claudio roditi.**

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **max kaminsky** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Pianist **john bunch** has bassist **michael moore** for support through Saturday, April 4, and starting Tuesday, April 7, hard-bop pianist and composer **tommy flanagan** will get to work with Mr. Moore. Pianist **don friedman** and bassist **bob bodley** turn up on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. R. & B. saxophonist and singer **junior walker,** who'll be here Thursday, April 2, doesn't provide any of the special effects from his Motown days in the sixties—no tambourine and no echo chamber, that is—and, sometimes, his young band plays as though they might be working a lacklustre frat-party gig. But Mr. Walker's singing and playing are in fine shape, and when presented a repertoire with "Shotgun," "How Sweet It Is (to Be Loved By You)," and "(I'm a) Road Runner" in it, one can hardly complain. On Sunday and Monday, April 5-6, **maria muldaur,** the mannered, sliding, melismatic singer who's taken on practically every other female singer from Memphis Minnie to Billie Holiday to Dolly Parton, will be on hand; on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 7-8, the **persuasions** will sing some compelling a-cappella street-corner soul; and on Thursday, April 9, **levon helm,** the absolutely wonderful singer and drummer, will prove there's no substitute for talent, energy, and twenty-five years on the road. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view. **mel tormé,** who doesn't appear in intimate nightclub settings very often, is in residence here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, April 1, Popular Science, Cooties, and the Dark; Thursday, April 2, Flint, Snuky Tate, and Sirius; Friday, April 3, the Heros and the Colors; Saturday, April 4, Ronnie & the Jitters and Satin Latins; Sunday, April 5, Chasers and Times; Monday, April 6, Screaming Urge, Nekron 99, and Infra Red; and Tuesday, April 7,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Blue Fox & the Marines, Copernicus, and the Workers. Music from well after eleven.

MICHAEL PHILLIPS, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—A new clean-line-design restaurant that has landed singer and stride pianist **BROOKS KERR,** who can be heard Thursdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BONNIE KOLOC,** a Chicagoan, performs folk tunes, blues, and ballads, some written by her and some written by fellow home-towners John Prine and Steve Goodman, through Saturday, April 4. On Tuesday, April 7, Weslia Whitfield will begin singing on this bandstand. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight, in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Folk-rocker **STEVE FORBERT** is present on Wednesday, April 1. **DAVE VAN RONK,** a bear-like lumberjack of a folksinger, will do affectionate raspy-voiced renditions of songs by Mississippi John Hurt, Jelly Roll Morton, and Joni Mitchell Thursday through Saturday, April 2-4. Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9, will belong to Ronee Blakley, who has carefully coiffed long black hair, a black Telecaster guitar, black leather jeans, and a vaguely Marilyn Monroe-ish accent—she looks like someone who majored in rock and roll at Bennington. On Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** and his sextet will alternate with pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN.** Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER'S** bounce septet plays music to take it all in to, and to dance to as well, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, April 1, at ten, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON;** Thursday through Saturday, April 2-4, Echo & the Bunnymen; Sunday, April 5, Soul Syndicate and **BUSH TETRAS;** Monday, April 6, Alan Harris; and Tuesday, April 7, Secrets. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

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ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—"Thank Heaven for Lerner and Loewe," the tribute of the month in the King Cole Room, is carried out by Marni Nixon (whom Deborah Kerr thanked heaven for during the singing sequences of "The King and I"), Steve Elmore, Martin Vidnovic, and Meg Bussert. Mondays through Thursdays shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

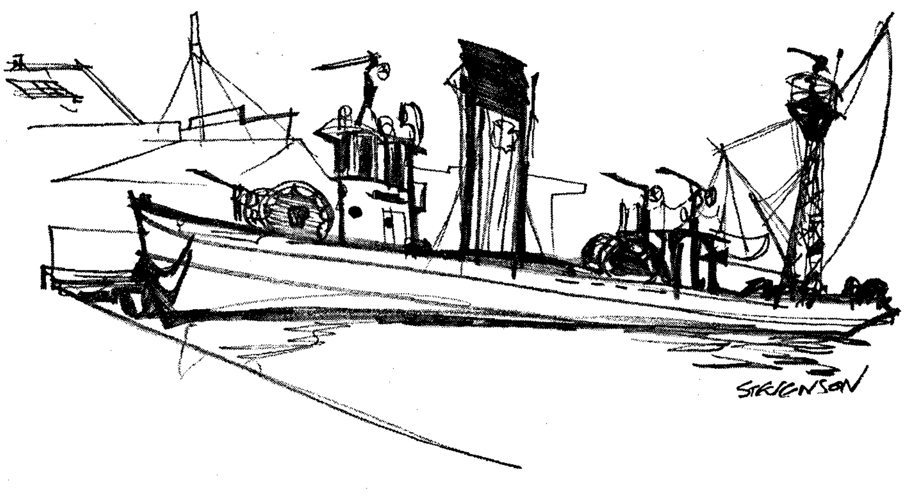
SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: **JOHNNY GRIFFIN,** a blistering, bluesy tenor saxophonist, heads up a quartet through Sunday, April 5; on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 7-8, guitarist Kazumi Watanabe will perform; and on Thursday, April 9, pianist **DON GROLNICK'S** quartet will move in for four nights. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and live jazz. **AL HIBBLER,** Duke Ellington's "tonal pantomimer" (Ellington's description) for eight years in the forties, sings with a trio through Saturday, April 4; on Wednesday, April 8, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will take charge. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his latest batch of worthy young players are here through Saturday, April 4; on Tuesday, April 7, **ZOOT SIMS,** who plays dancing tenor-sax solos, will bring in his quartet. Mondays are now **GROVER MITCHELL** big-band nights. Music from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, despite all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. Thursdays through Saturdays, guitarist **TED DUNBAR'S** quartet alternates with drummer **JOHN LEWIS'S** trio; and Mondays through Wednesdays Anita Moore sings with the John Lewis crew. Music most nights from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues. On Wednesday, April 1, guitarist Texas Slim will lead his band, Barrel House Blues; on Thursday, April 2, the Nighthawks, a blues and rockabilly group from Washington, D.C., will be on hand; Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, Don Covay will sing some R. & B.; Monday, April 6, **ALBERT COLLINS** will play lively guitar solos and sing "Mastercharge" and other blues tunes; on Wednesday, April 8, singer, guitarist, and fiddler **GATEMOUTH BROWN** will do blues and country tunes; Thursday, April 9, will be claimed by Texas Slim; and on Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, **LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS** will sing about prison, wimmin, hurricanes, bad luck, and trouble and play a few of his favorite guitar chords. Tuesdays are lift-off-session nights for an impressive local soul-shake octet called the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest (but *not* unrehearsed) music around. Shows most nights at nine and midnight.



TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Friday, April 3, Bricks Mortar and Neon, and Saturday, April 4, Phil Seymour. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who can make one truly grateful for the age of the long, extended jazz solo, through Sunday, April 5. On Tuesday, April 7, tenor saxophonist **ARTHUR RHAMES** will lead a quintet that comprises drummer **STEVE MC CALL, HOWARD JOHNSON** on tuba and baritone sax, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY,** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN.** Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** band blasts off. Music from ten.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in Peacock Alley, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Hideaway, a small, smoky room that looks like Shangri-la with ice buckets, **RONNY WHYTE** is singing and playing piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; bebopper **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** and his Jazz Sultans through Friday, April 3; bop pianist **AL HAIG** on Saturday, April 4; the hot-jazz quintet **JAZZ À CORDES** on Sundays; pianist **BROOKS KERR** and ageless drummer **SONNY GREER** on Mondays; pianist Ram Ramirez on Tuesdays; trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** on Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9; and trumpeter **LOUIS METCALF** on Friday and Saturday, April 10-11. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CONNIE HAINES AND THE TOMMY DORSEY ORCHESTRA—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, April 2, at 8.

FIRESIGN THEATRE—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 3, at 8.

VON AND CHICO FREEMAN QUINTET—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, April 3, at 9, and Saturday, April 4, at 9 and 11.

ANITA SHEER AND LAURIE RANDOLPH—A program part flamenco and part classical. A benefit for the New School Scholarship Fund. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5687. Saturday, April 4, at 2.)

ENRICO MACIAS—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, April 4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 3 and 7:30.

JAMES EMERY ENSEMBLE—Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. 777-2528. Sunday, April 5, at 8.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The fourth in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Elizabeth Swados) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, April 5-6, at 8.)

Utopia—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 11, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Dry Branch Fire Squad—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, April 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.

Irving Plaza—Friday, April 3: The Damned. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11: Human Switchboard. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday, April 2: Marilyn Crispell. . . . ¶ Friday, April 3: Jeanne Lee. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4: The third in a series of monthly jazz films from David Chertok's collection, this one featuring jazz dancers Bill Robinson, John Bubbles, and Whitey's Lindy Hoppers. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 9: Jimmy Lyons. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10: Bill Smith Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11: Milo Fine Free Jazz Ensemble. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows begin at 8:30.)

Jazz Films—"Jazz Legends on Film," a collection of filmed performances by Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Thursday, April 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-3757.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Elise Asher—Fantasy landscapes populated with dragons and architecture of her own imagining. Most of the works are done in oil on Plexiglas. Through Wednesday, April 8. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Manierre Dawson (1887-1969)—Cubist paintings dated 1910-14. Through April 22. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Igor Galanin—Mannered fantasy paintings, many of them circus scenes involving acrobatic rhinos, pigs, giraffes, and people. Through April 25. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Salvatore Grippi—Still-lifes by an artist who has a penchant for cadmium medium red. Through Saturday, April 11. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Helen Hoie—Collages of frayed fabric and colored paper by an abstractionist. Through April 30. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Diamond shapes are the central motif in a group of new paintings. Through April 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Masami Kodama—Geometric conjoining forms, carved from variously colored marble. Through Saturday, April 4. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Abby Leigh—Stylized landscapes and cityscapes by a young actress lately turned painter, whose work reflects her tutelage under Will Barnet. Through Saturday, April 4. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Oils, temperas, and works on paper. Through Saturday, April 4. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Lee Mullican—Canvases with totemic figures on a dark background. Through April 30. (Schreiner, a recently opened gallery at 115½ E. 62nd St.)

Mel Pekarsky—Small landscapes, ranging from Italy to the Sierras, sometimes as many as nine of them occupying the same canvas comfortably. Through Saturday, April 4. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Serge Poliakoff (1906-69)—Abstract gouaches. Through Saturday, April 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Paul Resika / Henry Glintenkamp (1887-1946)—Landscapes of Cape Cod dunes and the countryside of France and Italy. Through April 17. / Paintings and drawings by an artist whose early works were influenced by his teacher, Robert Henri. Through May 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract paintings based on the artist's studies of flora and fauna and rock strata in the Galápagos Islands. Through April 17. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851)—Thirty drawings and watercolors dated 1828-50. Through April 25. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Utamaro and Hokusai—Colored wood-block prints by these masters of Japanese art. Through Saturday, April 4. (Tsuru, a new gallery at 29 E. 61st St.)

Daisy Youngblood—Severely stylized sculptures of bird and animal heads, mostly, done in unglazed fired clay. Through Saturday, April 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **arsenal gallery,** 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs depicting animals, often whimsically. Anne Arnold, Ed McGowin, Don Nice, and Betty Tomkins are among the fifty-seven artists. Through April 28. (Open until 4:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **hunter college gallery,** Lexington Ave. at 68th St.: Working drawings by such artists as Christo, Robert Morris, Robert Smithson, and Suzanne Harris. Through Friday, April 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **paul rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: Sixteen Old Master drawings. Through April 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit showing of fifty Old Master paintings (about half of them Italian baroque works; three of them by Peter Paul Rubens) from the John and Mable Ringling Museum in Sarasota. Through May 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Eleven artists from New Orleans. Through April 15. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Siah Armajani / Sol LeWitt—Architectural details (doors, windows, steps), made of wood and metal, that serve as notations in what this sculptor calls his "Dictionary of Architecture," plus drawings and models. / Isometric drawings of four large geometrical figures, done on the gallery walls. Through Saturday, April 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Barton Lidicé Beneš—Cartoonlike works in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, April 4. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Birmelin—Realist paintings of crowded streets (with special attention to sidewalk litter), plus cityscapes. Through Friday, April 10. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Victor Brauner (1903-66)—Paintings of the fifties and sixties by one of the earliest Surrealists. Through Saturday, April 4. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Enrique Castro-Cid—Paintings of female figures. Through Wednesday, April 8. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Martha Diamond—Semi-abstract oils of brownstones and skyscrapers. Through April 25. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Buckminster Fuller—Dymaxion sculptures, blueprints, and models by this Synergetic artist. Through May 2. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jedd Garet—Surrealist paintings of figures and landscapes. Through Saturday, April 11. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

K. M. Graham—Paintings of lyrical abstract forms by a Canadian woman. Through April 25. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Harold Gregor—Recent paintings of Illinois farmland. Through April 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Red Grooms—Recent works. Starts Friday, April 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Maryann Harman—Recent abstract paintings. Through May 2. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Phoebe Helman—Freestanding wood sculptures, painted black, and drawings. Through Saturday, April 4. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Theo Hios—Landscapes (Shinnecock Hills at night) in pastels. Through April 25. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St.)

David Hockney / William Conlon—Preparatory paintings and drawings for the sets and costumes the artist designed for the Metropoli-

Saks Fifth Avenue

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tan Opera's "Parade." Through April 18. / Nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, April 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Steve Keister—About a dozen hanging plywood constructions painted with Day-Glo or covered with fluorescent Plexiglas. Through Saturday, April 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Anselm Kiefer—Bleak-looking paintings—a blasted landscape with ghostly jets of flame arising from among the stumps is typical—plus large books filled with heavily retouched photographs. Through Saturday, April 11. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Knigin—Contrasting landscapes: a traditional Japanese painting and a photograph of a contemporary Western skyline occupying the same linen canvas. Through Saturday, April 11. (Nippon Club, 145 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lee Krasner—New abstractions done in a lyrical vein and cheerful colors under the over-all title "Solstice," which seems to signal a new direction for her. Through April 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Irving Kriesberg—Recent paintings. Through April 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Marisol—Portrait heads hacked from massive pine timbers and provided with rudimentary bodies and sculptured hands—sometimes four hands. The twelve subjects include O'Keeffe, Virgil Thomson (at an all-wood piano), Picasso, Martha Graham. Through Saturday, April 4. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Eugène Mihaesco—Pen-and-ink drawings and pastel sketches by an artist whose work often appears in the pages of this publication. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 11. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Flower motifs prevail in a new set of landscape paintings. Through April 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Sculptures (five large working models, seventeen maquettes, three wall plaques), drawings, and prints. Through May 16. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Donn Moulton / Alexander Hollweg—Outsize beach pebbles made of lacquered fibre glass and hung as wall pieces. / Watercolors of skiing scenes in the French Alps. Through Saturday, April 11. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner (1895-1978)—Watercolors done during the past four decades, some of them quick, nervous notes and some of them calm studies. Through Friday, April 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Miriam Schapiro—A new series by the decorative artist in which fans, hearts, screens, and other shapes cut out of fabric are applied to all-black grounds. Through April 25. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Athena Tacha—Models for her huge outdoor sculptures, most of them done in tiers, and some of them painted in pastel colors. Through April 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ursula von Rydingsvard—Five carved-cedar sculptures; also drawings. Through April 25. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The complete lithographs of Grant Wood as well as prints (all dating from 1920 to 1940) by Hopper, Sheeler, Bellows, and others. Through Saturday, April 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Narrative Painting," a show of works by ten artists—James Valerio, Jack Beal, and Alfred Leslie among them. Through April 30. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **sutton,** 29 W. 57th St.: A single work each by eleven of the gallery's stable, including Bernard Dreyfus, Amalia Hoffman, and Rudolfo Abularach. Through April 18.

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GALLERIES—SoHo

Nicholas Africano / Brad Davis—Large canvases in which tiny figures thickly painted in high relief enact episodes from Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West." The saloon scene where Nick, the camp cook, calls out, "Whiskey per tutti!" is one of them. / Decorative paintings in which frolicsome dogs peer down at fish in a stream or romp in idyllic landscapes. Through Saturday, April 11. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Jillian Denby—Representational paintings—nudes, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through April 22. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Sharyn Finnegan—Realist paintings, including a group of uncompromising self-portraits. Through April 15. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Barbara Grossman—Oil paintings and charcoal drawings of figures in interiors. Through April 15. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

William Nichols / Robert Bechtle—Photo-Realist landscape paintings. / More Photo-Realist paintings, these with figures in California back yards. Through April 18. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Judy Penzer—Portraits in watercolor. Through April 15. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Rauschenberg / Marcia Hafif—Enlarged black-and-white photographs (the artist's own) collaged to rag board and aluminum plate. / Nonobjective paintings. Through April 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Martin Schreiber—Abstract geometric paintings. Through April 16. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Richard Serra—A real-life Iron Curtain (made of Corten steel), ten feet tall and a hundred and twenty feet long, that stretches in an arc across this large exhibition space. Through Saturday, April 4. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Thomas Shannon / Todd Siler—A surprising display in which a twenty-four-foot magnesium needle floats about an inch above a shallow aluminum dome, thanks to mutually repellent magnets concealed in the works. / A deceptively practical-looking reactor assembly, thirty-two feet long and housed under a clear plastic tent, which the artist calls a Cerebreactor. Through Saturday, April 11. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St., between Grand and Canal Sts.) . . . ¶ Drawings related to the Cerebreactor. Through Saturday, April 4. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Large shaped canvases done in solid colors and grouped together by an artist, a Cherokee, who took his direction from Mondrian. Through May 2. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Drawings and crisp-looking works on paper by the same artist. Through Saturday, April 4. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Spero—A single figurative drawing on paper that encircles the gallery twice. Through April 18. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Robert Tannen—This artist and urban planner helped reconstruct the Gulf Coast after Hurricane Camille, and his show is a thick gumbo of exhibits relating to that experience, ranging from a lot of tawdry pottery to sculptural works based on the "shotgun" architecture indigenous to the bayou country. Through Saturday, April 11. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Margaret Wharton—Chairs that have been dismembered, sometimes sawed into splinters, and reassembled into antic versions of glorified chairdom, all bedecked with paint and glitter. Through Saturday, April 11. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Sculptors' Drawings Over Six Centuries (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Alice Adams / Roger Cutforth—New wood sculptures. / Multipanel photographs of a single landscape (in Texas) seen at different hours. Through April 21. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

John Baldessari—Printed aphorisms, manifestos, and self-styled "gnomic expressions," plus photographs, all more or less concerned with art. Through Saturday, April 4. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Don Johnson / Bruce Patterson—Sculptures (encaustic over hardware cloth) representing buildings and landscapes. / Blueprint paper collaged with photographs, painted masking tape, and so forth. Through Saturday, April 11. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

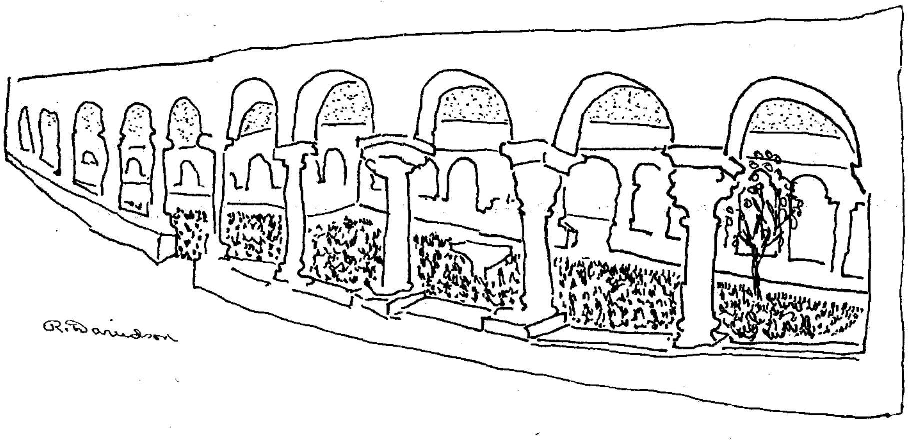
Donald Lipski—A sculpture installation called "Passing Time." Through Saturday, April 11. (Braathen-Gallozzi, 76 Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

Giuseppe Penone—A drawing and two sculptures, one in bronze and the other in wood. Through April 25. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Priscilla Roberts—Realist paintings, mostly of antique dolls, stuffed birds, and Old Curiosity Shop bric-a-brac. Through Friday, April 10. (Grand Central, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Italian Drawings 1788-1898—A loan show of just over a hundred drawings that exemplify the dominant movements of the period. Through Saturday, April 11. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At **2 columbus circle** (the old Huntington Hartford Museum): An exhibition entitled "The Working Process" comprises paintings and sculptures by seventeen artists, including a geometric abstraction by Benjamin Grubler; papier-mâché wall pieces by Rebecca Martin; and an abstract encaustic on canvas by Valentina Dubasky. Through May 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **visual arts gallery,** 209 E. 23rd St.: "Sculptural Density," a show of sculptures in a variety of materials by seven artists, including Mia Westerlund, Martin Puryear, and Jackie Winsor. Through April 24.



(Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—Recent photographs of New York School artists, primarily, made with a seventy-five-year-old view camera. Through April 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Walker Evans (1903-75) **and Robert Frank**—Called "An Essay on Influence," this show, curated by Tod Papageorge, chairman of the Photography Department at Yale, consists of photographs from Evans' "American Photographs" (1938) and from Frank's "The Americans" (1959). Through April 25. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—Prints dated 1953 to 1978, including such picture essays as "Minamata" and "Pittsburgh." Through Saturday, April 4. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Josef Sudek (1896-1976)—Photographs by the Czech artist, many of which have not been seen in New York before. Through Saturday, April 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At **CASTELLI PHOTOGRAPHS**, 4 E. 77th St.: Works by Robert Adams, Eve Arnold, and Michael Smith. Through Saturday, April 4. . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: A large exhibition, with examples by Félix Bonfils, Eliot Porter, Betty Hahn, and others. Through April 18. (Closed Tuesdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. . . . ¶ A full display of the Lehman Collection's nearly two hundred eighteenth-century Italian drawings, with its indispensable Canalettos, Guardis, and Tiepolos (father and son). Through May 31. . . . ¶ A loan show of seventy-three European terra-cotta sculptures which chronicles the practice of clay modelling from the Renaissance to modern times. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"New Work on Paper I," an exhibit that launches a series of recent works on paper. The eight artists participating in this show are Jake Berthot, Dan Christensen, Alan Cote, Tom Holland, Yvonne Jacquette, Ken Kiff, Joan Snyder, and William Tucker. Through April 21. . . . ¶ A show of recently acquired drawings by Cézanne, Matisse, Léger, Lois Lane, James Biederman, and numerous others. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of sixty-five paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by American artists, notably Mark Rothko's "Violet, Black, Orange, Yellow on White and Red;" Claes Oldenburg's "Soft Pay-Telephone;" and two untitled watercolors by Agnes Martin. All are recent gifts to the museum's collection of contemporary art. Through April 12. . . . ¶ "19 Artists—Emergent Americans," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and videotapes which introduces relatively unknown artists. One work by each artist will be purchased for the museum's collections. Through Sunday, April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1981 biennial survey of paintings, sculptures, photographs, videotapes, and films produced in the past two years occupies the top three floors of the museum. Through Sunday, April 5. . . . ¶ A show of more than forty works by Alexander Calder, including several recent acquisitions to the museum's collection. Through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nearly seventy paintings and sculptures by American artists (Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, John B. Flannagan, and others), collected by Edith and Milton Lowenthal over a twenty-year period beginning in 1930. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Both shows through May 10. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—On display: The seventy-pound man-powered aircraft "Gossamer Albatross," which Bryan Allen pedalled across the English Channel in June, 1979. Through May 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight contemporary American artists who are candidates for the Academy-Institute's art awards. Through Sunday, April 5. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure:" Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Arneson, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of almost sixty Northern Chinese Tz'u-chou vessels, a pottery whose white slip is customarily decorated with animals, birds, and flowers. The pieces date from the tenth century to the sixteenth. Through May 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

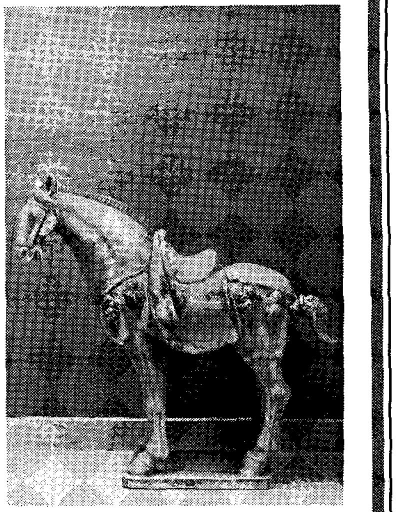
The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Royal Abbey of Saint-Denis in the Time of Abbot Suger," a show of forty pieces (monumental sculptures, stained glass, and liturgical vessels) once part of the abbey, which under the direction of the abbot was one of the high points of twelfth-century ecclesiastical architecture and ornamentation. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Innovative Furniture in America," forty-seven pieces that are examples of technique (bentwood), comfort (a Morris chair), materials (Saarinen's plastic "Womb" chair), portability (a Bonner chair), and dual function (a sofa bed). Through May 10. . . . ¶ A show of laminated carved furniture made in the shop of the New York cabinetmaker John Henry Belter between 1844-63. Through May 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"One Thousand Years of Japanese Art (650-1650)," a loan show from the Cleveland Museum, which has in its holdings objects of both religious significance (a seventh-century Buddhist sculpture, "Miroku in Meditation") and secular decoration (tea-ceremony utensils, Nō masks, paintings, scrolls, and screens). Through May 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A survey of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing more than a hundred works by thirty-six major artists. . . . ¶ A loan show of European prints derived from stories in the Hebrew Scriptures; the artists include Dürer, Rembrandt, Blake, Pascin, and Chagall. Through June 21. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred drawings by European draftsmen, spanning the years 1375-1825. These are not just any draftsmen, however; Botticelli, Raphael, Dürer, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Ingres, and Goya (to name, literally, just a few) are among them. . . . ¶ From roughly the same period, these artists' literary counterparts are also featured: first editions of poetry, novels, and plays by Molière, Voltaire, Goethe, Sir Thomas More, and Cervantes. Also the manuscript and corrected galley proofs of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." Both shows through May 3. (Open daily ex-



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cept Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display of prints, paintings, and photographs, primarily landscapes and architecture, acquired by the museum as records of New York life: City Hall is seen when it represented uptown (in an 1812 print) and again when it represented midtown (in an 1874 photograph). The contemporary skyline is shown in pictures of the World Trade Center, among other buildings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of drawings, renderings, and scale models for eleven visionary projects commissioned by the Architectural League of New York in recognition of its centenary. Each project is the work of an architect-artist team; some of the pairings are Richard Meier and Frank Stella; Emilio Ambasz and Michael Meritet; and Susana Torre and Charles Simonds. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A retrospective of set and costume designs for the opera by Beni Montresor. In addition, the actual costumes worn by such stars as Sherrill Milnes, Grace Bumbry, and Renata Tebaldi. Through Saturday, April 11. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Creative Time, First Precinct House, 48 Old Slip, between Water and South Sts., one block south of Wall St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.—Six installations evoking the jailhouse-police-station atmosphere of the building's former life. Vito Acconci, Stephen Antonakos, Marianne Edwards, Jerry Jones, Pedro Lujan, and Tom Rankin are the artists. Through Saturday, April 4.

P. S. I., 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Works by more than a hundred artists are on view in the main show, an homage to New Wave culture, including fourteen mounted metal panels painted by graffiti artists who consider themselves masters of their craft. Also paintings, drawings, and photographs, similarly inspired. Through Sunday, April 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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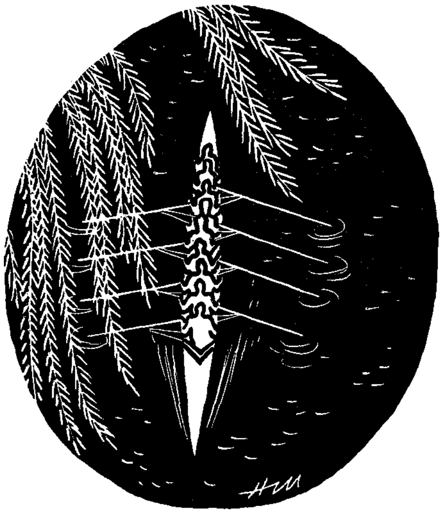
Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 1, at 8: "La Traviata," with Ileana Cotrubas, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Ariel Bybee, and Geraldine Decker; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 3, at 8: "Salome," with Laila Andersson, Gwynn Cornell, Robert Nagy, and Siegmund Nimsgern; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 2: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Morley Meredith; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuliano Ciannella, Pablo Elvira, Renato Capecchi, and Philip Creech; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Monday, April 6, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Dano Raffanti, Cornell MacNeil, Ariel Bybee, and Batyah Godfrey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 7, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Gwynn Cornell, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Morley Meredith; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 8, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Ara Berberian; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Dano Raffanti, Cornell MacNeil, Ariel Bybee, and Batyah Godfrey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 2: To be announced. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Gwynn Cornell, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Andrew Smith; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, April 1: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Justino Díaz; conducted by Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 3: "Falstaff" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Janice Hall, Spiro Malas, and Bruce Reed; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 4: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Justino Díaz; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 4: "Madame Butterfly," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Diane Curry, Ricardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; David Effron. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 5: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Elizabeth Hynes, Vinson Cole, and Alan Titus; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 5: "Maria Stuarda," with Ashley Putnam, Maralin Niska, Jane Shaulis, Joseph Evans, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 7: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Justino Díaz; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 8: "Anna Bolena," with Olivia Stapp, Susanne Marsee, Samuel Ramey, and Rockwell Blake; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 9: The company's première of Janáček's "The Cunning Little Vixen" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, Richard Cross, and John Lankston; Michael Tilson Thomas. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 10: "Madame Butterfly," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Kathleen Hegierski, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 11: "Anna Bolena," with Olivia Stapp, Susanne Marsee, Samuel Ramey, and Rockwell Blake; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 11: "The Cunning Little Vixen" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, Richard Cross, and John Lankston; Michael Tilson Thomas. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 26.)



New York Light Opera—Presenting Offenbach's "The Cat Who Turned Into a Woman" and "Hooray for Herbert: A Musical Bouquet." Opens Wednesday, April 1, and will run through Sunday, May 3. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 691-1630. Wednesday, April 1, at 8; thereafter, Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Thursday, April 2, at 8; Friday, April 3, at 2; Saturday, April 4, at 8; and Tuesday, April 7, at 7:30: The première of Mr. Kubelik's "Orphikon: Music in Three Movements" and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 9, at 8; Friday, April 10, at 2; Saturday, April 11, at 8; and Tuesday, April 14, at 8: Performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Benita Valente, soprano; Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Paul Plishka, baritone; and the Westminster Choir.

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting a Schubert-Bartók-Ravel program, with Maurizio Pollini, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 1-2, at 8.)

Ensemble Instrumental de France—Jean-Pierre Wallez conducting this eleven-member string orchestra and acting as violin soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 6, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Klaus Tennstedt conducting an all-Mahler program, with Benjamin Luxon, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 7, at 8.)

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Victor Borge conducting a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Orchestra of Toulouse—Michel Plasson conducting an all-French program, with Philippe Entremont piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Concert Royal—James Richman directing a chamber orchestra in a program of Bach cantatas, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Charles Osborne, tenor; Drew Minter, alto; Jan Opalach, bass; instrumental soloists; and the Choir of Men and Boys of St. Paul's, Westfield, N.J. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Thursday, April 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 662-8829.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a Beethoven-Richard Strauss program, with Janos Starker, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

New York Sinfonia Orchestra—Dirk-Holger Bambeck conducting, with the Occasional Singers. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, April 5, at 3. For information about tickets, call 741-1274.)

Bloomingdale Chamber Orchestra—David Aks conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, April 5, at 3. For information about tickets, call 663-6021.)

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 11, at 8, and Sunday, April 12, at 3.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Johannes Somary conducting a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Dilys Smith, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and the Horace Mann Chorus. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, April 3, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30. Admission is free, but contributions are accepted.)

Zamir Chorale—Mati Lazar directing a program of Jewish music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

Choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral—John Grady directing, with Dauri Podenski, soprano;

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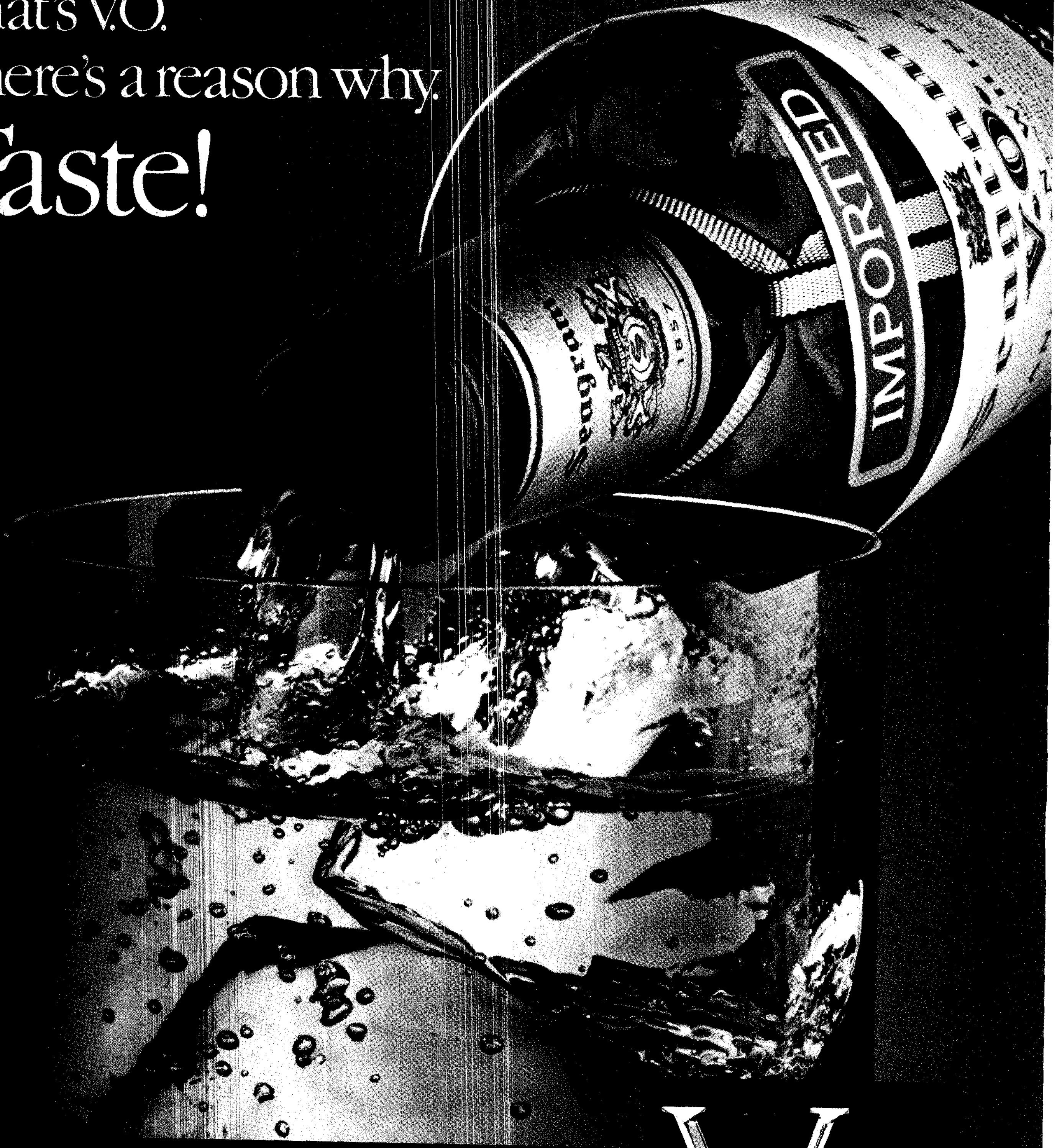

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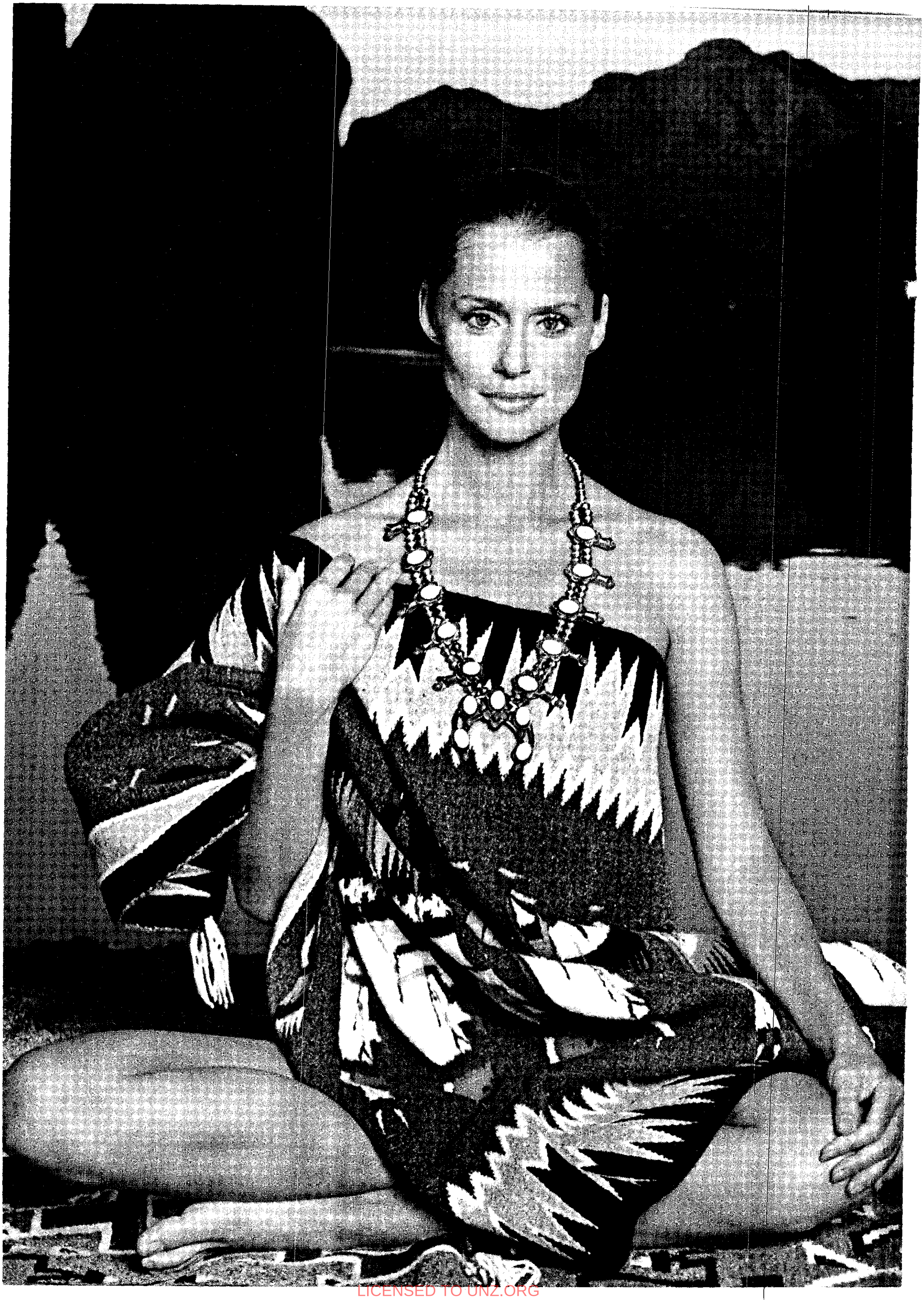

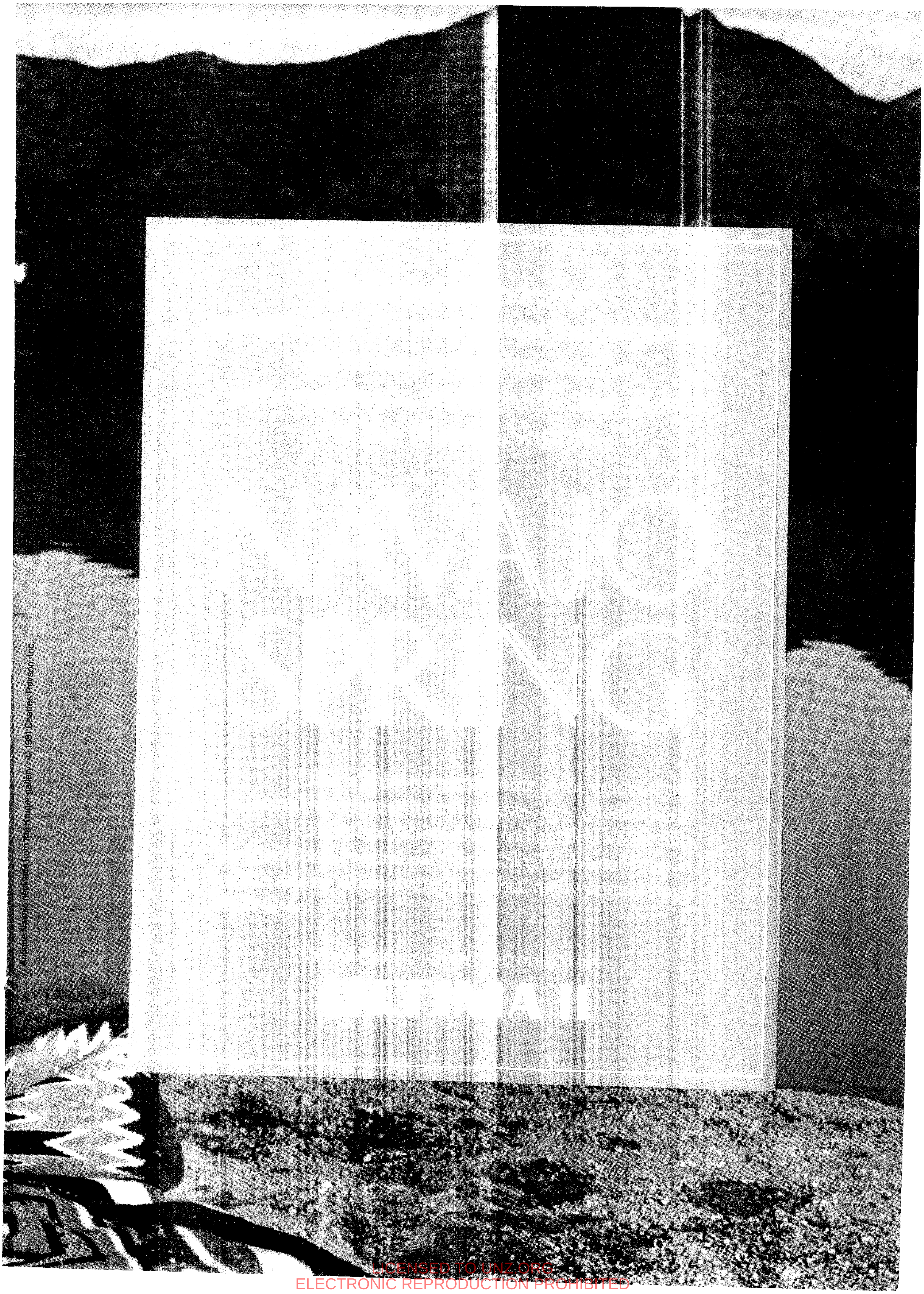

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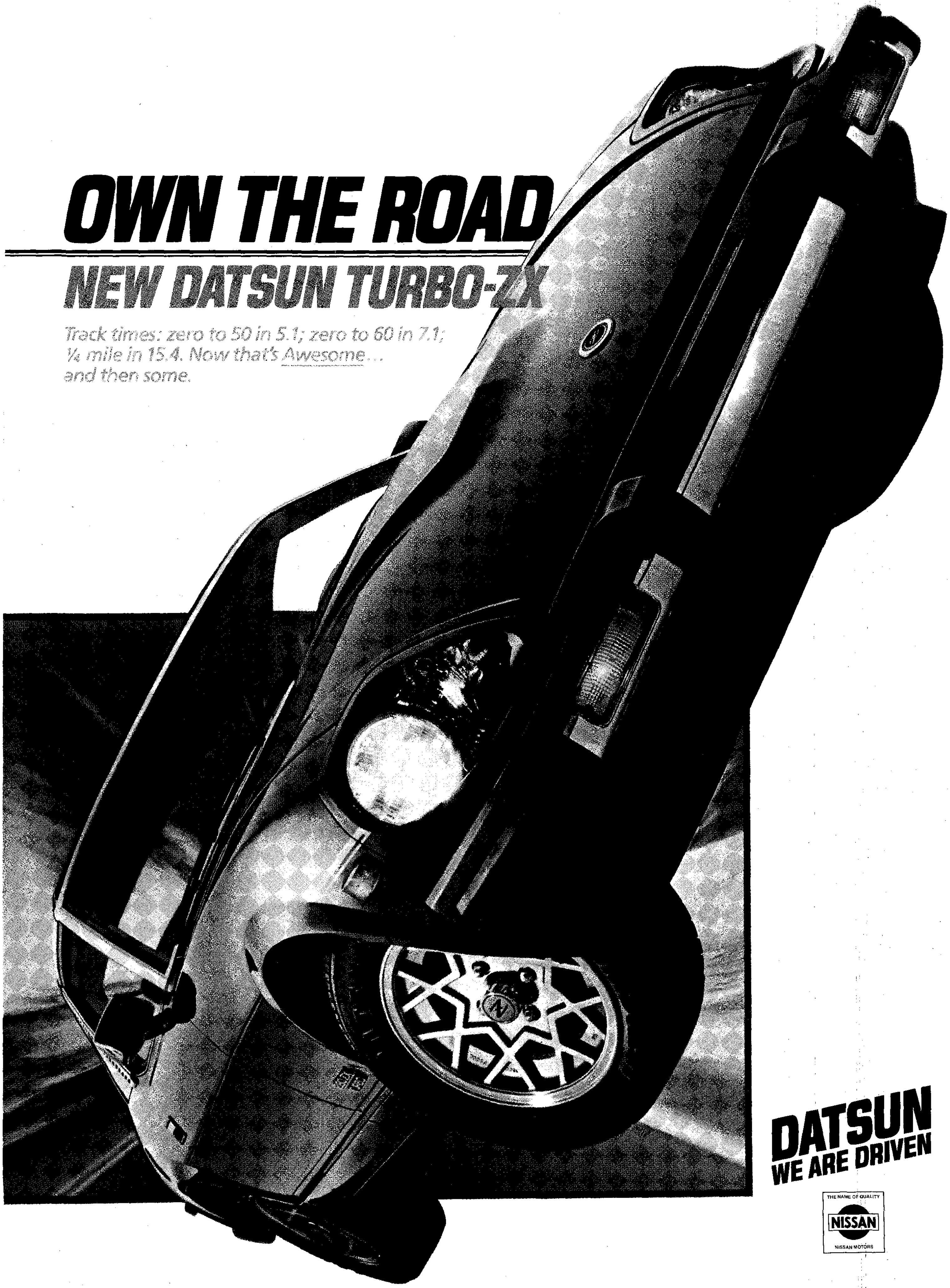

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Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Gene West, tenor; James Javore, bass; and members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, April 5, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Mozart's Mass in C Minor and Antonio Salieri's Mass in D Major, with Mary Burgess and April Evans, sopranos; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 10, at 8.)

RECITALS

Shura Cherkassky—Piano, in the last two of three recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 1, at 8, an all-Chopin program, and Wednesday, April 8, at 8, a varied program.)

Nico Castel—Tenor, in a program of Jewish songs. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 1, at 8.)

Northwood Symphonette—A program including the première of Lukas Foss's "Night Music," performed with the Canadian Brass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 1, at 8.)

Diana Kacso—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Phyllis Bryn-Julson and Ned Rorem—Soprano and composer/pianist in a program that includes works by Mr. Rorem. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Pamela Frame—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Evelyn Lear—Soprano, in a program of works by Korean composer Lyun Joon Kim. With a chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 3, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Piano, with the Rowe Quartet. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Cho-Liang Lin and Daniel Phillips, violin; Toby Appel and Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; André-Michel Schub, piano; and Christopher Kendall, conductor. (Alice Tully Hall, Friday, April 3, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 5.)

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Elizabethan and Jacobean England. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 3, at 8.) . . . ¶ A program entitled "William Byrd and His Age," with Julianne Baird, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Wendy Gillespie, viola da gamba; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 9, and Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Sonic Union—A program of new music for instruments, voices, and tape by Milton Babbitt, Eric Chasalow, Arthur Krieger, David Olan, and Albert Sarko, with Judith Bettina, soprano; Jim Pugles, steel drum; the Contemporary Ensemble of the Manhattan School of Music, conducted by Harvey Sollberger; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 3, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 5, at 2.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program performed by Eugenia Zukerman, flute. With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 3.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello, with Samuel Sanders, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 8.)

David Bar-Illan—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 4, at 8.)

André Watts—Piano, in two performances of the same program. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, April 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

David Golub—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. Saturday, April 4, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times Building.)

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Young-Uck Kim and Minoru Nojima—Violin and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Frances Veri and Michael Jamanis—Duo piano, in an all-Gershwin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 8.)

Ora Shiran and Masako Yanagita—Violin and violin/viola, with Abba Bogin, piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, April 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Amici Cantanti—A twenty-two member early-music ensemble. (St. Ignatius Loyola Church, Park Ave. at 84th St. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Richard Stoltzman, Walter Trampler, and Lee Luvisi—Clarinet, viola, and piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, April 5, at 2.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

Chamber Music—Curtis Macomber and Holly Ovenden, violin; Sarah Ricketts, viola; and Frederick Wise, cello. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Sunday, April 5, at 3. For information about tickets, call 777-3240.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano, with Carol Anne Curry, mezzo-soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—Richard Taruskin directing the Cappella Nova in a program entitled "The Great Revolt: Music of the German Reformation." (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, April 5, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Ruth Glasser and Kim Paterson—Cello and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, April 5, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in a recital celebrating Town Hall's sixtieth anniversary. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, April 5, at 5. For information about tickets, call 977-1003.)

Frederica von Stade—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 5, and Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—Clarinet and soprano sax, in a program of new music by him and his friends, plus rarely heard works by Igor Stravinsky and John Ireland. With Jeff Kraus, percussion; Kazuko Hayami, piano; David Moore, cello; Margaret Helfer, oboe; and Travis Gering, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 6, at 8.)

Joseph Smith—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 6, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by John Adams, Peter Lieberson, and Stravinsky, performed by Fred Sherry, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Harvey Sollberger, flute; Carol Zeavin, violin; Charles Wuorinen, conductor; and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Monday, April 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Robert Routch—Horn, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 7, at 8.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, April 7, at 8.)

Artur Balsam—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, April 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Folger Consort—A program of secular and sacred music from Eastern Europe. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano, with Miriam Fried, violin; Paul Biss, viola; and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Robert Aitken and Erica Goodman—Flute and harp. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Daniel Waitzman—Flute. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century music. With Tod Machover, composer/conductor, and Nancy Bergman, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 10, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The fifth in a series of recitals presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 10, at 8.) . . . ¶ Chamber music. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet and American String Quartet—Performing a program of music for quartets and octets. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 12, at 2.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second of three concerts presenting the complete Bartók cycle of string quartets, as well as quartets by Brahms. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 3.)

Joan Sutherland and Richard Bonynge—Soprano and piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Heinz Holliger—Oboe, with John Steele Ritter, harpsichord/piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera National Finals—Ten singers chosen at the semifinals of the 1981 competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council will appear. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, April 5, at 2.)

Opera Interviews—Birgit Nilsson being interviewed by Speight Jenkins. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, April 8, at 6. Tickets at the box office one hour before the interview.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—Yankees vs. Texas—the first American League games here. (Yankee Stadium. Thursday, April 9, and Saturday, April 11, at 2.)

Professional Basketball—National Basketball

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Association Eastern Division preliminary playoffs: Knicks vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, April 5, at 1, if necessary.)

Hockey—MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Friday April 3, at 8:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Rangers, Thursday, April 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, April 4, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . STANLEY CUP PLAYOFFS: Starts Wednesday, April 8.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Saturday, April 4; the Gotham, Sunday, April 5; and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 11.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, April 4. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, April 6, through Wednesday, June 17. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—A marathon reading of selections from Howard Moss's anthology "New York: Poems," by Tammy Grimes, Marion Seldes, John Lithgow, May Swenson, James Merrill, Paul Zweig, and others. For the benefit of P.E.N. Writers Fund. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Sunday, April 5, from 1 to 10.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, April 2, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 10:15: American and European paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. . . . SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday through Thursday, April 7-9, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu*. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 4. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, April 8, at 10: Books and manuscripts. . . . PHILLIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Saturday, April 4, at 2: Japanese prints, watercolors, and reference books. . . . ¶ Monday, April 6, at 2: Silver, watches, and *objets de vertu*. Exhibition starts Friday, April 3. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 8, at 2: Photographs from the forties and fifties by Ansel Adams, Walker Evans, Margaret Bourke-White, Cecil Beaton, and others. Exhibition starts Sunday, April 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, April 12 (day). Detroit, April 20-22 (night). Toronto, April 23-24 (n) and April 25-26 (d). . . . METS at Shea Stadium (first National League games here): Vs. St. Louis, April 14-16 (day). Montreal, April 18-19 (d). Pittsburgh, April 28-30 (night). San Diego, May 1 (n) and May 2-3 (d). San Francisco, May 5-7 (n). Los Angeles, May 8 (n) and May 9-10 (d).

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. April 18.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. April 25.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. April 25.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. April 25.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. May 2.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Princeton. May 2.)

Racing—At MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: May 1-Sept. 5. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 2.

Running—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopkinton, Mass. April 20.)

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Cosmos games on April 12 and 26 and May 3 and 10.

Tennis—Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. May 2-10.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 23-25.)

Trotting—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: April 30-Nov. 21.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE (580-9830): The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 18. . . . ¶ Indiana University Opera Theatre, April 26. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 9. . . . ¶ Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig, April 12. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, April 15. . . . ¶ Indiana University Philharmonic Orchestra, April 27. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 6. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, May 10. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, April 12 and 26. . . . ¶ *Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, April 12.* . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, April 13. . . . ¶ Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, and Mstislav Rostropovich, piano, April 16. . . . ¶ Orchestra of the 20th Century, April 20. . . . ¶ Byron Janis, piano, April 21. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 23. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, April 24. . . . ¶ Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, April 25. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, April 27-29 and May 1-2. . . . ¶ Soviet Emigré Orchestra, April 30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall's 90th Anniversary Celebration, May 5. . . . ¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, May 7. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, May 8-9. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 12-14, April 24 and 26, and May 3-5. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 15-16. . . . ¶ New York Renaissance Band, April 18. . . . ¶ Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, April 23 and 29 and May 7. . . . ¶ Juilliard String Quartet, April 25. . . . ¶ Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 30. . . . ¶ Curtis Institute Orchestra and Chorus, May 2. . . . ¶ Judith Blegen, soprano, May 3. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, May 10. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Arkady Aronov, piano, April 12. . . . ¶ 92nd Street Y Chorale, April 12. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, April 14-15. . . . ¶ Charles Russo, clarinet, April 16. . . . ¶ Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, April 21 and 28 and May 5. . . . ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, April 22 and May 6. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, May 9-10. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Brandenburg Collegium, April 24. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 7. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, May 8.

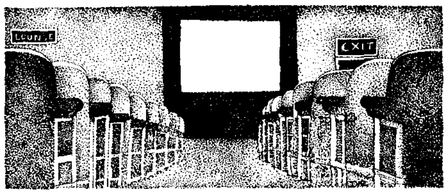
Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A musical, "Oh Me, Oh My, Oh Youmans," which played Off Broadway briefly earlier this season. The music is, of course, Vincent Youmans', and the lyrics are those of Ira Gershwin, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Billy Rose, to name but a few. Repeating their roles for Broadway will be Todd Taylor, Sally Woodson, Jo Ann Cunningham, and Roland Young. . . . ¶ A play by Woody Allen, "The Floating Light Bulb," with Beatrice Arthur, Jack Weston, and Danny Aiello. . . . ¶ A revival of the 1953 Cole Porter-Abe Burrows musical "Can-Can" will have Zizi Jeanmaire, Ron Husmann, and Avery Schreiber as its stars. . . . ¶ "The Moony Shapiro Songbook," a musical with music by Monty Norman, lyrics by Julian More, and a book by the Messrs. Norman and More. . . . ¶ Lena Horne will appear in a one-woman show as yet unnamed. . . . ¶ Claudette Colbert will portray a dowager in a revival of the 1920 mystery play "The Bat," by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. . . . ¶ Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes" will have Elizabeth Taylor in the leading role. Also in the cast will be Maureen Stapleton, Anthony Zerbe, Dennis Christopher, and Tom Aldredge. . . . ¶ "It Had To Be You," a two-character comedy written and performed by Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna.

Dance—Paul Taylor Dance Company, at City Center, April 14-May 3. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 20-June 13. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 28-June 28. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, at City Center, May 5-24.

Other Dates—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1980 and estimates for 1981 are due Wednesday, April 15. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 19. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 26. . . . ¶ Spring Antiques Show, at the 7th Regiment Armory, May 1-4.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 5: "Bellissima" (†); and "The Lady Without Camelias" (1953; directed by Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Lucia Bosè.

April 6: Theatre closed.

From April 7: "8½." (†)

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through April 7: "The Dozens" (Christine Dall and Randall Conrad), with Debra Margolies and Edward Mason.

From April 8: "The Wizard of Waukesha: A Film About Les Paul" (Catherine Orentreich) and "Different Drummer: Elvin Jones" (Edward Gray), both documentary films.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through April 2: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier; and "Dracula." (†)

From April 3: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Raging Bull." (†)

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through April 9: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

From April 10: "Excalibur" (John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Raging Bull." (†)

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Glen or Glenda."

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Eyewitness." (†)

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

"Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

"Image Before My Eyes" (Josh Waletsky), a documentary about Jews in Poland prior to the Second World War.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Through April 2: "Melvin and Howard." (†)

From April 3: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

"Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)

"Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Through April 9: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.

From April 10: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)

"Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through April 9: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier.

From April 10: "Excalibur" (John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Through April 2: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

From April 3: To be announced.

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Through April 2: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

From April 3: To be announced.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through April 2: "All Night Long." (†)

From April 3: "Atlantic City." (†)

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through April 2: "Nine to Five." (†)

April 3-9: "The Elephant Man." (†)

From April 10: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)

Through April 2: "Nine to Five." (†)

From April 3: "Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through April 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)

From April 3: "Holy Terror" (Alfred Sole).

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Through April 2: "Eyes of a Stranger" (Ken Wiederhorn), with Lauren Tewes.

From April 3: To be announced.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Through April 2: "The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

From April 3: To be announced.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through April 9: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill. From April 10: "The Private Eyes" (Lang Elliott), with Tim Conway and Don Knotts.

Theatre 2: Through April 2: "The Competition." (†) April 3-9: "The Big Brawl" (Robert Clouse), with Jackie Chan and José Ferrer; and "Enter the Dragon." (†) From April 10: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Through April 2: "The Howling" (directed by Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

From April 3: "Melvin and Howard." (†)

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Through April 9: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

From April 10: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "The Elephant Man." (†)

Theatre 2: "Ordinary People." (†)

Theatre 3: Through April 2: "Nine to Five." (†) From April 3: "Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)." (†)

Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Fantasia." (†)

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through April 2: "Resurrection." (†)

From April 3: "Melvin and Howard." (†)

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Tess." (†)

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French) with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Ordinary People." (†)

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through April 2: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier.

From April 3: "The Elephant Man." (†)

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Through April 7: "Days of Heaven." (†)

From April 8: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

"Confidence" (István Szabó; in Hungarian), with Péter Andorai and Ildikó Bánsági.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Ordinary People." (†)

Theatre 2: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through April 2: "Altered States." (†) From April 3: "Holy Terror" (Alfred Sole).

Theatre 2: "Raging Bull." (†)

Theatre 3: Through April 2: "Eyes of a Stranger" (Ken Wiederhorn), with Lauren Tewes. From April 3: "Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

Theatre 4: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Through April 2: "The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

From April 3: "Melvin and Howard." (†)

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Through April 2: "All Night Long." (†)

From April 3: "Resurrection." (†)

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through April 2: "The Competition" (†) and "Chapter Two." (†) From April 3 (tentative): "The Elephant Man." (†)

Theatre 2: Through April 2: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film. From April 3: "Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)." (†)

Theatre 3: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "The Final Conflict" (directed by Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.

Theatre 2: Through April 9: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†) From April 10: "Star Wars." (†)

Theatre 3: "Eyewitness." (†)

Theatre 4: "Raging Bull." (†)

Theatre 5: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier.

Theatre 6: Through April 9: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones. From April 10: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through April 2: "Ordinary People." (†)

From April 3: "Hardly Working" (Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Susan Oliver.

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through April 2: "The Elephant Man." (†) From April 3: "Ordinary People." (†)

Theatre 3: Through April 2: "The Dogs of War." (†) From April 3: "The Elephant Man." (†)

Theatre 4: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)

Through April 9: "The Devil and Max Dev-

lin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.
From April 10: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through April 2: "Altered States." (†)
From April 3: "Holy Terror" (Alfred Sole).

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through April 2: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)
From April 3: To be announced.

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through April 2: "Eyes of a Stranger" (Ken Wiederhorn), with Lauren Tewes.
From April 3: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through April 2: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.
April 3-9: "The Big Brawl" (Robert Clouse), with Jackie Chan and José Ferrer; and "Enter the Dragon." (†)
From April 10: "Excalibur" (John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through April 3: "Night of the Living Dead." (†)
April 4-6: "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree.
April 7-9: "The Crazies" (1973; George A. Romero), with Lane Carroll.
From April 10: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through April 9: "The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.
From April 10: "The Private Eyes" (Lang Elliott), with Tim Conway and Don Knotts.

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 1: "THX 1138" (1971; directed by George Lucas), with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie; and "Fahrenheit 451" (1966; François Truffaut), with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner.
April 2: "Beautiful Duckling" (1965; Li Hsing; in Chinese); and "Love of the White Snake" (1978; Szu-Ma Ke and Li Hung Hsing; in Chinese).
April 3: "The Little Match Girl" (1928; Jean Renoir; a French silent film); and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
April 4: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.
April 5: "Manhattan" (1979) and "Annie Hall" (1977), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
April 6: "Contempt" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid." (†)
April 7: "Osaka Story" (1957; Kozaburo Yoshimura; in Japanese); and "Three Ninja Enemies" (in Japanese).
April 8: "See You at Mao" (1970; Jean-Luc Godard), a documentary film; and "A Married Woman." (†)
April 9: "El" (1952; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova; and another feature, to be announced.
April 10: "Femmes Fatales" (†) and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs." (†)
April 11: "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Monty Python Meets Beyond the Fringe" (1979).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 1: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa; and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1920; Rex Ingram; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, and Wallace Beery.

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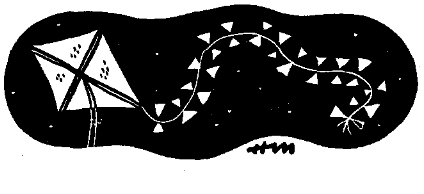
April 2 (afternoon only): "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
April 2 (evening only): "Subway Riders" (1981; Amos Poe). Mr. Poe will be present.
April 3: "Soldier of Orange" (1979; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch and English), with Rutger Hauer.
April 4: "Lolita."
April 5: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" (1964; Charles Walters), with Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell, and Ed Begley; and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." (†)
April 6: "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne; and "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle.
April 7: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "Senso" (1955; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Farley Granger and Alida Valli.
April 8: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.
April 9: "The Fragrance of Wild Flowers" (1979) and "Petrijas' Wreath" (1980), both Yugoslav films, directed by Srdjan Karanovic, who will be present.
April 10: "Love and Death" (1975) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
April 11: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 2: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (†); and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
April 3-4: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
April 5-6: "Dirty Harry" (†); and "Play Misty for Me" (1971; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood and Jessica Walters.
April 7: "Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "The Soft Skin" (1964; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean Desailly and Françoise Dorléac.
April 8-9: "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams; and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.
April 10-11: "Richard Pryor in a Filmed Concert" (1979); and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974; John Magnuson), recorded in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
April 1: "The Way We Were" (1973; Sydney Pollack), with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford; and "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann.
April 2-4: "All the President's Men" (1976; Alan J. Pakula), with Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford; and "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, and Sally Kellerman.
April 5-6: "The French Connection" (†) and "Serpico." (†)
April 7-8: "A Piece of Pleasure" (†); and "Le Boucher" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne.
April 9-11: "The Conversation" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman; and "Sleuth" (1972; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.



Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 3: "Darling" (1965; John Schlesinger), with Laurence Harvey, Dirk Bogarde, and Julie Christie; and "Puzzle of a Downfall Child" (1971; Jerry Schatzberg), with Faye Dunaway.
April 4-6: "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn; and "Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
April 7-9: "The Go-Between" (1971; Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton; and "The Hireling" (1973; Alan Bridges), with Robert Shaw and Sarah Miles.
From April 10: "The Three Musketeers" (1974) and "The Four Musketeers" (1975), both films directed by Richard Lester, with Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, and Richard Chamberlain.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 4: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.
April 5-6: "On Borrowed Time" (1939; Harold S. Bucquet), with Lionel Barrymore and Cedric Hardwicke; and "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor.
April 7-8: "Kind Lady" (1951; John Sturges), with Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans, and Keenan Wynn; and "The Story of Three Loves" (1953; Vincente Minnelli and Gottfried Reinhardt), with Kirk Douglas, James Mason, Pier Angeli, and Moira Shearer.
April 9-11: "Reunion in Vienna" (†); and "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
April 1: "Operation Petticoat" (1959; Blake Edwards), with Cary Grant, Tony Curtis, and Dina Merrill; and "Houseboat" (1958; Melville Shavelson), with Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, Martha Hyer, Harry Guardino, and Eduardo Ciannelli.
April 2: "The Grass Is Greener" (1960; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum, and Jean Simmons; and "Mr. Lucky" (1943; H. C. Potter), with Cary Grant, Laraine Day, Florence Bates, and Charles Bickford.
April 3-4: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Variety Lights" (1949; Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio.
A seven-day festival of Japanese films, all with English subtitles:
- April 5: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
- April 6: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part I" (1954; Hiroshi Inagaki), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Sword of Doom" (1967; Kihachi Okamoto), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
- April 7: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts II and III" (1956; Hiroshi Inagaki), with Toshiro Mifune.
- April 8: "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima); and "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, and Masayuko Mori.
- April 9: "Red Beard" (1965; Akira Kurosawa), with Toshiro Mifune.
- April 10-11: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 1: "The Secret of the Blue Room"

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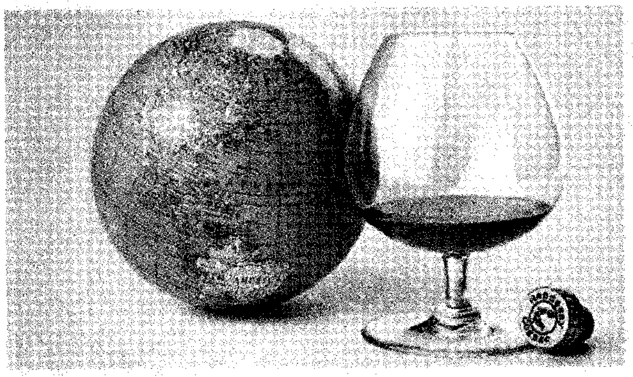

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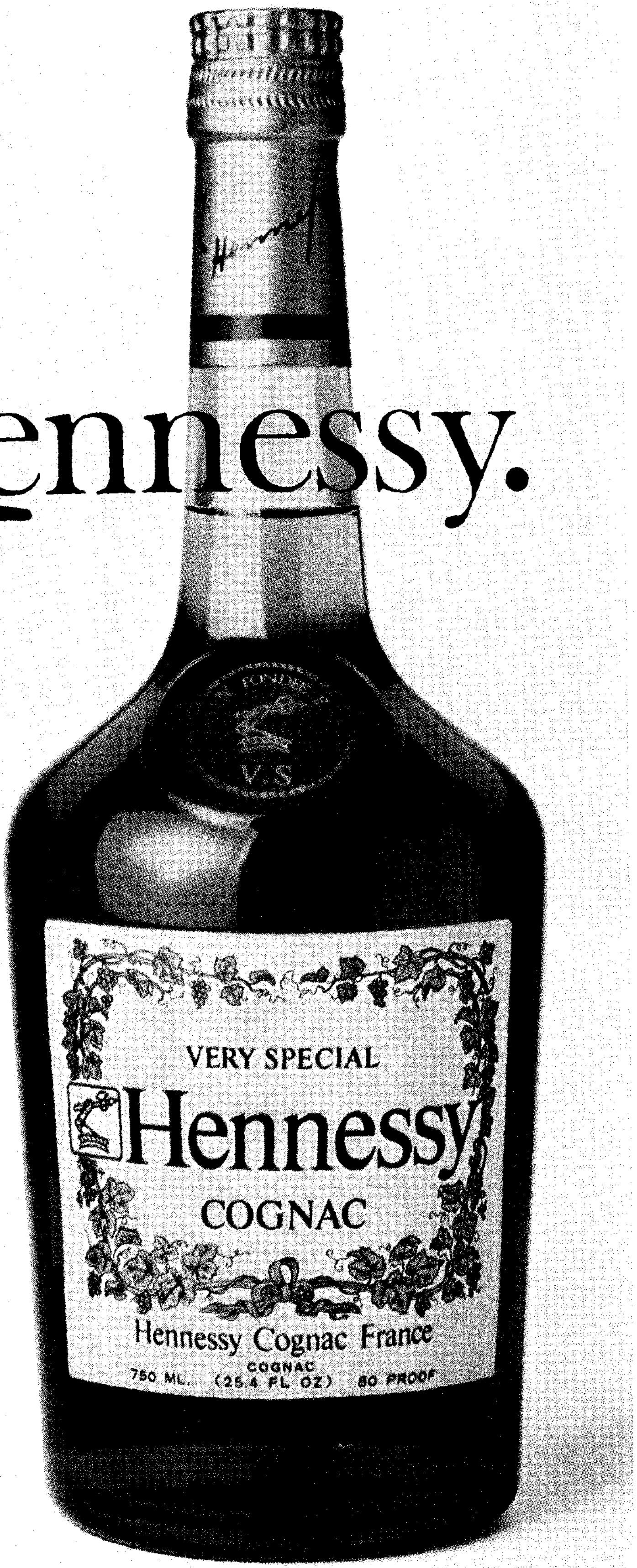
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(1933; Kurt Neumann), with Lionel Atwill, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, and Edward Arnold; and "The Uninvited" (1944; Lewis Allen), with Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland, and Gail Russell.

April 2: "Easy Living" (1937; Mitchell Leisen), with Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, and Ray Milland; and "History Is Made at Night" (1937; Frank Borzage), with Jean Arthur, Charles Boyer, and Colin Clive.

April 3: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.

April 4-5: "Charlie Chan in the Secret Service" (1944) and "Jade Mask" (1945), both films directed by Phil Rosen, with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

April 6: "Love Happy" (†) and "Copacabana." (†)

April 7: "Show of Shows" (1929; John G. Adolfi), with John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, and Myrna Loy; and "On with the Show." (†)

April 8: "Passage to Marseille" (1944; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, and Sydney Greenstreet; and "High Sierra" (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy.

April 9: "It" (1927; Clarence Badger; a silent film); with Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno; and "Blood and Sand" (1922; Fred Niblo; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino.

April 10: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everette Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

From April 11: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941) and "Another Thin Man" (1939), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of documentary films produced at the National Film Board of Canada: April 2 at 2:30: "Memorandum" (1965) and "Fields of Sacrifice" (1964), both films directed by Donald Brittain. . . . April 2 at 6: "Never a Backward Step" (1966; Donald Brittain, Arthur Hammond, and John Spotton) and "Van's Camp" (1974; Les Rose and Donald Brittain). . . . April 2 at 8:30: "The Dionne Years" (1979; Donald Brittain). . . . April 3 at 2:30: "King of the Hill: Ferguson Jenkins" (1974; Donald Brittain and William Canning) and "Henry Ford's America" (1976; Donald Brittain). . . . April 3 at 6: "A Day in the Night of Jonathan Mole" (1959; Donald Brittain) and "Saul Alinsky Went to War" (1968; Peter Pearson and Donald Brittain). . . . April 4 at noon: "How to Build an Igloo" (1950; Doug Wilkinson), "Eskimo Artist—Kenojuak" (1964; John Fenney), "The Netsilik Eskimo Today" (1972; Gilles Blais), and "Bighorn" (1970; Bill Schmalz). . . . April 4 at 2:30: "King of the Hill: Ferguson Jenkins" and "Henry Ford's America." . . . April 4 at 5: "Memorandum" and "Fields of Sacrifice." . . . April 5 at noon: "How to Build an Igloo," "Eskimo Artist—Kenojuak," "The Netsilik Eskimo Today," and "Bighorn." . . . April 5 at 2:30: "High Over the Borders" (1942; Irving Jacoby), "Ordeal by Ice" (1945; Joe Gibson and David Mayervitch), "Listen to the Prairies" (1945; Gudrun Bjerring), and "Suffer Little Children" (1945; Sydney Newman). . . . April 6 at noon: "Canaries to Clydesdale" (1977; Eugene Boyko), "Estuary" (1980; Don White), and "Tara's Mulch Garden" (1976; John Pederson). . . . April 6 at 2:30: "Churchill's Island" (1941), "The Mask of Nippon" (1942), "Battle Is Their Birthright" (1943), and "The Gates of Italy" (1943), all directed by Stuart Legg. . . . April 7 at noon: "Canaries to Clydesdale," "Estuary," and "Tara's Mulch Garden." . . . April 7 at 6: "Why Men Rape" (1979; Douglas Jackson), for adults only. . . . April 9 at 2:30: "High Over the Borders," "Ordeal by Ice," "Listen to the Prairies," and "Suffer Little Children." . . . April 9 at 6: "Churchill's Island," "The Mask of Nippon," "Battle Is Their Birthright," and "The Gates of Italy." . . . April 9 at 8:30: "When Asia Speaks" (1944; Stuart Legg), "Indochina" (1955; Morton Parker), and "Sad Song of Yellow Skin" (1970; Michael Rubbo). . . . April 10 at 2:30: "City of Gold" (1957; Wolf Koenig and Colin Low), "Women on the March, Part One: The Struggle for Equal Rights" (1958; Douglas Tunstell), and "Imperial Sunset" (1967; Josef Reeve). . . . April 10 at 6: "Totems" (1944; Laura Bolton), "Land of the Long Day" (1952; Doug Wilkinson), "The Longhouse People" (1950; Alan Wargon), and "Circle of the Sun" (1961; Colin Low). . . . April 11 at noon: "Paddle to the Sea" (1966) and "Song of the Paddle" (1978), directed by Bill Mason. . . . April 11 at 2:30: "When Asia Speaks," "Indochina," and "Sad Song of Yellow Skin." . . . April 11 at 5: "City of Gold," "Women on the March, Part One: The Struggle for Equal Rights," and "Imperial Sunset." . . . ¶ Other, non-NFBC, films scheduled during this period: April 5 at 5: "Ali Baba Goes to Town" (1937; David Butler), with Eddie Cantor, Tony Martin, and Roland Young. . . . April 6 at 6: Two episodes from "Italy as I Have Known Her" (1980; Frederic Rossif; in Italian), made for Italian TV. . . . April 6 at 8:30: "The Little Archimedes" (1979; Jianni Amelio; in Italian), made for Italian TV. . . . April 7 at 2:30: "Ali Baba Goes to Town." . . . April 7 at 8: "The Seagull" (1977; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), made for Italian TV. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (288-9601)—Through April 12: A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—April 1 at 3: A video program by Richard Foreman. . . . ¶ April 1 at 8: A program of films by six British avant-garde filmmakers. . . . ¶ April 2-3 at 8: A program of films by Robert Fulton. . . . ¶ April 4 at 8: A program of films by David Gerstein, Abigail Child, Dan Perz, and Betzy Bromberg. . . . ¶ April 5 at 8: "Horseopera" (1970) and "Levine's Mother" (1980), both films directed by Charles Levine, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 7 at 8: A program of video works by Chris Burden. . . . ¶ April 8 at 8: "Entr'acte" (1924; René Clair; a silent French film) and "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film). . . . ¶ April 9 at 3: A video program by Richard Foreman. . . . ¶ April 9-10 at 8: A video program by Michel Auder. . . . ¶ April 11 at 2: A video program by Anne Tardos. . . . ¶ April 11 at 8: A program of films by Peter Hutton, Lynn Gerry, and Chick Strand.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALL NIGHT LONG—This sophisticated slapstick romance starring Gene Hackman and Barbra Streisand is a happy surprise. Hackman, doing the kind of comic acting that rings true on every note, plays a Los Angeles business executive who gives up the phony obligations he has accumulated, drops out, and tries to find a way to do what he enjoys. Streisand plays a soft-spoken bleached blonde—intuitive and cuddly—who joins him. Directed by Jean-Claude Tramont and written by W. D. (Rick) Richter, it has a distinctive comic sensibility; at times it suggests Tati, at other times W. C. Fields, and then, maybe, Lubitsch or Max Ophuls. With Dennis Quaid as Hackman's muscular, inarticulate son; Diane Ladd as Hackman's wife; Kevin Dobson as Streisand's husband; and William Daniels as a lawyer. The poignant music that is heard is José Padilla's "La Violetera," which was also heard in Chaplin's "City Lights." (Reviewed in our issue of 3/9/81.) (Loews Tower East, and New Yorker 2; through April 2.)

ALTERED STATES—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. (1/19/81) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza; through April 2.)

ATLANTIC CITY—With Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; directed by Louis Malle. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East; starting April 3.)

BELLISSIMA (1951)—It is said that this Luchino Visconti film (it was his third) was conceived when the director was looking for a child actress for a different production and found himself surrounded by four thousand mothers, each shouting "Mine is *bellissima!*" The film is a satirical view of the movie-studio world of Cinecittà, and is also perhaps Visconti's warmest comedy. It's full of contradictory impulses, and is marred by a too pat ending glorifying the wisdom of the common people, but at its center is the great Anna Magnani as a screen-struck mother, determined to make a star of her plain little five-year-old (Tina Apicella). There is a devastating sequence when the mother, who has finagled her way into the screening room where her daughter's screen test is being run, is listening to the laughter. Magnani is at her most extraordinary. With Alessandro Blasetti, a highly respected director and a precursor of neorealism, playing himself, but with overtones of Visconti. And also with Walter Chiari as Magnani's husband. From a script by Suso Cecchi d'Amico, Francesco Rosi, and Visconti, based on a story by Cesare Zavattini. The assistant directors were Rosi and Franco Zeffirelli. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 5.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The movie is most inventive when they're in Italy and Albin, dressed as a peasant woman, is toiling in the fields among the women; he looks youthful and radiantly fulfilled—he really believes that he is one of them. Albin doesn't see what we can see: wherever he is and however he's dressed, he's so far into his fantasy that he looks like no one else. This film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. And maybe it's only in this exaggerated form that a movie about the ridiculousness and the tenderness of married love can be widely accepted now. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (68th St. Playhouse, Greenwich Playhouse 2, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

CHAPTER TWO (1979)—Familiar backdrops (Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on) fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon

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comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Olympia; through April 2.)

The Competition—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime-soap-opera level, and between them Irving and Dreyfuss have acquired enough bad acting habits for a different kind of competition. Sam Wanamaker (who looks startlingly like Leonard Bernstein here) gives a polished, old-pro's satirical performance as a conductor, and struts away with the picture. Directed by Joel Oliansky. (1/19/81) (R.K.O. 86th St., and Olympia; through April 2.)

Copacabana (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 6.)

Days of Heaven (1978)—Terrence Malick wrote and directed this story of adultery, set principally in the wheat fields of the Texas Panhandle just before America entered the First World War. It's both a nostalgic and an anti-nostalgic vision of the American past. The landscapes are vast and lonely, with the space in the images strained and the figures tilted; the characters are monosyllabic—near mute. What is unspoken in this picture weighs heavily on us, but we're not quite sure what it is. The film is an empty Christmas tree: you can hang all your dumb metaphors on it. Richard Gere plays Bill, who works in a blast furnace in Chicago; he gets into a brawl with the foreman and heads south, taking his girl, Abby (Brooke Adams), and his twelve-year-old sister, Linda (Linda Manz), with him. They find work in the fields of a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard), who falls in love with Abby. When Bill learns that the farmer may be dying, he encourages Abby to marry him—so that she can soon be a rich widow. The movie is oblique, except for the narration, which is by Linda; she's a little-girl wise guy, and all the humor in the film comes from her laconic remarks, but she's also precociously full of the wisdom of the ages, and at times her illiterate poetry is drenched in wistfulness and heartbreak. Shot by Nestor Almendros, with additional photography by Haskell Wexler, the film is a series of pictorial effects—some of them, such as a train passing over a lacework bridge, extraordinary—but the overpowering images seem unrelated, pieced together. The movie suffers from too many touches, too many ideas that don't grow out of anything organic. It's an epic pastiche. Though the irregularly handsome, slightly snaggletoothed Shepard has almost no lines, he makes a strong impression; he seems authentically an American of an earlier era. But Gere, with his post-fifties acting style and the associations it carries of Brando and Dean and Clift and all the others who shrugged and scowled and acted with their shoulders, is anachronistic. Shot in Alberta, Canada. (Cinema Studio 1; through April 7.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, persnickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 6.)

Dirty Harry (1971)—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (Cinema Village; April 5-6.)

The Dogs of War—A crisp, tough-minded action film about an international group of mercenaries who stage a coup in a small, decaying West African country run by an Idi Amin-Papa Doc-style despot. The casting of Christopher Walken as Shannon, the leader of the group, gives the film the fuse it needs. Walken, with his pale, flat-faced mask of pain, his glaring eyes and lithe movements, suggests a restless anger. We aren't asked to like the mercenaries, and Shannon kills a spy (set on him by his own employer, who doesn't trust him) in such a horrifying way that we really couldn't like him. But we do want to watch him. This is the first feature film by John Irvin, an English documentarian and TV director ("Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy"); he has studied a master—during the actual raid, some of the most feral images are almost direct quotations from Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch." With Colin Blakely as a TV journalist who's tenacious about following a story, and Tom Berenger, Paul Freeman, and Jean-François Stevenin. Cinematography by Jack Cardiff; freely adapted from Frederick Forsyth's best-seller by Gary DeVore and George Malko. (3/23/81) (Embassy; through April 2.)

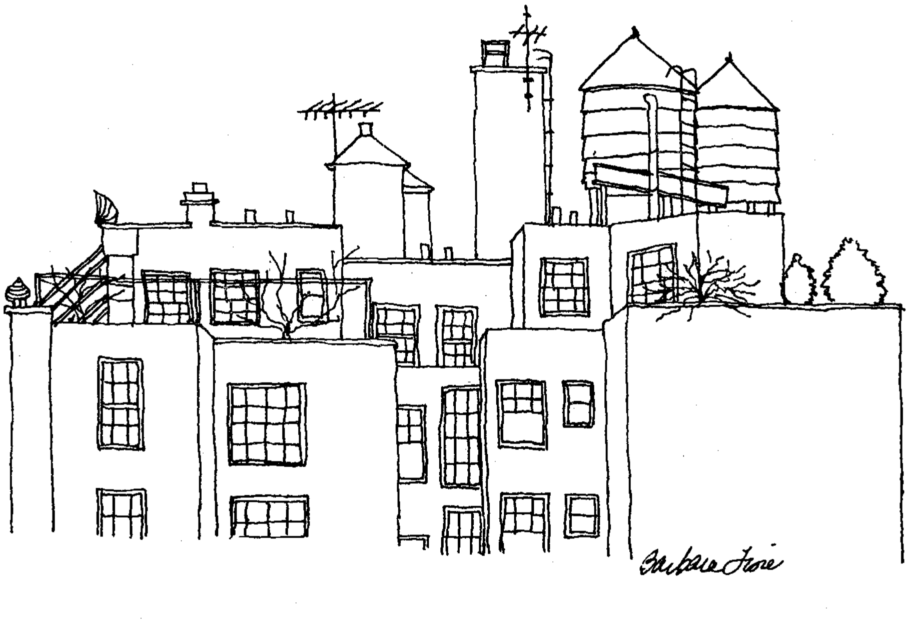
Dracula (1979)—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in the 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 2.)

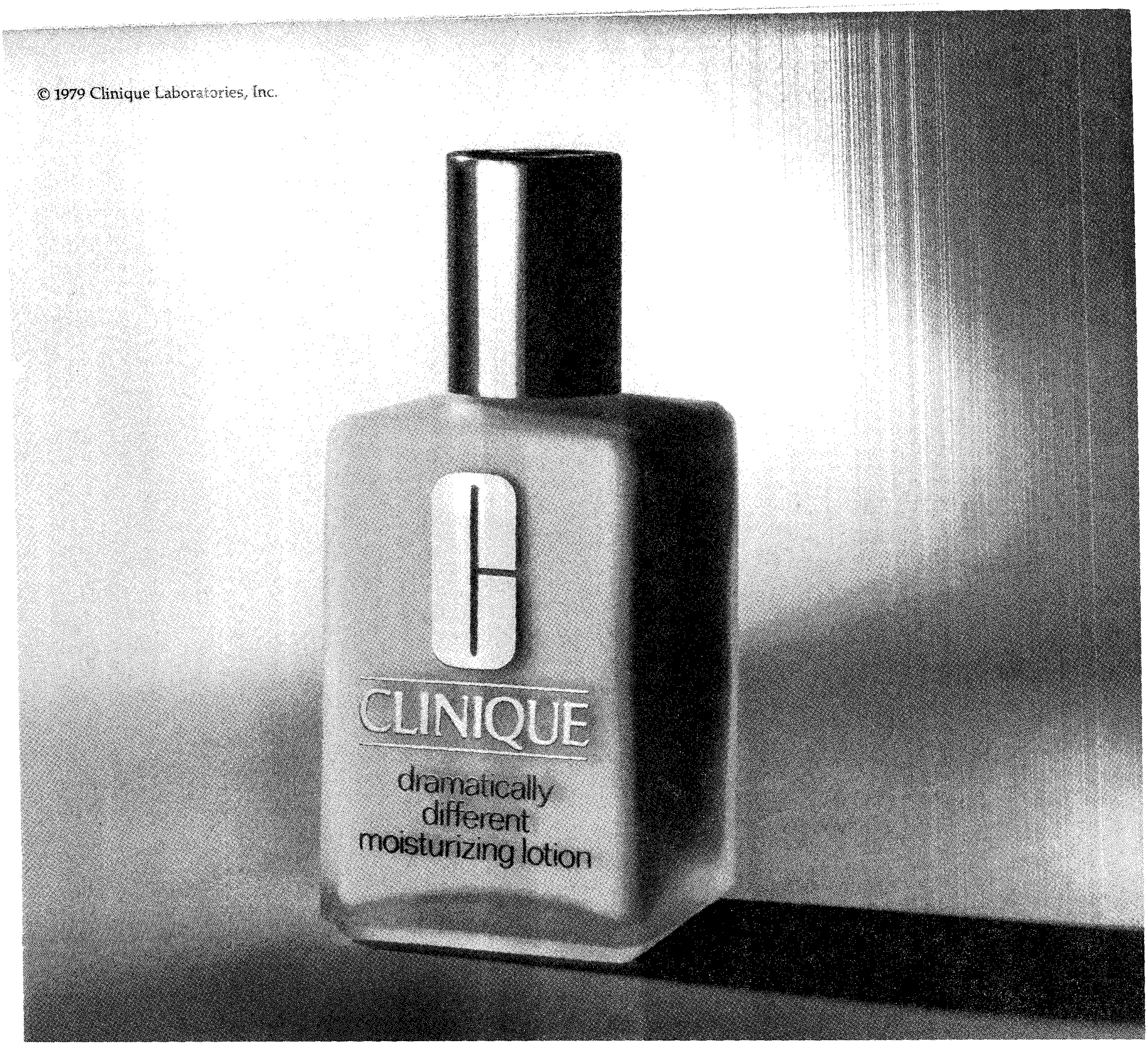
8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical phantasmagoria. Guido (Marcello Mastroianni), the director hero, is the center of the film's universe, the creator on whose word everything waits, the man sought after by everyone. He can do anything, and the possibilities confuse him. Just as "La Dolce Vita" confirmed popular suspicions about the depravity of the rich and gifted, "8½" confirms the popular view of the life of a *successful* genius. We see Guido's conflicts between his love for his wife, his desire for his mistress, his ideal of innocence, and his dreams of a harem, and we are given to understand that he must come to grips with himself as a precondition to "creation." The multi-ringed circus of "8½" is such a luxuriously externalized version of an artist's inner life that it's more like the fantasy of someone who wishes that he were a movie director—someone who has soaked up those movie versions of an artist's life, in which in the midst of a carnival or a ball the hero receives inspiration and dashes away to transmute life into art. It's a de-luxe glorification of creative crisis, visually arresting (the dark and light contrasts are extraordinary, magical) but in some essential way it's conventional-minded. The cast includes Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, Rossella Falk, Barbara Steele, Madeleine Lebeau, Guido Alberti as the producer, Jean Rougeul as the critic, Annibale Ninchi as Guido's father, and Edra Gale as La Saraghina. The cinematography is by Gianni Di Venanzo; the score is by Nino Rota; the script is by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, and others. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting April 7.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through April 2. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; April 3-9. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting April 3. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 3, tentative.)

Enter the Dragon (1973)—Bruce Lee and John Saxon in a kung-fu movie that's a good-natured example of the pleasures of schlock art. There's so much going on that the whole history of movies seems to be recapitulated in scrambled form. It could be billed as the movie with a thousand climaxes. But it's not all schlock: the slender, swift Bruce Lee was the Fred Astaire of martial arts, and many of the fights that could be merely brutal come across as lightning-fast choreography. With Jim Kelly, Ahna Capri, Bob Wall, Shih Kien, Angela Mao Ying, Yang Sze, Betty Chung, Geoffrey Weeks, and Peter Archer. Directed by Robert Clouse. (R.K.O. 86th St., and National; April 3-9.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor





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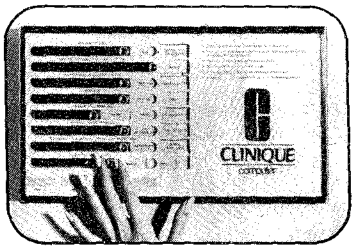

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in an office building. William Hurt (who plays this janitor) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. In order to pique her interest, he suggests that he may have been an eyewitness, and this fib of his makes the two of them targets for the killers, for those who seek to avenge the killing, for the police, and—it begins to seem—for every passerby. Maybe because of the moviemakers' failure to adapt and modernize forties conventions, something berserk happens: Weaver, Irene Worth, and Christopher Plummer, who are all playing Jews, play them like Nazis. They're intense, drawn, haggard, rich, and highly cultured—a stiff and sinister bunch. The movie is punctuated with frequent, inept cuts to a couple of Vietnamese thugs who sneak around eavesdropping, following people, and boding ill. There are good, funny moments, though, with Hurt, with Weaver (before she gets too pinched), with Morgan Freeman and Steven Hill as a cynical, griping team of lieutenants, with Pamela Reed as the janitor's old girlfriend, and with Kenneth McMillan as the janitor's father. The cast includes James Woods and Albert Paulsen. (3/23/81) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring," garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld.)

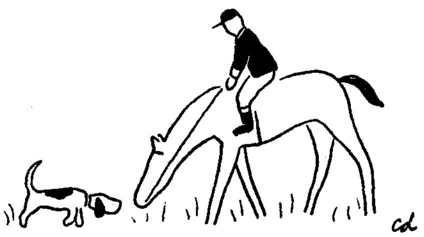
Femmes Fatales (1976; the original French title is "Calmos")—The first half hour of this sexual extravaganza by the highly original French writer-director Bertrand Blier is a peerless dirty-boy romp. The heroes (Jean-Pierre Marielle and Jean Rochefort) are two forty-year-old Parisian boulevardiers who look like wax grooms on a stale wedding cake. Marielle is a gynecologist who can't bear to inspect women's genitals anymore, and Rochefort is a baby-faced pimp who is exhausted by women's sexual demands. They run away to the countryside, to a village where they eat and drink and wear old clothes and begin to stink. Calm, that's what they want. Up to this point, the film is an inspired exploitation-porno fantasy, with Claude Renoir's Panavision images and Georges Delerue's music providing a feeling of grandeur and folly. But then the story takes a science-fiction turn. It shifts from the lunacy and regressions of these two men to the sexual revulsion felt by men en masse, and Blier and his co-scriptwriter (Philippe Dumarcay) lose the flavor and the characters. Yet no one but Blier has matched such raunchiness with such beauty; you have to have a true respect for raunchiness to do that. With Brigitte Fossey, who's like sensual porcelain, as the doctor's blond cat of a wife. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 10.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—It takes a long time for an actor to develop the assurance that the trim, silver-haired Paul Newman has acquired, and there's a bloom on everything he does in the role of Murphy, the veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. Heywood Gould's script, which is based on the accounts of two policemen (Thomas Mulhearn and Pete Tessitore), is an intricately designed mixture of street vaudeville and drama of conscience. The film has many of the ingredients of a shocking, memorable movie, but it's shallow and earnest. Its point is that Murphy's faith in the police is undermined by Morgan's racist action; Murphy can't understand how a cop could do such a horrible thing. For the movie to be really good he would have to understand all too well. It's a mess, with glimmerings of talent and with Newman's near-great performance. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (2/23/81) (34th St. East, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; through April 2.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience with noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (8th St. Playhouse; April 5-6.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Baronet; starting April 3.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs (1978)—This sex comedy by Bertrand Blier is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that hadn't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. Cinematography by Jean Penzer; music by Mozart, by Georges Delerue (writing in the spirit of Mozart), and by Schubert. In French. (Cinema Village; through April 2. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; April 10.)



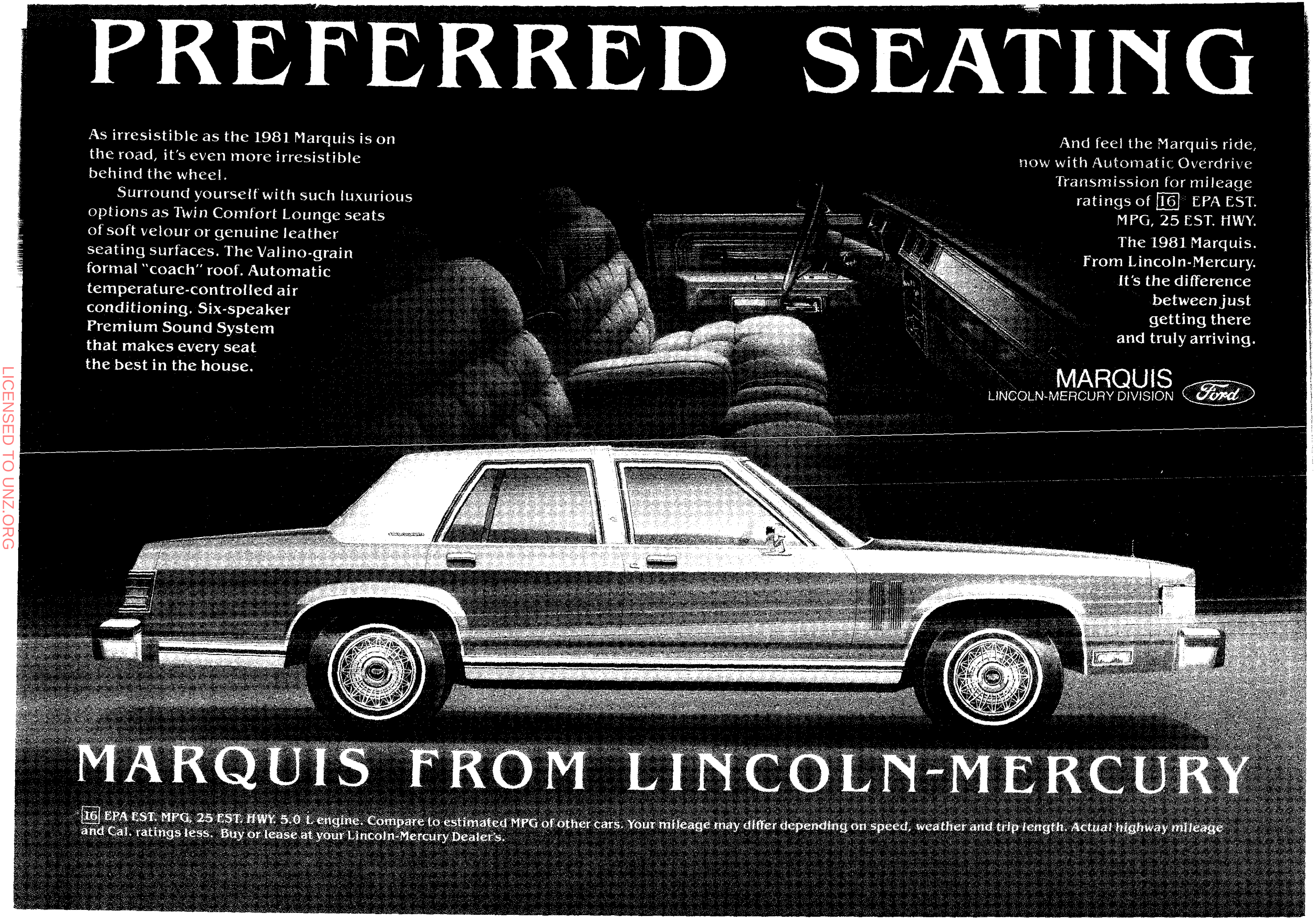
Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formation in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, threesies. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (2/2/81) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting April 3.)

Love Happy (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 6.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Méril), her dissatisfactions, her patterns as a consumer, and her infidelities. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 8.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and starts to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Baronet; through April 2. . . . ¶ Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker 1; starting April 3.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever filmed in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living; seven people (the most resourceful one is played by Duane Jones) take refuge in a farmhouse, and we watch as the relent-



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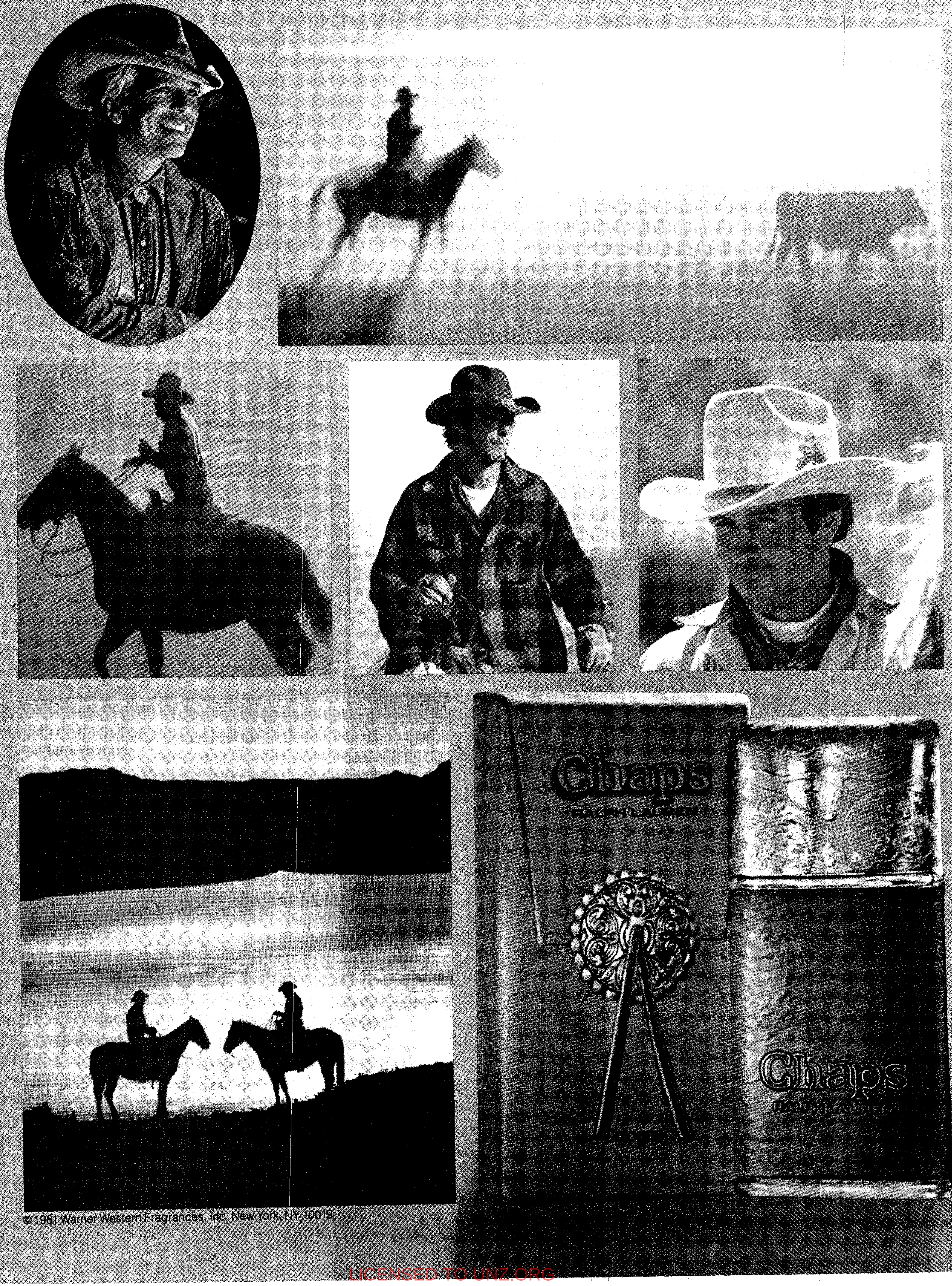
THE COLOGNE A MAN CHOOSES FOR HIMSELF.


Chaps
RALPH LAUREN
Chaps
RALPH LAUREN

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lessly marching, hungry corpses come in and tear at them—and we see, in closeup, the devouring of hearts, lungs, entrails. Made by George A. Romero, who photographed and directed on a budget of $114,000. The film's grainy, banal seriousness works for it—gives it a crude realism; even the flatness of the amateurish acting and the unfunny attempts at campy comedy add, somehow, to the horror—there's no art to transmute the ghoulishness. (The dead also rise and come toward us at the climax of Abel Gance's pacifist film "J'Accuse," but the effect there goes far beyond the grisly-scary; the horror has grandeur.) At first, this film received almost no attention, but in two or three years it became a hit at midnight showings after the regularly scheduled feature—and not just in the U.S. but in Tokyo, Paris, and other centers. (Rivoli; through April 3.)

Nine to Five—A feminist revenge fantasy in which three office workers—Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton (in her film début), and Jane Fonda—each with a complaint against the lecherous petty-tyrant boss (Dabney Coleman), kidnap him, get the business humming, and institute reforms, such as equal pay for equal work, flexible hours, hiring the handicapped, and providing day-care services. Tomlin confirms herself as a star whenever she gets the material, and Dolly Parton's dolliness is very winning, but it's easy to forget that Jane Fonda is around—she seems to get lost in the woodwork. The director, Colin Higgins, is a young fossil who sets up flaccid, hand-me-down gags as if they were hilarious, and damned if the audience doesn't laugh. Written by Patricia Resnick and then reworked by Higgins. (3/9/81) (72nd Street East, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema; through April 2.)

On with the Show (1929)—For anyone who wants to know what the Broadway musical comedy of the twenties was like, this film is indispensable. Made by Warners, it was the first all-color (rather than just sequences-in-color) talking picture. It provides a backstage story about a producer (Sam Hardy) trying to put on a musical while fighting off his creditors; the star is Betty Compson, and her understudy is Sally O'Neil. The same story was later used for "42nd Street." This extravagant version, however, also provides the onstage musical with its own plot; the backstage story is smoothly intercut with this onstage material, which is lighthearted and parodistic, and which features tall showgirls. Perky (very short) Sally O'Neil is hard to take, but the compensations include Ethel Waters, slender and torchy, singing "Am I Blue?" and "Birmingham Bertha;" Joe E. Brown dancing; and the superb black dancers, the Four Covans. Also with Louise Fazenda, Arthur Lake, William Bakewell, Purnell B. Pratt, Angelus Babe, and the Harmony Four Quartette. Directed by Alan Crosland; dances staged by Larry Ceballos; adapted from Humphrey Pearson's play by Robert Lord. The songs are by Harry Akst and Grant Clarke, including a ditty called "Lift the Juleps to Your Two Lips." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 7.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through April 2. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting April 3.)

A Piece of Pleasure (1976)—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous time together, apparently: country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; April 7-8.)

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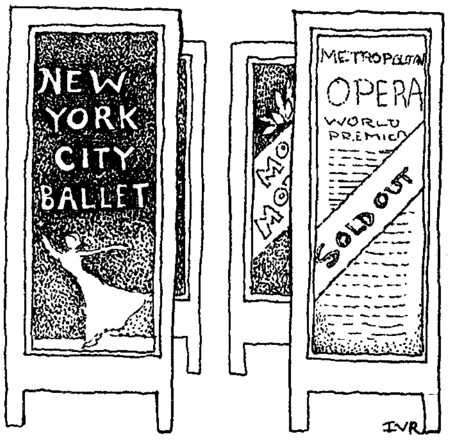
The Postman Always Rings Twice—With Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange, directed by Bob Rafelson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through April 2.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Festival; through April 2. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2; starting April 3.)



Reunion in Vienna (1933)—John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard in the vehicle that Robert E. Sherwood wrote for the Lunts to do their stylish romping in. The play has more vitality and spirit than most of Sherwood's work, and Barrymore seizes his chances for comedy. With Frank Morgan and May Robson; Sidney Franklin directed. (Regency; April 9-11.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (8th St. Playhouse; April 5-6.)

Star Wars (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (Criterion Center; starting April 10.)

Take Me Out to the Ball Game (1949)—This big M-G-M musical, set in the early part of the century, began with a not too inspired script idea from Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, and after it went through a series of cast changes and then got assigned to Busby Berkeley to direct, it was a full-scale mess. Kelly and Frank Sinatra are vaudevillians who are also baseball players; Esther Williams, the manager of the baseball team, is in love with Kelly, but Sinatra is in love with her. And there are gangsters trying to get the boys to double-cross her and lose a game. This asinine story just about smothers the good-natured hoofing. Comden and Green and Roger Edens did the songs, but the musical numbers have that flag-waving Irish-American cheeriness which also blighted many Fox musicals made in the same period. With Betty Garrett and Jules Munshin, who work well with Kelly and Sinatra. They all got together—*sans* Esther Williams—the following year in "On the Town." The finale here isn't by Berkeley; it was co-directed by Kelly and Donen, and served to convince the studio to let them co-direct "On the Town." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 5.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

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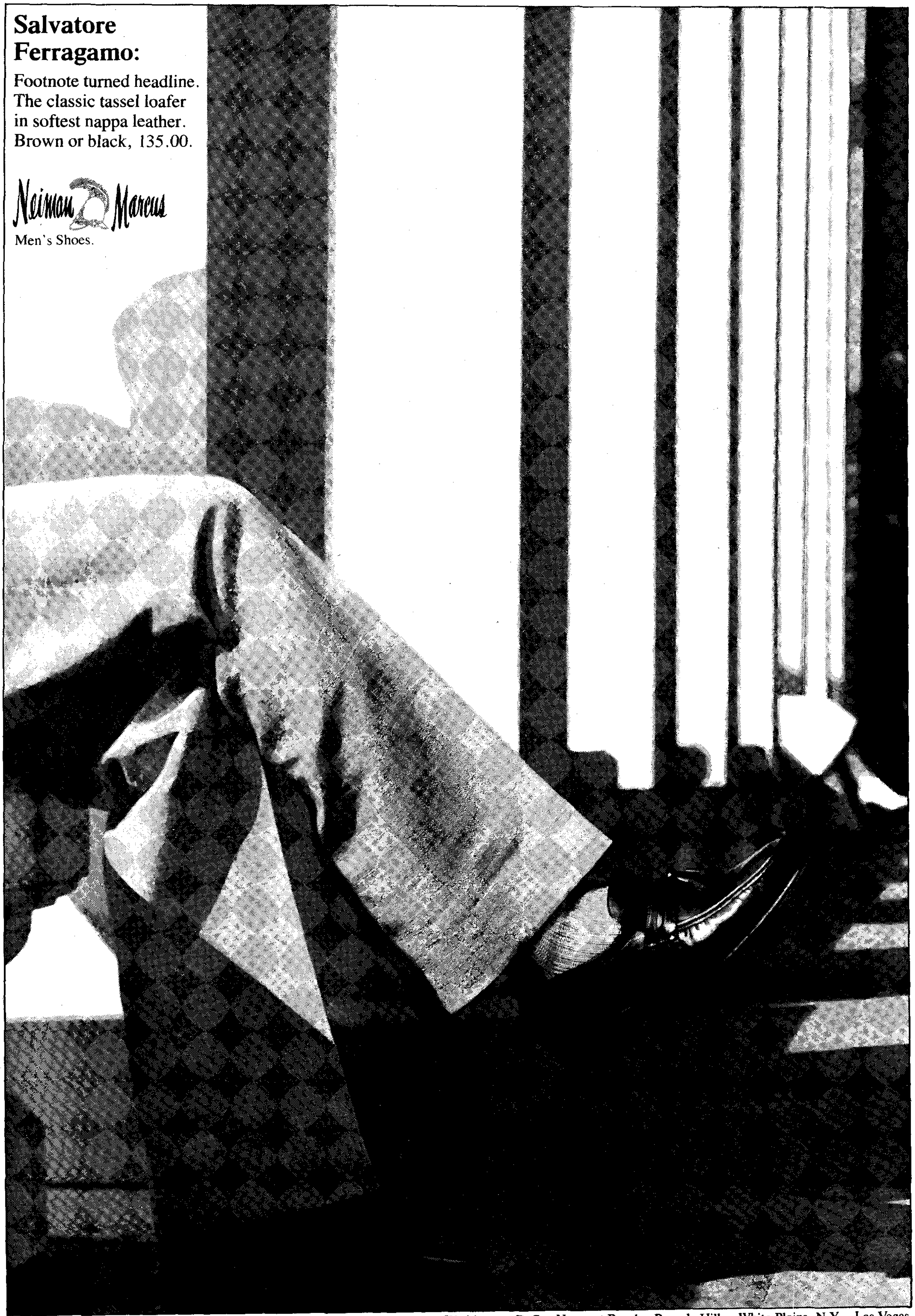

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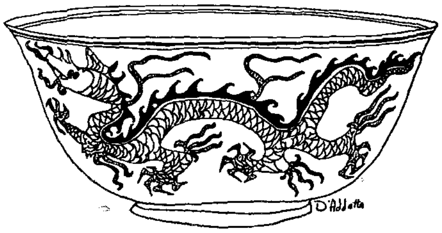
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE seems to be no end to the amount that the world can learn from the Poles. Through the actions of the Solidarity movement, they have refreshed the spirit of freedom everywhere. In them, liberty has flowed from its deepest and purest source: the direct will of millions of people to live and act together honorably and peacefully, unconstrained by the fear, suspicion, deception, secrecy, brutality, and general demoralization that pervade society under totalitarian rule—and, in this case, foreign-sponsored totalitarian rule at that. In opposing a Marxist state, they have given an unexpected confirmation of Marx's theory that the workers themselves could organize and take charge of their destinies. Even the withering away of the state—a Marxist theory never before confirmed anywhere—is occurring (or, anyway, has begun to occur) in Poland. Although they do not call themselves revolutionaries, what they have accomplished—a transformation of society at the molecular level, with an apparently irreversible change in the life and spirit of a whole people—goes far deeper than the accomplishments of most of the insurrections, guerrilla actions, and coups instigated by those who do call themselves revolutionaries. And by their restraint the members of Solidarity have added a hopeful new chapter to the story of nonviolence, for this is the first time that this mode of action has been used to telling effect against a totalitarian adversary. Whereas many other rebellious movements of our era have pursued noble ends with inhuman, or even criminal, means, Solidarity's means and ends have been one. Its members have fought for tolerance by being tolerant; they have fought for the truth by telling the truth; and they have gained freedom by practicing freedom.

The Polish revolution recently entered one of its most perilous phases, leaving the fate of the country once again in doubt. The police in the city of Bydgoszcz, significantly breaking the tacit agreement not to use force which has largely been in effect on both sides since the Solidarity movement was launched, beat up Solidarity members who had refused to leave a meeting with government officials. Not long after the attack, the Politburo, employing the classic totalitarian tactic of blaming the victims for the crime, warned that "results achieved so far thanks to the intensive efforts of party and state and all sensible and responsible patriotic forces to overcome social tensions and stabilize the country's life have been disrupted." (This statement, packing several misrepresentations into a few short phrases, and exuding both menace and self-congratulation, is wholly characteristic of the Polish regime.) The response of the Solidarity movement has again been noteworthy. As usual, it has been peaceful. And even the nonviolent weapon of the strike has been resorted to with reluctance. After attending a meeting with Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski to discuss what should be done, Lech Walesa, the leader of Solidarity, reported, "I told him Solidarity did not want strikes, because we do not wish to finish each other off." This solicitude for the survival of the regime that Solidarity opposes is clearly not attributable to any exaggerated respect for that unworthy institution. Neither is it attributable, exactly, to a Christian love for one's enemy, although at times the intimate grappling of the two adversary partners does resemble an embrace. Rather, Solidarity has held back from a full-scale confrontation out of a fear—apparently shared by the government—of invasion by Poland's "friend" the Soviet Union, which itself fears the total unravelling of what it regards as the foundation of its security, the Warsaw Pact. (Rarely has the word "friend" taken on as ominous a meaning as it has in recent Soviet statements about Poland.)



By chance, at about the time that Walesa was revealing his thinking about his Communist adversaries, another voice, half a world away, was offering some thoughts on how the United States should deal with the Communists in Moscow. The voice was that of Mr. Richard Pipes, a professor of history at Harvard who is now a member of the National Security Council, and, according to the *Times*, he announced that the Soviets would have to choose either "peacefully changing their Communist system . . . or going to war," adding, "It could go either way." He offered no third choice. Shortly afterward, the White House let it be known that these sentiments were the private views of Mr. Pipes, and not Administration policy, but the columnist Joseph Kraft has observed that in spite of this disavowal Pipes had "only put into words everybody's perception of Washington's attitude toward Moscow." Walesa seeks to keep the peace in Poland because he knows that if open conflict breaks out and the Soviets intervene, everyone will pay the price. Washington, for its part, knows that if war breaks out between us and the Soviet Union, everyone will also pay the price—for a quite different reason and on an incomparably huger scale. The reason, of course, is the virtually unlimited destructive power of nuclear weapons, which can annihilate both nations and perhaps all others besides (including Poland). The Poles are in the front lines of the fight against Soviet totalitarianism, and for them Soviet oppression, in the form of the Communist government that the Soviets have imposed upon them, is a fact of daily life; yet the Poles hold back from violence in the name of a greater common good. The United States, on the other hand, is far from the action, and American life goes forward without any immediate discomfort from Soviet totalitarianism; yet Washington finds it hard to see any alternative to voluntary capitulation by the other side or the annihilation of both sides. For more than thirty years, nations have tried to work out ways to advance their interests and ideals in the teeth of the nuclear peril without threatening the world with doom, and no one has yet succeeded. But surely the search of the Poles for some pathway between capitulation and annihilation is the right search, and their reluctance to finish each other off is the beginning of wisdom.

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Equinoctial Triptych

DUSK, first day of spring, Metropolitan Museum; ankle-length furs and black bow ties; discreetly vigilant guards in gray; official guest list; intruder threatened with arrest ("uninvited in this building at this hour"); certified guests provided with a satiny program declaring them in attendance

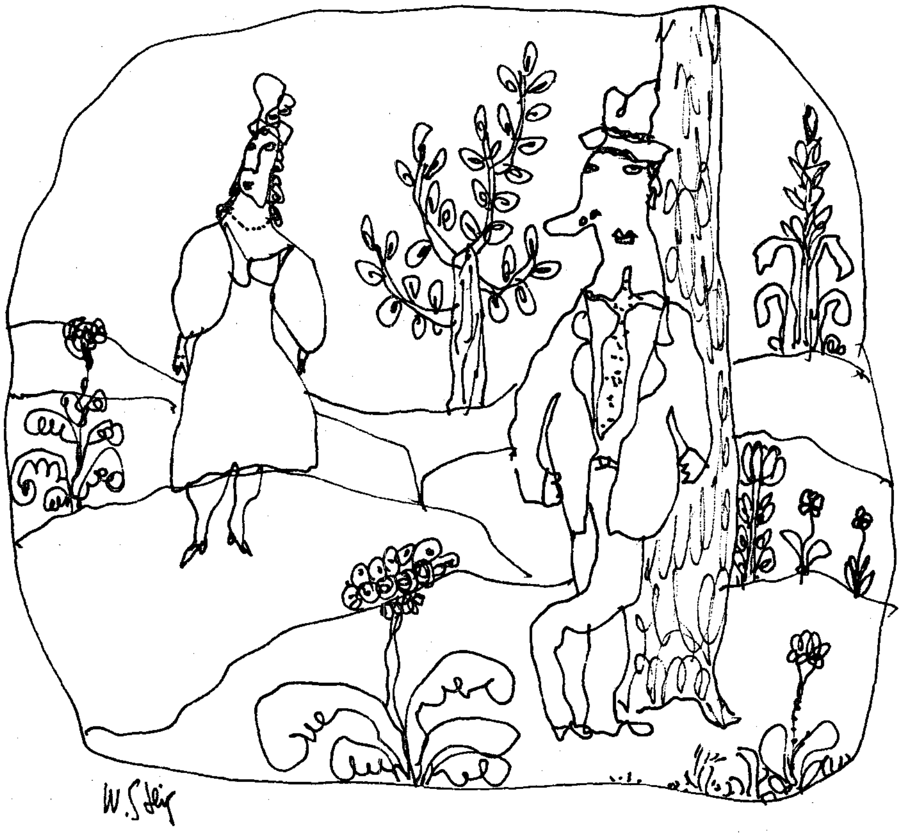
AT THE INAUGURATION
OF THE EXHIBITION
European Terra-Cotta Sculpture
from the
Arthur M. Sackler Collections

and subdividing the event by Roman numerals.

I. In the Great Hall are forsythia; to the right and left of the information desk, ranks of tiny candlelit tables; a strolling host, Arthur M. Sackler himself, wearing a gold belt and a welcoming smile; romping around the information desk, jugglers, acrobats, mimes; guests sitting and standing in attitudes of dignified enjoyment; musical accompaniment by a demure harpist in pink. In the distant background is Perseus, holding the Gorgon head and looking away.

II. In the Sackler Wing, a stately procession moves through Egyptian galleries to the Temple of Dendur; a chamber orchestra plays music of Handel, Scarlatti, Bach, and Vivaldi; vigorous applause is followed by a speech by the host—"Art transcends the bounds of nations, creeds, colors, sects" (maybe "sex")—and a tribute to the musicians' varied roots and to aesthetic harmony. Guests are invited to view the exhibition.

III. At the exhibition, a flute player and a violinist accompany the tour of terra-cotta items from the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries; a guest peers closely at a brown Virgin and Child, says, "It's a familiar face."



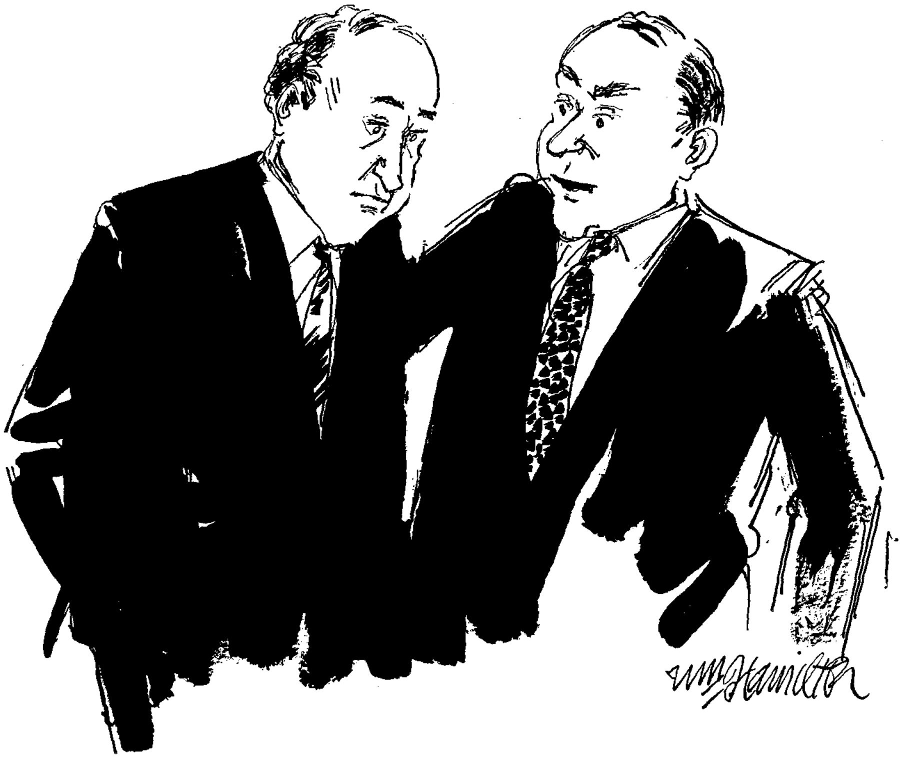
Still, Life Is Beautiful

Survival

THESE days, almost everyone seems to be worried about the future of money—a fact that was reflected in a recent *Times* nonfiction best-seller list on which five of the fifteen books, from "Crisis Investing," No. 7, to "Money Dynamics for the 1980s," No. 14, were books about money: how to get it, how to keep it, how to acquire things without having it. With that thought in mind, we went to the Coliseum to visit the Third Money Show, billed as "The Greatest Financial Exposition in History." The theme of the show proved to be not so much hope—the emotion traditionally associated with investing and speculating—as fear. Who would have guessed that we would find ourself, along with by far the biggest crowd at any of the Money Show's exhibits, at the booth of the Survival Center, of Ravenna, Ohio—an organization devoted not to methods for accumulating or preserving money but, rather, to ways of surviving if a time comes when money is worth nothing? The Survival Center displayed freeze-dried foods—some of them in containers amiably called Just in Case—which it said have a "nutritive shelf life" of "at least ten years plus" and may be prepared for consumption in ten minutes or less by simply adding water. It also offered copies of "How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years," by Howard J. Ruff, and featured a sign saying that the center is endorsed by Mr. Ruff. Apart from the money that customers pay for its products—for example, seventeen hundred and ninety-nine dollars for sufficient food for one adult for two years—the Survival Center did not seem to be interested in money at all.

At the Survival Center booth, a pleasant young woman was passing out free samples of freeze-dried survival food in small paper cups. She handed us a cup that she said contained chicken and noodles, poured a little hot water in it, and told us to wait a few minutes before eating. Carrying the cup, we took a brief tour of the other Money Show exhibits while our snack cooked, or perhaps matured. There were people and organizations pushing investments in gold, silver, diamonds, oil and gas leases, stamps, coins, and works of art—everything, it seemed, except money. There were free copies of a monthly newsletter called *Penny Stock Preview;* looking through it, we learned that in these days of inflation most "penny stocks" are offered at a dollar and up. There was a booth by Rudolf Wolff Commodity Brokers, Inc., at which a commodity broker was saying, both in person and on a closed-circuit-TV screen a few feet away from him, "A commodity-future price does not go in a straight line, it goes up and down." There was a booth devoted to Wall-It, a vault that fits into a wall and looks like an electrical outlet, thereby presumably baffling burglars. There was an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by an artist billed only as Mazzone, whose notion apparently was that the way to beat inflation is to buy paintings and sculptures—that is, his paintings and sculptures. Finally, on a high note of cynical good humor, there was the exhibit of Mini-Money Promotions, of Bayside, New York, which offered for sale a variety of bills and coins, all of them cheerfully and self-evidently fake.

Having circled back to the Survival Center, we ate our chicken and noodles. It tasted like airline food—a resemblance ominously suggesting that the dire future already exists in the air and, like a tornado, needs only to touch down to create havoc. The young woman offered us "freeze-dried ice cream" for dessert. We accepted, and got a dry cube that in consistency and taste seemed to be long-preserved chocolate-flavored meringue. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't ice cream. We left hoping that ice cream wasn't the only thing the Survival Center was wrong about.



"Say, where's that knowing little smile of the insider?"

Actors and Dancers

DURING an interval at the actor presentations of the League of Professional Theatre Training Programs (last weekend, Juilliard), which is an annual showcase for students graduating from some of the country's best drama schools, two girls, both dancers—one in black tights, maroon leotard, Cornell sweatshirt with the arms cut off; the other in black tights, gray leotard; both with hair swept up off exceptionally long necks and worn in tight buns—had this to say to each other on their way toward the cafeteria after a rehearsal:

Maroon Leotard: I can't walk any faster. I'm so tired.

Gray Leotard: You're such a liar. I bet if there was someone behind you chasing you, you could.

Maroon: Well, if you put it *that* way.

Gray: How was the interview?

Maroon: He said I didn't have any stage potential. Why would he tell me that? I don't think he likes me. I've never spoken to him before, though. I've never even *seen* him before. Do you think he wants to get rid of me? I can't figure it out.

Gray: Relax.

Maroon: But I can't get the part.

Gray: You mean the adagio? Relax.

A tall girl from the California Institute of the Arts—one of the participating drama schools—with black hair in ringlets and wearing a red dress, said to a friend as they were standing outside the theatre, "Did you see the people from Juilliard? They're so handsome. My God! They *all* have cheekbones."

Two other dancers, a girl and a boy, gliding down a long hallway, each wearing skintight jeans and each possessed of flawless posture, had this exchange:

Boy: How is Jeremy? Are you guys still together?

Girl: Very much so.

Boy: You know, I have never, ever, even once, seen you together.

Girl: We're mostly together in the afternoon.

Two actors and one actress, possibly Juilliard students (the cheekbones), sprawled in comfortable chairs in the lounge off the cafeteria.

Actress (to one of the actors): Did you call Duluth yet?

First Actor: No.

Second Actor: What's Duluth?

Actress: I'm serious.

Second Actor: I'm serious, too. I'm from California, honey, so lay off.

Actress: So what? I'm from Florida.

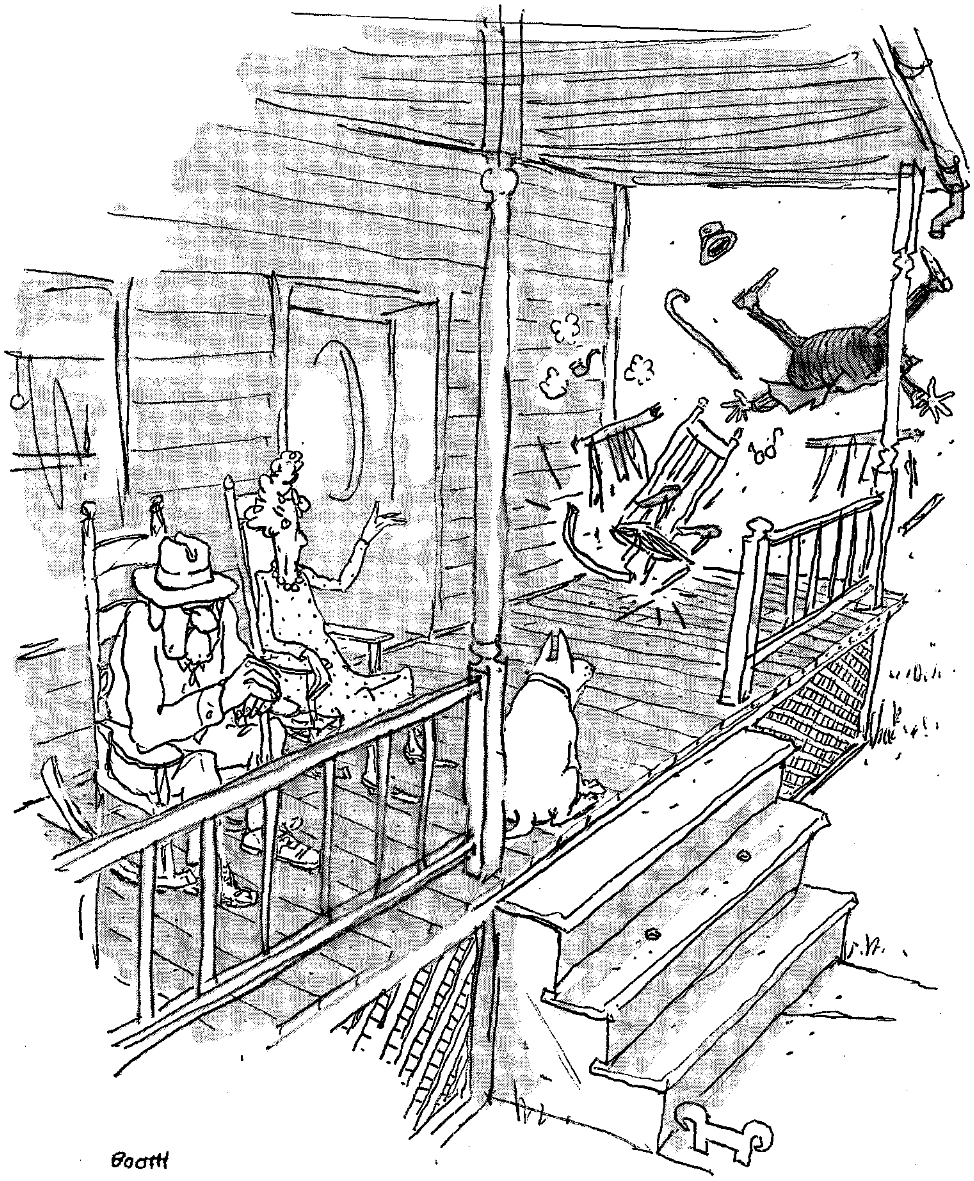
First Actor: Duluth is a town in Minnesota.

Actress: Everybody knows that.

Second Actor: I didn't know it.

Three dancers—two girls, one boy—met in the cafeteria, at a table near a floor-to-ceiling window overlooking Broadway. The boy, standing and stretching, said, "That adagio class was a joke."

The first girl, seated and lifting her



"Ferguson claims he's being whipsawed by inflation and taxes. Whoops! There he goes now!"

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ankle above her head in a limbering gesture, said "Puh-leez!"

Boy (sitting down): Those combinations. I mean, could you die?

First Girl: I know it. They were the same last week.

Boy: They're the same *every* week.

First Girl (bending at the waist and to the side, as easily as something slight in the wind): I hate everybody in it.

Second Girl: Laura, too?

First Girl: Her, too. She has such strange legs.

Boy: Nancy, that's brutal.

First Girl: You're right. It is. I'm beginning to feel overrehearsed. That's what it is.

On a telephone outside the faculty dining room, a male violinist said, "It's forty-two hundred for a master's, and that's an expensive procrastination."

On the same phone, a moment later, a girl whose field of specialization was not evident said, "What are you doing tonight? . . . Are you kidding? I can't speak Spanish."

Two more dancers, girls.

One: How was Washington?

Two: Oh, great. Just great. Really great. Fabulous. We did "Swine Lake."

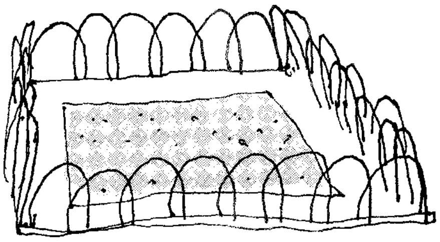
One: "Swine Lake"? You just said "Swine Lake."

Two: I know. I'm trying to give you an example of what it was like.

The Tall Girl from Cal Arts to Her Friend: Did I tell you what happened last night? Oh my God. I'm staying downtown in a loft that belongs to a girl I know from college, and we all went out to dinner with some friends of hers, to some place in Little Italy, I guess it was. She had to be back at her place afterward for a phone call, so she left early, and I stayed on for another hour or so with the rest of the people, and then I went home. It's one of those industrial buildings with the door right on the street—a big metal door, you know, so you can't see in. Then, once you're in, the lights in the hall aren't working, so it's a completely dark staircase. My friend's on the second floor. I waited a moment after opening the door to let my eyes adjust before I started in, and all of a sudden I saw these beady little eyes staring at me from all over the place, in the hall and all up and down the stairs. Well, it really scared me, and I started screaming for my friend, and she came running out and yelled "What's the matter?" By this time, I could see they were cats—probably at least twenty, no joke—but they were everywhere. The hall was totally cats, and they were hissing and growling and spitting, and it gave me the creeps. I didn't want to go upstairs. So my friend got a broom, and we chased them out on the street. The whole thing got me so worked up that I could hardly sleep afterward. So this morning we're having coffee and there's a knock on the door, and it's a guy who says he lives upstairs. He said he had just got home and found that somebody had broken into his loft during the night and let out all his cats. He wondered if we'd seen any of them.

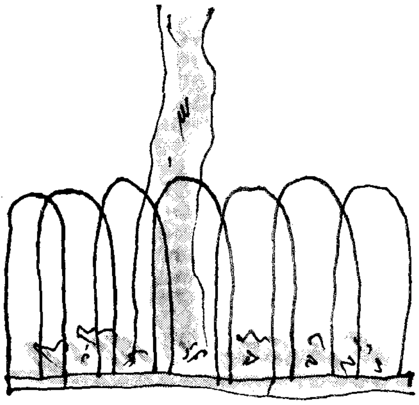
Protected Trees

WHEN, on a recent soft, promising, springlike morning, we took a walk on the upper West Side in order to see the neighborhood trees bursting into bloom, we could not find a single green leaf—pinnate, palmate, lanceolate, ovate, spatulate, obovate, or quinquefoliate, of any lobation, venation, or attachment whatever. (A lot of buds, sure.) But, rather than go to the office and work, we continued to stroll around, observing the various kinds of constructions used locally to preserve, protect, and defend the young trees along the sidewalks. The most common sort of protection, it appeared, was the *Low Romanesque Repeating Hoop with Partial Overlap*, to be seen on the south side of Seventy-fifth Street between Central Park West and Columbus Avenue (*Fig. 1*). The tree that this fence was installed to protect had either just left or not yet arrived.



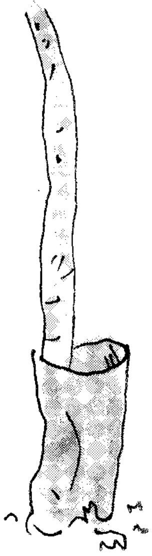
(*Fig. 1*)

A taller, more elegant version of this repeating hoop pattern was visible in front of the Beresford apartment building, at 211 Central Park West: the *Haut-Croquet, Painted Black* (*Fig. 2*).



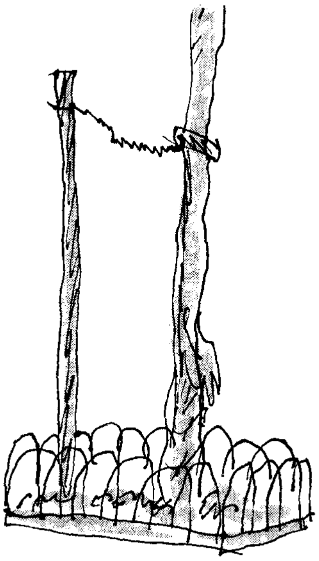
(*Fig. 2*)

A number of trees were bandaged around the trunk with burlap, in the manner of a thoroughbred's shank. Quite a few trees featured a simple *Tin Sleeve* (*Fig. 3*).

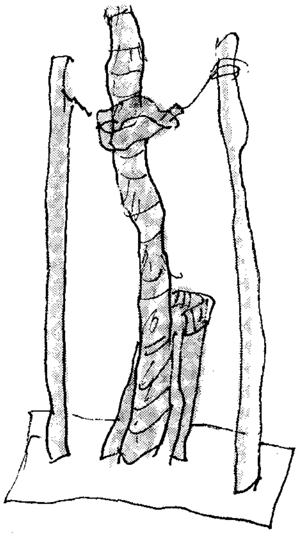


(*Fig. 3*)

A good example of the *One Stick, Wire, and Rubber Hose* support system was observed alongside the New-York Historical Society, on Seventy-seventh Street (*Fig. 4*), while the more common *Two Stick, Wire, and Rubber Hose* (*Fig. 5*) could be found almost anywhere.

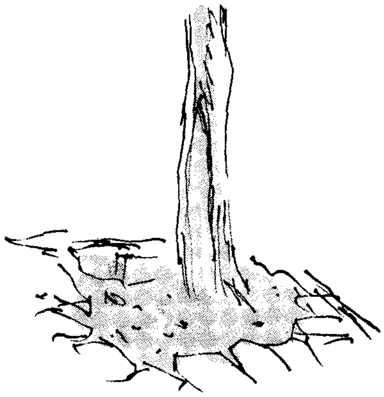


(*Fig. 4*)



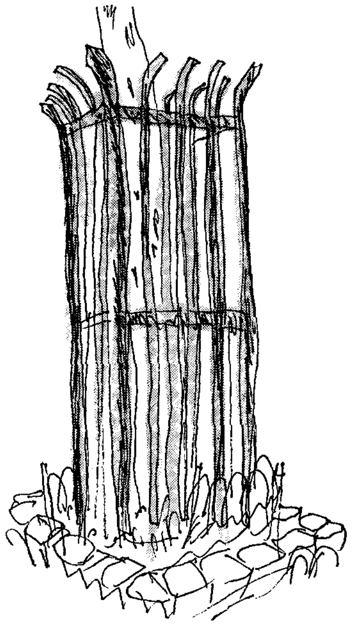
(*Fig. 5*)

Not all young trees, of course, were protected or cared for. A fine example of a tree that was "going it alone" was to be seen on the west side of Columbus Avenue near Seventy-third Street (*Fig. 6*).

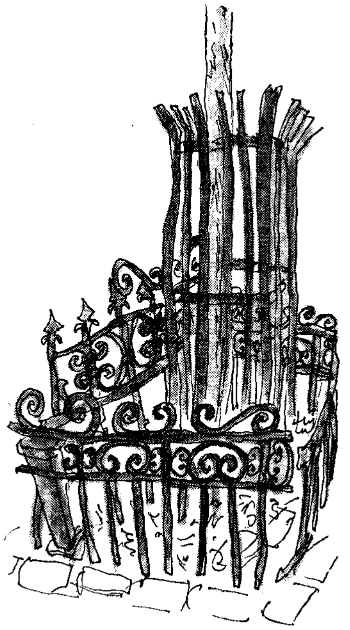


(*Fig. 6*)

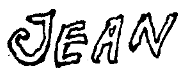
Maximum protection was afforded by the *Medieval* (*Fig. 7*), a metal barricade reminiscent of prisons, birdcages, and those paper pantaloons sometimes stuck on lamb chops. The most elaborately defended tree we encountered was at 11 West Seventy-fourth Street (*Fig. 8*), featuring a *Medieval* and, in addition, an entire fence of wrought-iron curlicues and spears. Yet the forbidding structure seemed to have served as a challenge to some anonymous but passionate citizen: study of the tree trunk revealed that there had been carved—about a foot above the topmost bars—one word: "Jean" (*Fig. 9*).



(*Fig. 7*)



(*Fig. 8*)



THE LOVELY TROUBLED DAUGHTERS OF OUR OLD CROWD

WHY don't they get married? You see them around town, getting older, little spinsters, pedalling bicycles to their petty jobs or walking up the hill beside the rocks with books in their arms. Annie Langhorne, Betsey Clay, Jennifer Wilcombe, Mary Jo Morison: we've known them all since they were two or three, and now they've reached their mid-twenties, back from college, back from Year Abroad—grown women but not going anywhere, not New York or San Francisco or even Boston, just hanging around here in this little town letting the seasons wash over them, walking the same streets where they grew up, hanging in the shadow of their old homes.

I can picture them still on the edge of a Wilcombe lawn party, with their pale brushed blond heads like candles burning in the summer sunlight, a ribbon or a plastic barrette attached for the occasion. Their little pastel party dresses, and their feet bare in the grass—those slender little-girl feet, with bony tan toes, that you feel would leave rabbit tracks in the dew. Jennifer and Annie had been coaxed into carrying hors d'oeuvres around, the tray carried cockeyed their wrists were so weak, the devilled eggs slipping, their big eyes with their pale-blue childish whites staring upward so solemnly as you took your devilled egg and laughed to be encouraging. We were in our late twenties then, young at being old, the best of times. The summer smells of bug spray on the lawn and fresh mint in the gin, the young wives so healthy in their brown skins and sundresses, the children still small and making a flock in the uncut grass beyond the lawn, running and tumbling, the pastel dresses getting stained with green, their noise coming and going in the field as a higher-pitched echo of ours, creating their own world underfoot as the liquor and the sunlight soaked in.

I can still see Betsey and my own daughter the night we first met the Clays. They had just moved to town; we dropped by to give them the name of our dentist and doctor and happened to hit it off. April, it must have been, or May. Cocktails dragged on into dark and Maureen brought a pickup dinner out to the patio table. The two baby girls that had never met before, not much more than two years old, were put to sleep in the same bed. Down they came into the dark, out into the cool air, hand in hand out of the strange new house, Betsey a white ghost in her nightie, her voice so eerie and thin but distinct. "See moon?" she said. Unable to sleep, they had seen the moon from the bed. The Clays had moved from the city, where the moon perhaps was not so noticeable. "See moon?": her voice thin and distinct as a distant owl's call. And of course they were right, there the moon was, lopsided and cold above the trees just beginning to blur into leaf. Time to go home.

Now Betsey works at the paint-and-linoleum store on Second Street and gives guitar lessons on the side. She fell in love with her elderly married music teacher at Vassar and went about as far as she could go with classical guitar, even to Spain for a year. When the Episcopal church sponsored a Cuban family last winter, they called in Betsey for her Spanish. She lives with her mother, in that same house where she saw the moon, a gloomy place now that Maureen has closed off half the rooms to save on heat. The Clays broke up it must be all of ten years ago. There were some lovely times had on that patio.

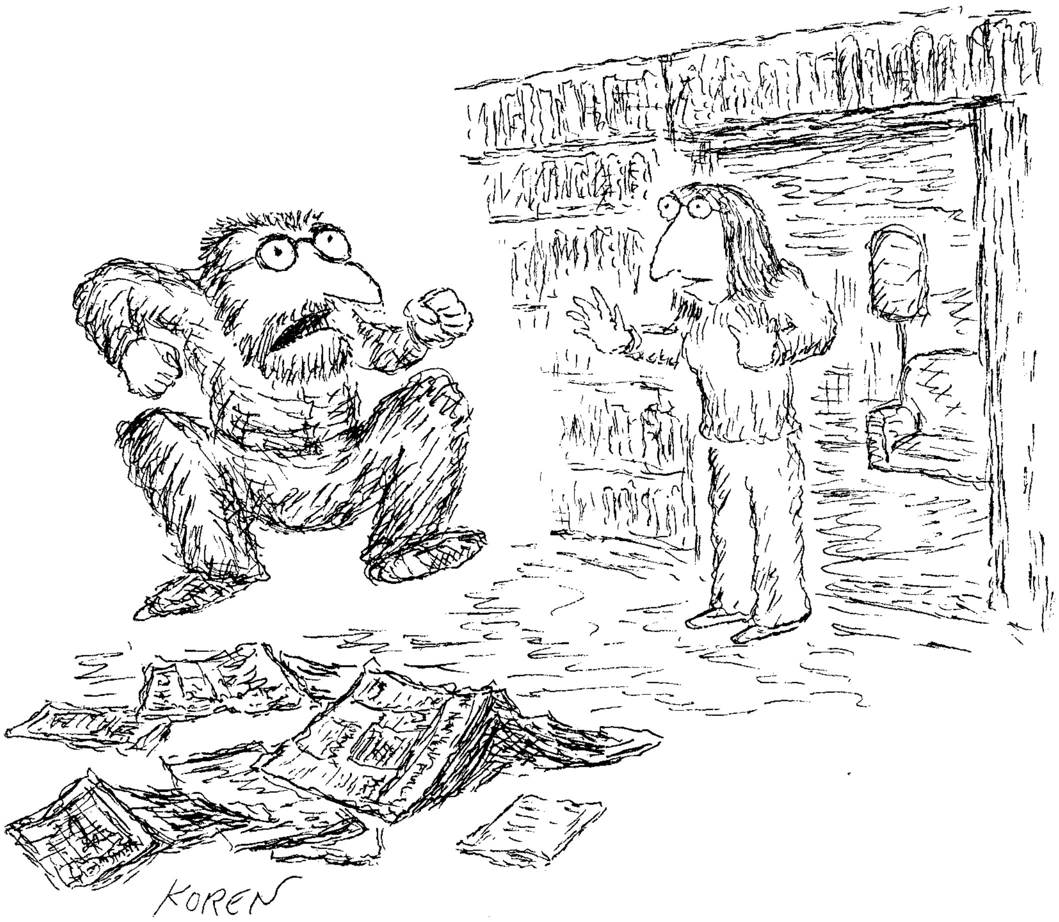
Betsey sings in the Congregational choir alongside Mary Jo Morison, who after a bad spell of anorexia in her teens has gotten plump again. She has those dark eyebrows of her mother's, surprising in a freckled face, shaped flat across and almost meeting in the middle. Both the Morisons have remarried and left town, but Mary Jo rents two rooms above the travel agency and collects antiques and reads books of history. My daughter invited her over for Christmas dinner but she said no, she'd rather just sit cozy by her own fire, surrounded by her things—"her nice old things" was how it was reported.

Ginger Morison liked nice things too, but in her case they had to be right up to date—a D.R. sofa covered in Haitian cotton, Danish end tables, butterfly chairs. Where are they, I wonder, all those heavy metal frames for the worn-out canvas slings of those butterfly chairs we used to sit on? A man could straddle one of the corners, but a woman just had to dump herself in backside first and hope that when the time came to go her husband would be around to pull her out. They had an authentic 1690 house, the Morisons, on Salem Street, and strange to say their modern furniture fit right into those bare old rooms with their exposed beams and their big fireplaces with the brick nooks for baking bread and the old wrought-iron spits. Functional before it was called that. Mary Jo dresses antique, too: dusty-looking and prim, her hair pulled back in a roll held by a tortoiseshell pin. Her mother's red hair, but without the fire rinsed into it. None of these girls, the daughters of our old crowd, wear makeup.

One New Year's after Fred Morison had moved out I remember walking Ginger home from the Langhornes' up Salem Street just before morning, an inch of new snow on the sidewalk and everything silent except for her voice, going on and on about Fred. She could hardly walk, and I wasn't much better. The housefronts along Salem calm as ghosts, and the new snow sparkling in the street light. Coming into that room, her tree still up and a pine wreath hung on a spike in the fireplace lintel, it hit me like a picture book, a childhood we couldn't get back to. Even now, the smell of pine or a certain glaze on wrapping paper will do that to me, or frost in the corner of a windowpane: spell Christmas, innocence, the long ago. We sat together on that scratchy D.R. sofa so she could finish her tale about Fred and I could warm up for the cold walk back. Day was breaking and she suddenly looked haggard; I was led to comfort her and, with Ginger's long hair all over our faces, we heard from above Mary Jo beginning to cough. The big fireplace full of cold ashes sending out a little draft on our ankles, and from above this coughing and coughing, scoopy and dry. Mary Jo, about fifteen she must have been then, and weakened by the anorexia, had caught a cold that had turned into walking pneumonia. Ginger blamed Fred's leaving for that, too—the pneumonia. Coughing and coughing, the child, and Ginger in my arms smelling of whiskey and tears and Christmas pine. She blamed Fred but I would have blamed less him than the environment; those old wooden houses are drafty.

THINKING of upstairs and downstairs, I think of Betsey Clay at the head of her stairs, no longer in a nightie but in frilly lemoncolored pajamas now, looking down at a party too loud for her to sleep. We had come in from the patio and put on some old Twist records and there was no quiet way to play them. I was sitting on the floor somehow, with somebody, so the angle of my vision was low, and like a study in perspective the steps diminished up to her naked feet, too big to leave rabbit tracks now. For what seemed the longest time we looked at one another—she had that hollow-eyed fragile look of her mother—until the woman in my arms, and I don't think it was Maureen, felt my distraction and herself turned to look up the stairs, and Betsey scampered back toward her room.

Her room would have been like my daughter's in those days: posters of the Beatles and maybe the Monkees, and prize ribbons for her horsemanship in local shows. And dolls and Steiff animals that hadn't been put away yet sharing the shelves with Signet editions of Hawthorne and "Hard Times" they assigned at day school. We were all so young, learning everything together, is what you realize now.



"James, James, it's only foreign policy!"

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Those were the days when Harry Langhorne had got himself a motorcycle and would roar around and around the green on a Saturday night until the police came and politely stopped him. And the Wilcombes had put a hot tub on their second-story porch and had to run a steel column up for support lest we all go tumbling down naked some summer night. And in winter there was a lot of weekend skiing for the sake of the kids: we would take over a whole lodge in New Hampshire. Heaps of snowy boots and wet parkas in the corner under the moose head, past the player piano, and the rosy cheeks at dinner at the long tables, where ham with raisin sauce was always served. Suddenly the girls, lithe in their stretch pants, hair whipping around their faces as they skimmed to a stop at the lift lines, seemed women. At night, after the boys had crumped out or settled to Ping-Pong in the basement, the girls stayed up with us, playing Crazy Eights or Spit with the tattered decks the lodge kept on hand, taking sips from our cans of beer, until at last the weight of all the day's fresh air toppled everyone up toward bed, in reluctant bunches. The little rooms with dotted-swiss curtains and thick frost ferns on the windowpanes, all so innocent, and the dormitory feeling through the thin partitions, the shuffling and giggling in the hall on the way to the bathrooms, one for boys and one for girls. One big happy family. It was the children, really, growing unenthusiastic and resistant, who stopped the trips. That, and the divorces as they began to add up. My wife and I are about the last marriage left; she says maybe we missed the boat, but can't mean it.

The beach picnics, and touch football, and the softball games in that big field the Wilcombes had. Such dear good times, and the kids growing up through them like weeds in sunshine, and now, when the daughters of people we didn't know so well are married or off in Oregon being nurses or in Mexico teaching agronomy, our daughters haunt the town as if searching for something they missed, taking classes in macramé or aerobic dancing, living with their mothers, wearing no makeup, walking up beside the rocks with books in their arms like a race of little nuns. You can see their mothers in them—beautiful women, full of life. I saw Annie Langhorne at the train station the other morning and we had to talk for some minutes, mostly about the antique store Mary Jo wants to open up with Betsey, and apropos of the hopelessness of the venture she gave me a smile exactly like her mother's one of the times Louise and I said goodbye or faced that we weren't going to make it—pushing up the lower lip so her chin crinkled, that nice wide mouth of hers humorous and downturned at the corners as if to buckle back tears. Lou's exact same smile on little Annie, and it was like being in love again, when all the world is a hunt and the sight of the woman's car parked at a gas station or in the Stop & Shop lot made your day, made your blood race and your palms go numb, the heart thunderously touching base. But these girls. What are they hanging back for? What are they afraid of?

—John Updike

THE SHETLAND PONY

WHEN Kate woke up in the morning, the first thing she did was take a reading to determine whether everything was O.K. or not. This was not a conscious act. In less than a second—in the moment between sleep and full awareness—she could tell from the feeling in the pit of her stomach whether something was wrong. She first started doing this when she was three, waking up in the big house at Brookside in the summertime, when everything was always O.K., with the exception of a scratchy throat, or the nursemaid going on vacation. Now, forty years later, she awakened in the little house, on the same place, and didn't have to spend any time figuring out what was wrong, because the same thing had been wrong for eight months: her cousin Blake Mitchell was dying. Blake was her cousin and also her oldest friend. Kate got right out of bed, before she had a chance to start crying. She didn't think she felt things more deeply than others; she was simply an easy cry. Her eyes would well with tears at the drop of a sad little story about someone she didn't even know. Blake often called her Mrs. Gummidge.

One afternoon the preceding October, the phone had rung in Kate's apartment in New York. Her husband, Tom, was at work, and the children were in the Park. It was Blake calling from his law office, and the conversation went like this:

"Hello, Kate, it's Blake." Deliberate, lawyerlike tones, as though he were about to tell her that she was being sued for divorce.

"Hi." One of the three words Kate uttered during the conversation.

"I want you to know that I went to Dr. Myers, and I have cancer."

Kate stared at nothing.

"My esophagus. I'm supposed to go on a bland diet, and then they're going to operate and see what's what."

She wondered if she'd ever be able to look at him again, much less talk to him, without blubbering.

"I gather things don't look exactly great even before they've operated. The prognosis, as they say, is not good."

There went his Old Age Plan. He intended to be a very rich old man in a wheelchair with a series of beautiful nurses, whom he would threaten to marry whenever the family got out of line. He would pinch the nurses constantly. And just how was she going to get through the rest of her life without him to talk to?

"You still there? You're not doing a Mrs. Gummidge, are you? Well, just cut it out—it's *my* esophagus we're talking about, for Christ's sake!"

Tears weren't her trouble. She just couldn't talk.

"Your end of the conversation doesn't seem to be going very well, so I'll hang up," he said. "Bye."

"Thank you," Kate managed to say, and hung up. *Thank you!* For what? It was a throwback to childhood. "The Lindbergh baby has been kidnapped." Sorry, Mother. "The United States has declared war on Japan." Thank you, Miss Latham.

LITTLE BEVERLY CARDS
SAVE 'EM • COLLECT 'EM • TRADE 'EM
#792
Little Beverly stares off into space.
#876
Little Beverly contemplates getting a cold.
#1101
Little Beverly experiences free-floating anxiety.
R. Chast

Kate called Tom, and sat on the bed until he came home, silent and looking like a beagle. He stood beside her with his hand on her shoulder. She began to cry. She cried for the next eight months, until one day she stopped. It was as though the supply had dried up.

Two weeks after the phone call, Blake was operated on—to no purpose, as it turned out. The surgeon told him that he had from six months to a year to live, and that it was one of the less painful cancer deaths. Blake asked that nothing be done to prolong his life and everything be done to make his death as painless as possible. The doctors honored these requests. He and his wife, Louise, decided on their stance for the coming months. Their stance was not to have one. His law firm was informed, but not his parents, Kate's Uncle Walker and Aunt Kitty. This bothered Kate, and she discussed it with him in the hospital. He said that he would never be able to talk to his mother if she knew he was dying. He could manage his father, but not his mother.

"They'll catch on after a while, and then what?" Kate asked.

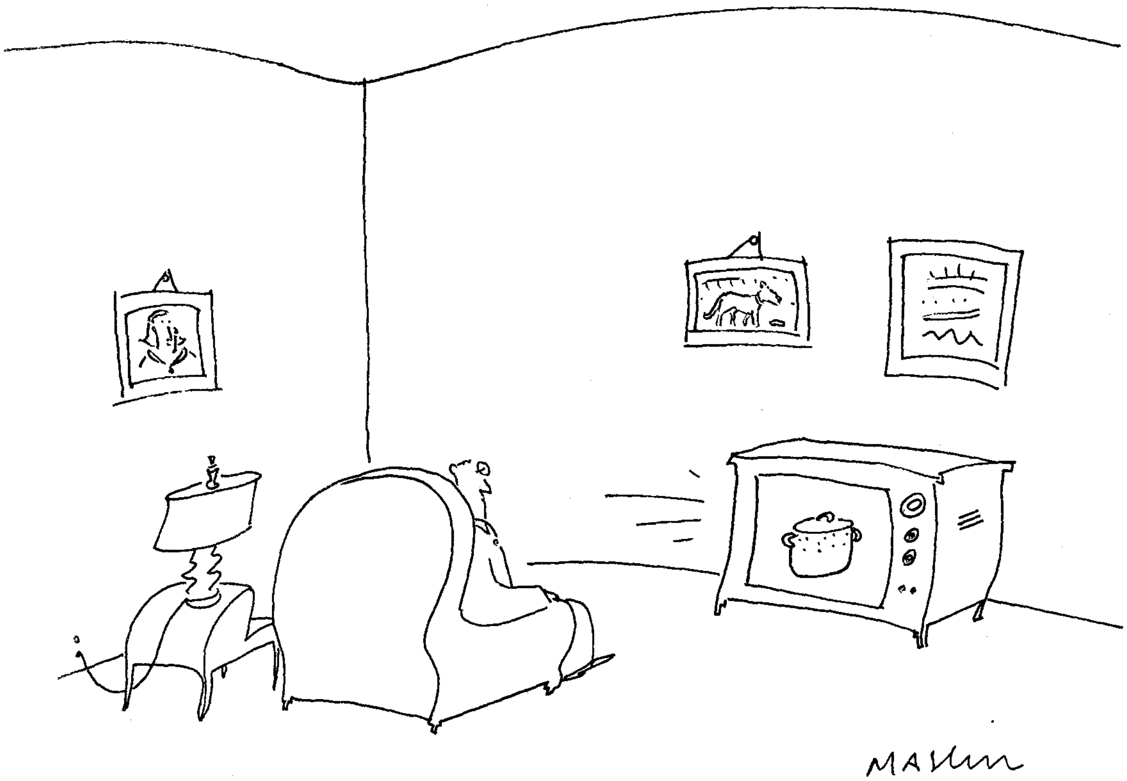
"The pretense is easier for me than the truth, for I've had ex-peer-i-ence. Look at our whole family—we're good at pretending things don't exist when they do. Or do when they don't. Look at the legal profession."

"They'll be devastated when they find out that you chose not to tell them," Kate said.

"You'll have to handle that, because I won't be around, and they would think it wrong to raise the subject with Louise."

By June, Blake was no longer able to go to the office, and he and Louise and the children moved to Brookside.

BROOKSIDE, a family preserve in Connecticut, consisted of four houses too close together, a huge barn, and various outbuildings. A dirt road ran through the



"How much would you pay for all the secrets of the universe? Wait, don't answer yet. You also get this six-quart covered combination spaghetti pot and clam steamer. Now how much would you pay?"

property, which had originally belonged to their Grandfather Blake. The whole compound had been sold to him for a dollar, in settlement of a bad debt. He had died young, and the place was sold off as a unit. It had to be; the houses were on top of one another. In 1930, Kate's father, James Blake, and her Aunt Kitty and a bachelor uncle bought it back. Another aunt, Aunt Emily, the rich aunt, owned the next place up the road. All the houses were built on the side of a hill overlooking a beautiful, unspoiled valley. Not that the children cared, but the adults talked constantly about "the beautiful, unspoiled valley." What the children did like was the smell—of the air and of the houses when they returned each summer. Except for the big house, which had been a boarding house in the intervening years, the buildings were in poor repair. Kate was the youngest of five children, and that first summer it was decided that her father and mother would establish themselves in the big house, because their family was the largest. Aunts and uncles would then stay with them while the work was being done on the other houses. The bachelor uncle chose the yellow house, with an eye to providing a summer retreat for his mother and aunts. Aunt Kitty and Uncle Walker took the stone house. Blake was then a baby. The little house was done over for Uncle Walker's mother, always referred to as Madam Mitchell, as opposed to Aunt Kitty, who was Mrs. Mitchell. It was done over for Madam Mitchell; Madam Mitchell's companion, Miss Liedke; Madam Mitchell's cook, Daisy; and Madam Mitchell's English chauffeur, Arnold.

The first summer no work was done on the houses. Consultations were held with the local workmen. The bachelor uncle had studied architecture, and Uncle Walker, who was a lawyer, considered himself an architect-without-portfolio, so they dispensed with hiring an architect. The bachelor uncle's idea of doing over a house was to arrange the rooms as agreeably and conveniently as possible; Uncle Walker's idea was to have a bathroom for every member of the household, including each servant. The children spent the mornings of that first summer with the children of the two local families who had been allowed by the previous owners to live on the place. After lunch, they walked up to their rich aunt's. She had a pool, and a pond, and a canoe, and a tennis court, and a putting green, and a fire engine, and that took care of the afternoons.

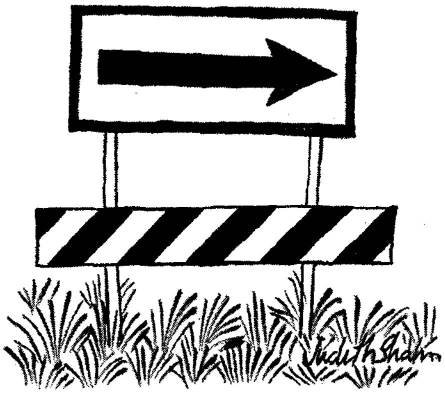
The next summer, all the houses were occupied by family. From the start, the place really belonged to the Blakes. The in-laws never much liked it; it wasn't their turf. Kate's mother preferred the sea, as did Uncle Walker and Madam Mitchell. Uncle Walker really preferred France but would have settled for the sea. They tolerated Brookside because the children loved it. The lack of privacy suited them fine. If you didn't like the atmosphere in your own house for any reason, you could go over to another house, where you were always welcome. The grownups always had time for children. Grandmother Blake dispensed gumdrops and dollar bills, and Madam Mitchell would play Russian bank any time of the day or evening. She played to win no matter what the age of her opponent. Uncle Walker's philosophy about children was partly intellectual: he felt they were worth spending more time on than adults. Among other things, he thought no child should have to go upstairs alone to bed. He would always accompany Blake, and any visiting child, and read or talk until they were asleep. Dinner could wait.

As a family, the Blakes were given to easily hurt feelings, which with time developed into full-blown grievances, but open warfare was not their style. The Mitchells suffered from no such fragility. Madam Mitchell, Uncle Walker, and, later, Blake would engage in violent arguments, from which they would emerge invigorated. "Mother, anyone who thinks that has to be a goddam fool!" Uncle Walker would shout, audible to everyone on the front lawn. To which Madam Mitchell would reply, "Surely, Walker, you can come up with a less absurd argument than that!"

What both the Blake and the Mitchell families had in common was humor. They were funny, and they liked people who were funny. One morning when Blake was four, he went into the kitchen, where there was a box of eggs lying open on the table. He had a toy hammer in his hand and he tapped each egg on the top, as though he were playing the xylophone. This was acknowledged by all the grownups as an irresistible impulse. Kate's father's finest performance followed a trip to the barber, in Canaan. "Well, that's the last time I go to *that* barber. I thought I would go mad. Snip, snip, snip-snip-snip, snip-snip, snip, snip-snip-snip-snip, snip, snip, snip-snip-snip, snip, snip, snip-snip, snip . . . " His audience on the front lawn had begun to laugh after the first twenty snips; his audience also thought he would stop. He didn't. He wouldn't until his listeners felt as maddened as he had.

It was at the beginning of that summer that Aunt Emily gave the children a Shetland pony named Topper. Topper came with a pony cart and all the proper tack. Kate's father, an accomplished horseman, immediately rented a horse so that he could ride with the children. He taught them how to ride—not too successfully in Kate's case. She never got over the feeling that it was a long way to the ground, with nothing to hold on to except two strips of leather, and, if she was desperate, the pony's neck. Topper was not above lying down when the spirit moved him. He was also given to bolting back to the barn. Kate's sisters and brothers could control him, but both Kate and Topper were fat, and Kate didn't have much leverage on Topper's bulging sides. Blake was so young that he was held on the pony by a grownup while someone responsible walked Topper on a lead. Kate would look on enviously. She enjoyed the pony most when he was pulling the cart. Her sisters would hitch him up, and they'd all climb in and go swimming at Aunt Emily's. From time to time, the boys would push Topper into the girls' bathhouse, which everyone thought very funny. Topper spent the winters in the charge of the caretaker, who overfed and never exercised him, and he grew fatter and lazier every year. He was a fixture in their lives, and they loved him.

As children, Kate and Blake had become close friends because they were the youngest, big readers, and unathletic. They were also very critical of everyone and everything that did not meet with their total approval. By the time they were in their teens, Brookside began to change. The grandmothers died, of old age, the bachelor uncle married, the rich aunt, no longer rich enough, sold her place. Kate's mother died, her brothers and sisters married, and every couple of years the occupants of the houses changed. A controversial pool appeared below the stone house. There was a taking-for-granted that was resented by the older generation.



The outside world began to creep in after the Second World War, when Blake got his driver's license. Kate had a friend in the village whose parents were willing to subsidize a sort of unofficial open house every night of the week. It was the summer after the war, and a large group between the ages of sixteen and thirty gathered nearly every night. Kate and Blake would drive home sometime between one and four in the morning, in second gear, because this was also the summer that Blake discovered alcohol. It so astonished him that he didn't stop drinking for ten years. (Aunt Kitty to Uncle Walker: "Do you think Blake drinks too much, dear?" "Of course I do!") When people asked him what he was doing, he would reply, "Finding myself." One day he found himself and stopped; also he had begun to develop a pot. "I'm funny enough looking without a belly."

He wasn't that funny-looking, but he hated his face. Thin, pale, and bespectacled, he always said that as a teen-ager he looked like the president of the High School Sex Club. The

APRIL HEMLOCKS

They stand, each half a bole higher
up the bare hornstone—old bone
of the world broken
before the Miocene—their green
caverns ravening wind, sun,
white cloud, and bright air,
cries of the hylas. Higher
than houses they are, and higher
still for the hill under them,
and full of gold glints and old
winter glooms in their crowdark steeples.

And can they, for all their fathoms-
and-fathoms-deep converse with the light,
be blind—and, for all their whistling
and trestling, deaf—neither seeing nor hearing
themselves nor the matted monk's-cloth
acres tumbling buff-colored into the greenblush
of April and the frogs' comic
and cacophonous chorus, "Rack-
ety-ax-ax, rackety . . . "? Ex-
actly! Exactly how
to be beautiful: to know
nothing, nothing of it at all,
to be still waving in Eden
a million Aprils ago.

—Peter Kane Dufault

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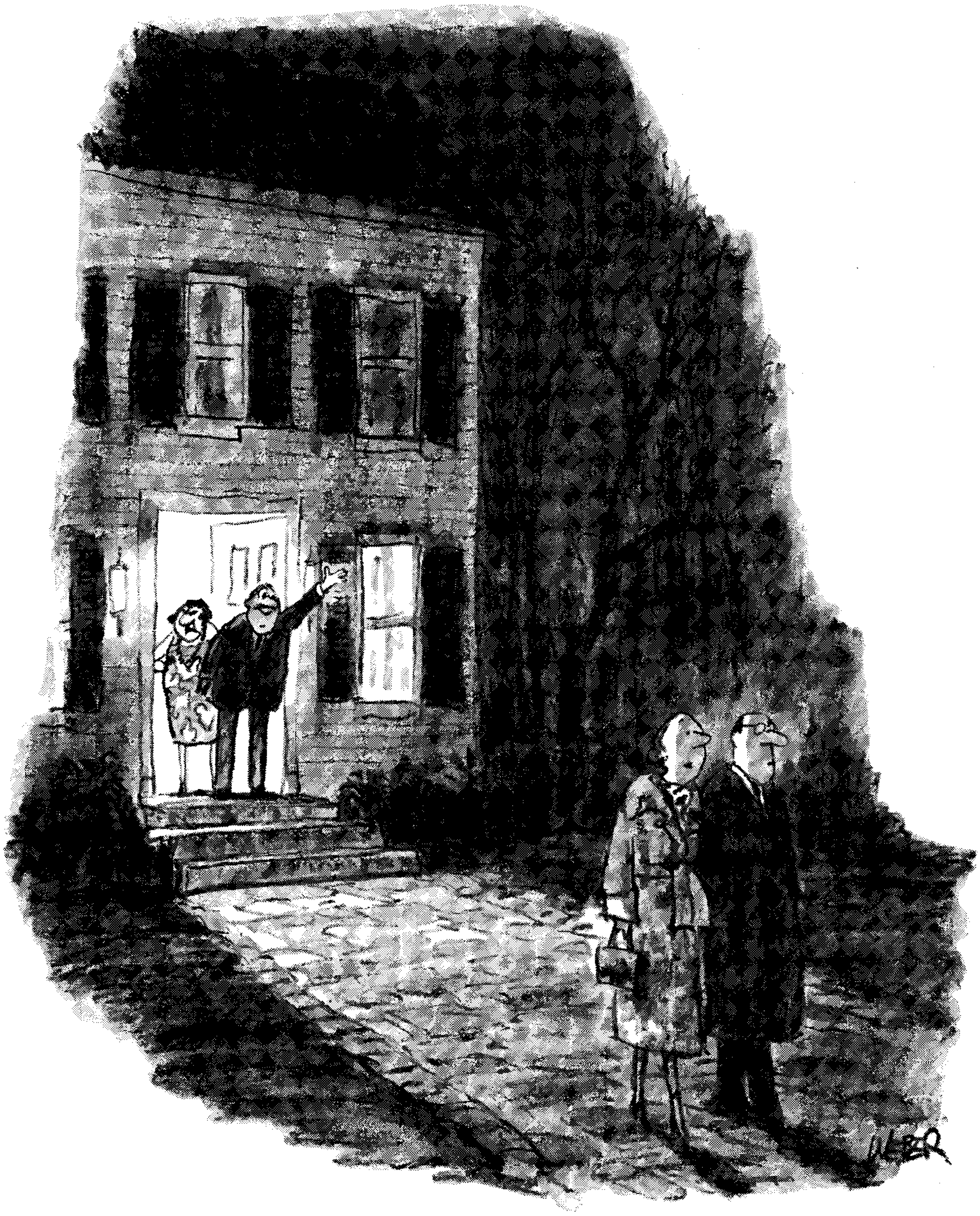


"I like him. I like her, too, but not as much."

first twenty-five years of his life were devoted to overcoming his oddball appearance. When he announced to Kate that he was going to Princeton, he told her that he was tired of being different. "I look like a sap, and we live in a terrible part of town—a nice house, but still a lousy part of town. I went to that progressive school instead of one of those schools where they wear little caps, and my father wears those goddam clothes. Once, he asked me to buy him some black socks of a certain kind, and the clerk said to me, 'Is your dad a policeman, Sonny?' Everyone thinks I should go to Harvard; the idea is I'd be less conspicuous there." He deliberately chose Princeton, where he joined an eating club, and didn't work, and drank, and made a lot of friends who wore white bucks and thought he was funny.

Blake worked in Washington for two years after he graduated from college, and occasionally he'd come up for the weekend. Kate had a job in New York, and asked him to a party she was giving one Saturday night. He stayed on after the other guests had left. He sat on the kitchen stool drying each glass too carefully, as people do who are not accustomed to doing dishes. They picked over each of the guests, and then Blake said, "I've met a girl in Washington. You'd like her a lot."

"Do you?" Kate asked.

"Yes. She has the sweetest smile. Her name is Louise. She's not exactly pretty, but she has the sweetest smile." He turned up his mouth at the corner and shut one eye in an attempt to duplicate the sweet smile.

Kate looked at him and burst out laughing. "Maybe it looks better on her," she said.

He went on. "The trouble is, she's a Roman Catholic."

"So am I, in case—"

"Yeah, but I don't want to marry you."

"Oh, so *that's* it," said Kate. "I trust she isn't hoping you'll join the true faith."

"No, she's too smart for that," Blake said. "We have these terrible fights, not about the children being brought up Catholics and stuff like that—there's the Personal Conscience loophole, as you call it. I have to hand it to the Roman Catholic Church. They've got it fixed so they keep you in their clutches no matter what you do."

"You mean you actually have long talks about the existence of God? The way we used to in college?"

"No. We fight because I don't see how an intelligent person can believe even half of that junk. You've got to be pig stupid." By this time Blake had stopped drying glasses and was waving the dish towel.

"If you really want to marry this girl, I suggest you stop talking about Catholics in the same tone of voice you use when you refer to the Nazis," Kate said.

"They have a lot in common, including anti-Semitism," Blake replied.

"Well, the Nazis sure took the Personal Conscience loophole about as far as it can go," Kate said.

"She says she's not about to marry anyone who is contemptuous of her beliefs. I'm not exactly *contemptuous;* I just think she's benighted in this one little respect," Blake said.

"Poor Louise. Too bad your grandmother isn't still alive. Then she, you, and your father could all get together and straighten her out," Kate said.

Blake drew himself up on the stool. "We would never do such a thing," he said. "And if we did, it would be an impersonal discussion."

"Well, fight, then marry—if you're still speaking to each other," Kate said. "You wouldn't care to do Louise's sweet smile for me once more, would you?"

AFTER Blake and Louise were married, Blake went to law school and then joined a law firm in New York. They used the little house in the summer, and when Kate went to Brookside she usually stayed with them. The summer after he was made a partner, the three of them decided to give a dance. It was their declaration of independence; they did not ask anyone's permission. They did consult the *Farmer's Almanac*, and picked Labor Day weekend, when there would be a full moon, and spent all summer organizing. They arranged for a band, a dance floor, a marquee, a midnight supper, and champagne. The guest list was getting longer and longer because of weekend guests, so they decided to cut out all the older generation. "How, exactly, are we going to do that?" Blake asked.

"We just won't send them invitations," said Kate.

The older generation came anyway; they assumed there had been an oversight, and neither Kate nor Louise had the nerve to tell them that there had been no oversight. The entire family descended on Brookside.

"You know, I hadn't really envisioned this as a dance for the *family*," Blake said.

"Only a third is family," Louise said.

Kate arrived at Brookside two days before the great event, with Tom, whom she'd met a few weeks before. They came after dinner. Blake greeted them, and then said, "I might as well tell you right off that some people around here are not as enthusiastic about this dance as they might be."

"Are we afraid we're *not* going to have a good time?" asked Kate.

"That, and we are afraid that it will change the character of the place," Blake said.

"And the dance floor was put down two days ago," Louise added.

Kate peered out the window at the front lawn, which was almost entirely covered by a wooden platform. "They've been sitting up on that platform with people driving by and staring, and something tells me they may feel conspicuous," Blake added.

"I can't imagine why," Kate said.

That evening, they drew up three committees: one to handle wallflowers, one to handle drunks, and one to deal with special problems. Special problems included a female friend who after midnight was given to leading the orchestra. Another was a neighbor who could be counted on to jump into the pool with all of his clothes on.

"How are we going to keep Sam out of the pool?" Kate asked.

"Who cares?" Tom said.

The three others looked at him in astonishment.

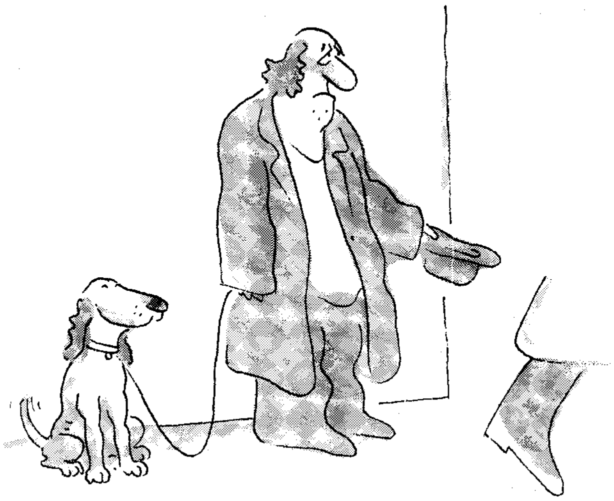
"If one person jumps in that pool, with or without his clothes, we are going to have to hear for the rest of our lives about the drunken brawl we gave that ended up in a swimming-pool orgy," Blake said.

Tom stared at them. "In England, no dance is considered a success unless at least one person jumps in the swimming bawth in his evening clothes."

The day of the dance, they woke up to a cold, steady rain. It was so cold that they considered moving the whole thing into the big house. At least Kate and Louise considered it.

"Absolutely not," Blake said. "We've spent all this dough on the floor and the marquee, and we're going to use them, dammit."

Tom suggested they collect as many barbecues as they could and light them at four in the afternoon, "and then as a windbreak we'll surround the floor with evergreens."



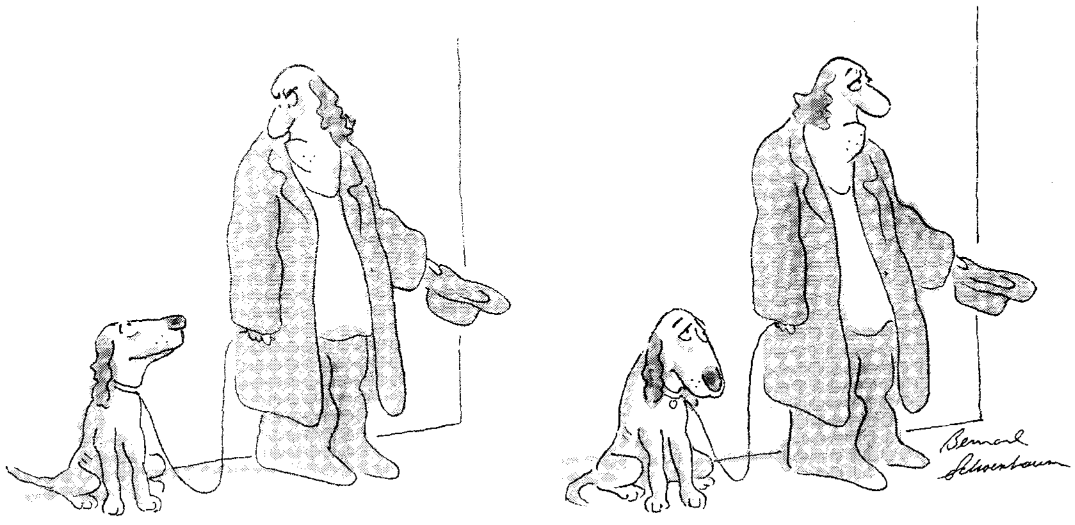
"We will?" Blake said.

Kate and Louise picked flowers in the rain. Tom and Blake spent the morning cutting down trees. Tom put ground pine around the guy wires "so the goddam guests don't garrote themselves," and fairy lights in the trees. He waxed the dance floor—they'd forgotten about that. Blake made the trips to the hardware store for extension cords, electrician's tape, wire, lights, floor waxer. They went around the valley gathering barbecues. Between trips, Blake muttered to Kate, "If you don't marry this guy, I'll kill you."

The fires were lit, and at five o'clock a miracle occurred. The weather turned warm, the sun came out, the fog rolled away—the direct result of prayer, Kate and Louise said. The fires were doused, and they opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate. There were no wallflowers, Sam stayed out of the pool, and the last guest went home at 5 A.M.

NO miracle occurred the summer Blake was dying, and nobody expected one. By the time Blake and Louise moved to Brookside for the summer, they had worked their way through all the annual ceremonies: the last Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, wedding anniversary, and the birthdays. Not having his parents know, at least officially, that he was dying did make it easier. Once Kate got the hang of it, which was never to permit herself to think beyond the moment, she was able to get through these occasions.

The current arrangements at Brookside were Blake, Louise, daughter, and two sons in the stone house; Kate and Tom and their two sons in



the little house; cousins in the other two houses. Uncle Walker had retired, and he and Aunt Kitty went to France every summer. He rented the little house to Kate for a dollar. Altogether, there were four five-year-old boys on the place, and four two-year-old boys. Blake's daughter, nine, bossed them around. The children helped the adults get through the summer. No one under the age of six could pronounce an "R," and no one except the nine-year-old bothered to correct them. The "W"s flew. The children sang, and rolled around in heaps, and swam with one foot on the bottom of the pool.

All the adults slept badly, but instead of stewing they would get up and read, or walk, or talk, during the night. Sometimes one of the children would awaken, and the grownups would get him up and play with him. Kate's younger son rose with the dawn, and Kate rose with him. They slept at odd hours during the day, and swam at odd hours in the night. Kate went down to the pool early one morning to find Blake in his floppy white F.D.R. hat, bird-watching, the bird guide beside him. He was an aspiring nature lover. He had taken up bird-watching this year; the summer before, it was wild flowers. They didn't speak. Finally, without looking away from his binoculars, he said, "All this time I thought those starlings were admiring their reflections in the pool; they're going to the bathroom."

Tom spent as much time as possible in the country. The only form to their days was lunch and dinner. They cooked up a great variety of exotic baby food. Blake didn't eat some of it, but he was usually present for part of the meal. They ate outdoors as often as possible, so that it was less noticeable who ate what, and people could come and go. The ladies paid great attention to their dress. They bought new clothes, and tripped about on high heels every evening, and wore a lot of perfume and red lipstick. Blake liked high heels, perfume, and red lipstick. When they were in their teens, Kate would tell Blake he'd better change his socks, and he would tell her to put on some lipstick.

He took on death as he took on anything at which he wished to become proficient—singing, tennis, golf, trees, wild flowers, the law, birds. He talked and argued with a clergyman friend from time to time. He planned his funeral in minute detail, including the inscription on his tombstone. He discussed the future of his wife and children with Kate, and with Tom.

"I suppose if I talk about my death with you, Kate, you'll start crying," he said early in the summer.

"Probably," Kate said, "but I can always leave. Maybe if you sort of eased into it. I'd better tell you right now that I'm not going to be able to say goodbye to you. I've already practiced a couple of times, and I don't come out at all well."

He looked away and said nothing for a few seconds.

"I hope that Louise will marry within three—"

"You do? Who?" Kate asked.

"*Who?* What's that got to do with it?"

"I just wondered if you had anybody in mind," Kate said.

"No, I haven't, and I don't want any suggestions from you. Anyway, as I was *about* to say, I hope that you and Tom will keep an eye on her and the children, and keep on doing things together the way we always have."

"You didn't really think we were going to drop them, did you? What are you getting at?"

"Well, you complained to me once about all those married men who volunteer to bring some sunshine into the life of every unmarried woman over thirty."

"They're not as bad as the married couples who ask you to dinner to meet Mr. Right. What you mean is that you want us to protect her from lecherous married men and their do-gooding wives."

"Oh, shut up. You know what I mean. I want her to marry a *swayve* fellow, almost like me."

Blake's parents came for the Fourth of July weekend. "We're not going to France this summer, because we can't afford it," Uncle Walker had announced in the spring, to an unbelieving audience. It was a most successful visit, coinciding, not by chance, with Blake's remission. He looked like a man who was recovering from a heart attack. He was tan, his voice was hoarse but strong, he could get through all the meals, because his father had false teeth and Louise had a legitimate excuse for serving mush, and he never appeared in a bathing suit in front of his parents. Everyone remarked constantly on how well he looked. They talked of the past, and the children, but not the future. Kate only once caught Uncle Walker staring with frightened eyes at his son. As a present, Aunt Kitty ordered a slide for the pool. Blake and his father had a blockbuster of a fight over Vietnam, in which the history of American foreign policy for the past ten years was examined in exhaustive detail. This cheered everyone, and for a brief period they forgot Blake was dying.

"Dear, do you remember how embarrassed you were when Kate and I took you to Deerfield in the old Dodge?" Aunt Kitty asked Blake.

"Jesus, do I. It was the same color as Dad's hat, and Mr. Pike wore his moonlighting chauffeur's uniform," said Blake.

The old Dodge had belonged to his Grandmother Blake. It was an upright navy-blue sedan, with a tire on the back. Unsmart, but steady. Like Uncle Walker's hat, it had turned a mottled purple with age. Old without distinction.

"Why didn't we go in the Lincoln, with Arnold?" Kate asked.

"Because Arnold drove his age, which was sixty-five that year, and I didn't want to risk losing all three of you," Uncle Walker said.

"Another thing, Dad. About that sex talk you gave me before I went off to school—"

"I'm happy to say I don't remember it," Uncle Walker interrupted.

"You advised me to watch out for boys; with my complexion, I didn't have to watch out for anybody."

Over the weekend, Uncle Walker, perhaps with unconscious forethought, proposed that the property be divided up legally. "Joint ownership is perfectly ridiculous!"

"Why did you agree to it, then?" asked Aunt Kitty.

"To please you. I didn't want to start out fighting with my in-laws."

Everyone agreed that the property should be divided, but no one could agree how. The question was not only how to divide up the land but what should be held jointly. The pool? The springhouses? The right-of-way between two of the houses?

"What happens if someone wants to sell?"

"They can't without the permission of the other owners."

"Then what's the point of owning your own house?"

Blake and his father drew maps of the property, to scale; they divided and subdivided and provided alternate accesses and easements and rights-of-way. For every suggestion, there were three objections.

"It's all very well for the pool to be jointly owned, but what if one of the houses is sold?" Blake asked.

"The pool would not be part of the deal," his father replied.

"Well, then, who in hell would ever buy one of the houses?"

"Non-swimmers?"

When Uncle Walker and Aunt Kitty left, they were given a royal sendoff. Brookside was noted for its welcome and farewell committees, composed of all the children on the place, and most of the adults. They'd hang out windows, appear in doorways, sit on walls, surround the car, wave and yell, and hug and kiss. These spontaneous demonstrations were often the liveliest part of the guests' stay. After his parents had driven away, Blake turned to Tom and said, "You know the difference between the Blakes and the Mitchells? When you went on a trip, Kate's family would say, 'Goodbye, I love you,' and the Mitchells would say, 'Have you been to the bathroom?' "

THE annual August water shortage arrived on schedule. It was an avoidable crisis, because there was another spring that could be hitched up to the main water supply, but the plumber never got around to it until the main supply ran out. Frantic phone calls would be made, and the plumber would arrive, hero of the day. This gave pleasure to some, was tolerated by others, and enraged Kate, every year. She would storm over to the stone house and announce to Blake that she was never coming back to this place again. Blake would point out to her that the annual water crisis provided a certain amount of entertainment for everyone but her, and since everyone else was pitching in and dutifully conserving water, she was now free to use as much as she liked. This year she did. A twelve-year-old cousin had gone around to all the houses and tacked up signs in each bathroom reading: "DO NOT USE SO MUCH AS ONE DROP OF WATER UNLESS IT IS *ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY*!" That did it. Kate washed all the curtains.

By this time, Blake spoke in a soft croak, and was on a liquid diet. He was so thin that he had stopped swimming. As the summer progressed, Louise had bought him shirts with smaller and smaller neck sizes, and bathing trunks from the boys' department, which were held up with string. In July, he had tried to teach Kate's older son the crawl. Blake would put his hand under the child's stomach, and the boy, round-eyed with horror at the scarecrow holding him up, would go through the motions of the crawl. After three days of this, he wouldn't go near the pool, for fear the lessons would resume. It was Blake's only slip.

They got so they didn't want to go anyplace, because their intense camaraderie became the real world and everything else seemed unreal. Kate didn't say, "Sorry, we can't come to dinner because Blake is dying," but she wanted to. The four of them sat in the kitchen garden of the stone house, talking and reading, and often just sitting. They talked about what they

BRECHT BACKSTAGE: THE GOOD MASTER

We hold out our paws toward feeling,
pad down the hall of reflections, barely
touching the red-coal floor.
Peg-leg Brecht burns straight through
to the stump; his hands could be brands
of forefinger arrows: "This way. See?"
We hold our paws out to feeling.

Or we ratchet like bears against fence posts,
trying for hide under fur too rough
to be got through: this burns, too.
Steelbrush Brecht goes straight to the heart
from the shoulder, rakes off the faked-up
pelts, yells, "Down to the *skin*. Did I almost
kill you?" Yes, you came too close not to.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

• •

BEAUTY SHOPPE
NUTS
tom funk

"Collingwood is part angel, part devil, and all Republican."

• •

wanted for their children, about schools, money, their own inadequacies, Brookside. "Are my children going to feel the same way about this place that I do?" Blake would throw out at Louise. "Yes," Kate said. "No," Louise and Tom said. Louise and Tom, unlike other in-laws, loved Brookside. "It's not my family," Tom would say. "Nor mine," Louise would add.

In the middle of August, an extremely unpleasant situation arose, having to do with the children's live-in sitters, two plain girls from the village. They were simple, cheerful girls, with an addiction to fried food. On their free evenings, they would head for a local beer parlor, where they picked up a couple of college boys out to pick up a couple of simple girls. They started coming home later and later, and aside from the fact that they were difficult to rouse in the morning, there was the ugly fact that they were being led down the garden path. The girls thought the boys were nice guys, and "incredibly" handsome. Kate went down to the kitchen late one night to have a look at them. They sprang to their feet, all chinos and alligator shirts. They were embarrassed, and said "Thank you" too much. Kate did nothing to make things easier. The next morning, as soon as she saw the F.D.R. hat down in the kitchen garden, she went over.

"O.K. What are we going to do about the Brooks Brothers punks?"

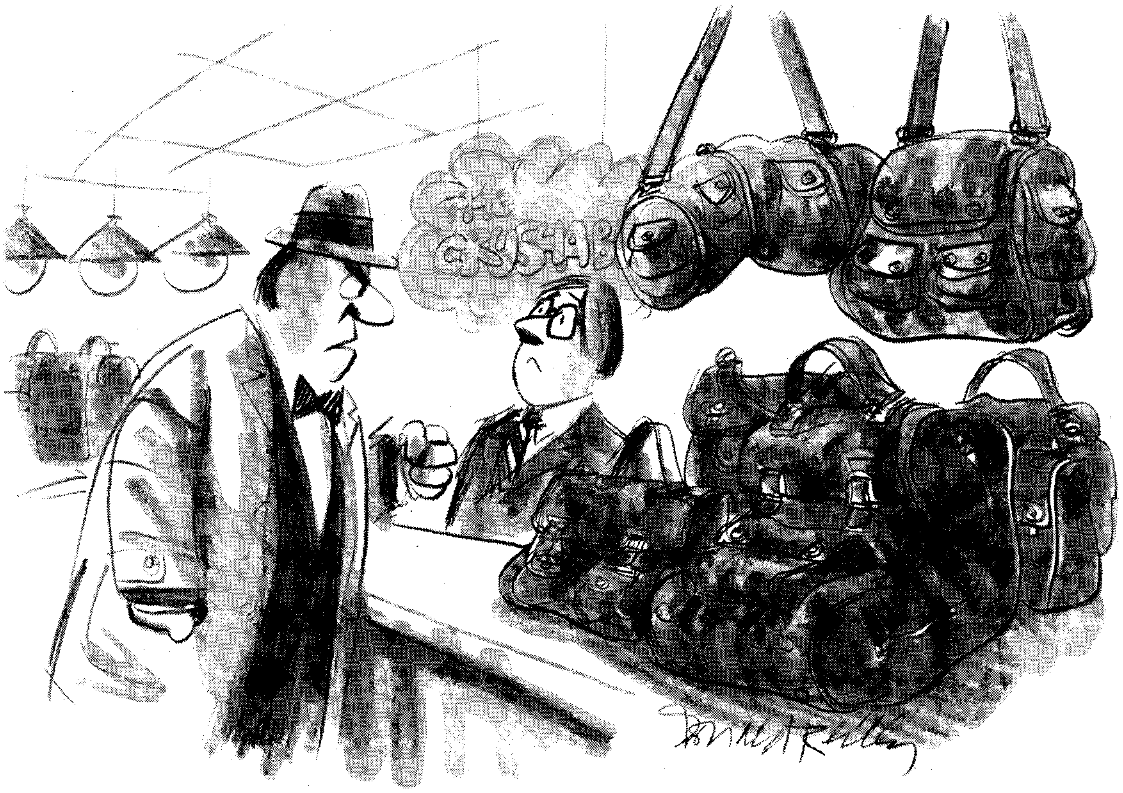
"You're talking about me twenty years ago," Blake said. "Or, rather, twenty years ago I wanted to be one of those guys. The college and the clothes were all right, but not the face." He paused. "Townies," he said. "The important thing was not to knock one up."

"I hoped to blast them away with the force of my disgust, but I'm sure I didn't," Kate said. "What can we tell the girls that won't hurt their feelings? We'll end up doing nothing, and the little twerps will drop them flat at the end of the summer—flat and possibly pregnant."

They sat in their chairs, thoroughly depressed. Then Blake brightened up. "I've got it. Lie. The first time I realized I didn't have to tell the truth was one of the great moments of my life. A whole new world opened up to me. My mother asked me if I'd taken two dollars from her purse. I was just about to say yes, when it occurred to me that I could say no. Wow!" A dreamy look came over his face briefly. "Tell the girls that some friends of yours from Yale know the boys, and have informed you that these two guys make a habit of doing this sort of thing. Say one of them got a girl in trouble and made her get an abortion, and she got sick and damn near died. No, she *did* die. It will put them on their guard, at least. Say it's perfectly all right with us if they want to go out with them, but watch it."

The strategy worked, and it ruined the rest of the girls' summer. They were in love. All Kate's speech did was destroy hope, and once the girls were less starry-eyed, the boys dropped them.

LATE in August, Kate and Blake were sitting in the living room of the stone house at 3 A.M. Kate was sitting, Blake was lying on the sofa wrapped in a blanket. He was in pain, and couldn't sleep. He resisted taking



“I don’t want any of this soft luggage. Show me some hard luggage!”

• •

morphine, because it made him hallucinate.

“I hope one of my children makes enough money to buy back Aunt Emily’s house,” Blake rasped. “I always hoped to, when my raft came in. I would have put a big Anchor fence around it, artfully disguised, and seen people by invitation only.”

“Do you think Aunt Emily was really vague or just pretending to be?” Kate asked.

“It doesn’t matter, because she was beautiful. If you’re really beautiful, you don’t have to be anything else. She even convinced us that Topper was beautiful,” he added. “You know, it wasn’t until I was about thirty that I realized that I’d always hated that goddam pony. He had a mean disposition, and he was fat and spoiled. He would roll me, and then step on my foot before I could get up.”

“And he bit you when you tried to give him lumps of sugar,” Kate added. It wasn’t until Blake said it that Kate realized that she, too, had always hated Topper. For years they had been conned into loving him, because children love their pony, and their dog, and their parents, and picnics, and the ocean, and the lovely chocolate cake.

“I spent two weeks with Aunt Emily the summer she rented that house on Martha’s Vineyard,” Blake said. “It was the year I graduated from school, and a lot of guys I knew were there. One morning I got up with the most awful hangover, and managed to appear for lunch. Aunt Emily asked me how I felt, and I said, ‘Fine. Why?’ ‘Well, I wondered, because this morning when you came home you fell down three times between the front door and the bathroom.’ And that was the end of it. She wasn’t angry, and never held it against me. But then no one in this family has ever held things against me.”

“Except maybe those trees,” Kate said. “During your Tree Period, when you had those two crummy little maples put in on either side of the house, it was pointed out to you that in twenty years the view from the front lawn would be completely blocked, and you said, ‘Really?’ ”

“Well, I didn’t exactly *think* about the trees blocking the view, but when it was brought to my attention . . .”

At the end of the summer, Blake was too weak to go up and down stairs. They would gather in his room. Sometimes he would join in the conversation (“Would you guys please stop talking about food, for Christ’s sake!”), but mostly he listened. He refused to see people, because he knew what he looked like. Kate’s niece came to visit her, and made the mistake of catching a virus of some kind. Kate was furious, and telephoned her sister to come and take the bewildered child home. The stone house smelled of death and potpourri.

The week after Labor Day, an ambulance came from New York to take Blake back to the city. The ambulance was supposed to arrive at a certain time, so that Louise could pile the children in the car fifteen minutes beforehand and drive them to the city, but it arrived early. Kate stood at her bedroom window and watched the attendants carry him to the ambulance. His elder son stood by himself at the top of the road and asked loudly, of no one, “Why are they taking my father away?” Tom accompanied Blake to administer morphine if necessary.

He died two days later. His father would never talk about him again, and never returned to Brookside. He could not forgive a God he did not believe in for permitting him to live and his son to die.

Six months later, Uncle Walker telephoned Kate and said they’d like to give her the little house. “It will cost you a dollar,” said Uncle Walker. She asked her aunt and uncle for drinks that evening to thank them. When her aunt was talking to Tom, Uncle Walker turned to Kate and said quietly, his eyes alight with mischief, “I am aware that I’m doing you no favor, dearie.”

—Mary D. Kierstead

•

After crossing the English Channel by hovercraft, the girls will do some sightseeing in Paris and Switzerland where their tour will culminate with a train ride to the top of the Jungfrau.—*Richmond (Calif.) Independent & Gazette.*

Culminate is right.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THREE MILE ISLAND

I—CLASS NINE ACCIDENT

A CARDINAL rule for the designers of commercial nuclear power plants is that all systems essential to safety must be installed in duplicate, at least, so that even if some of the apparatus fails there will always be enough extra equipment to keep the plant under control. Federal regulations governing the industry mandate strict conformity to this prudent design philosophy. Still, there is a type of accident that can jeopardize the safety of a nuclear plant despite the fact that it may be equipped with several levels of carefully engineered safety devices. This type of accident involves what is known as a common-mode failure—a single event or condition that can cause simultaneous multiple malfunctions and create a widespread failure in the plant's safety system. Dr. Stephen H. Hanauer, who is an engineer with the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and has been one of the federal government's chief nuclear-safety experts for the last fifteen years, has written an extended series of official reports on the "disastrous effect" that common-mode failures could have on the reliability of key safety systems in nuclear plants. On July 17, 1969, while Dr. Hanauer was the head of the Atomic Energy Commission's Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards, he sent a memo on behalf of the committee to Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg, the chairman of the commission. Hanauer said that he and his colleagues, in reviewing the design of a proposed nuclear power plant, had observed that it would incorporate certain devices "vital to the public health and safety" which could be disabled by common-mode failures. Hanauer's memo urged that the problem be corrected while the plant was under construction, but the recommendation was never carried out. On March 28, 1979—barely three months after the plant started commercial operation—it was struck by common-mode failures that contributed to what is now regarded as the worst accident in the history of commercial nuclear power. Hanauer's memorandum, which was just one of the unheeded warnings pertaining to the plant that federal safety authorities had received over the previous decade, was entitled "Report on Three Mile Island Nuclear Station Unit 2."

Dedication ceremonies for Three Mile Island Unit 2, some ten miles southeast of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, were held on September 19, 1978. Deputy Secretary of Energy John F. O'Leary, a leading spokesman for the Carter Administration's nuclear-power policies, described the new plant on that occasion as an "aggregation of capital and patience and skill and technology" that was "sort of a miracle in many ways." According to Dr. O'Leary, who served as the director of licensing at the Atomic Energy Commission from 1972 to 1974, the plant was "a scintillating success," and he added that from this achievement "it is fair to conclude . . . that nuclear [power] is a bright and shining option for this country." Dr. O'Leary returned to Washington, D.C., after the ceremony, taking back with him a souvenir Three Mile Island Unit 2 paperweight, and for months afterward he kept on his desk a photograph of himself taken during that speech—in which, it must be noted, he did not discuss Dr. Hanauer's report of July, 1969, or any of the other documents in the government's internal files which pertained to potential safety problems affecting Three Mile Island Unit 2. Nor did he make any mention of a candid and much more general private memo, dated November 1, 1976, that he himself had prepared at the request of the policy-planning staff for the incoming Carter Administration. In that memo, which focussed on some of the weaknesses in the federal government's handling of what he referred to as "the massive safety issues associated with the commercialization of nuclear power," O'Leary said that "the frequency of serious and potentially catastrophic nuclear incidents supports the conclusion that sooner or later a major disaster will occur at a nuclear generating facility," and that "the N.R.C., as was the case with its predecessor, the Atomic Energy Commission, has been unwilling to face up to the policy consequences of assigning high probability to a serious nuclear

"I thought they responded to these college applications by letter."

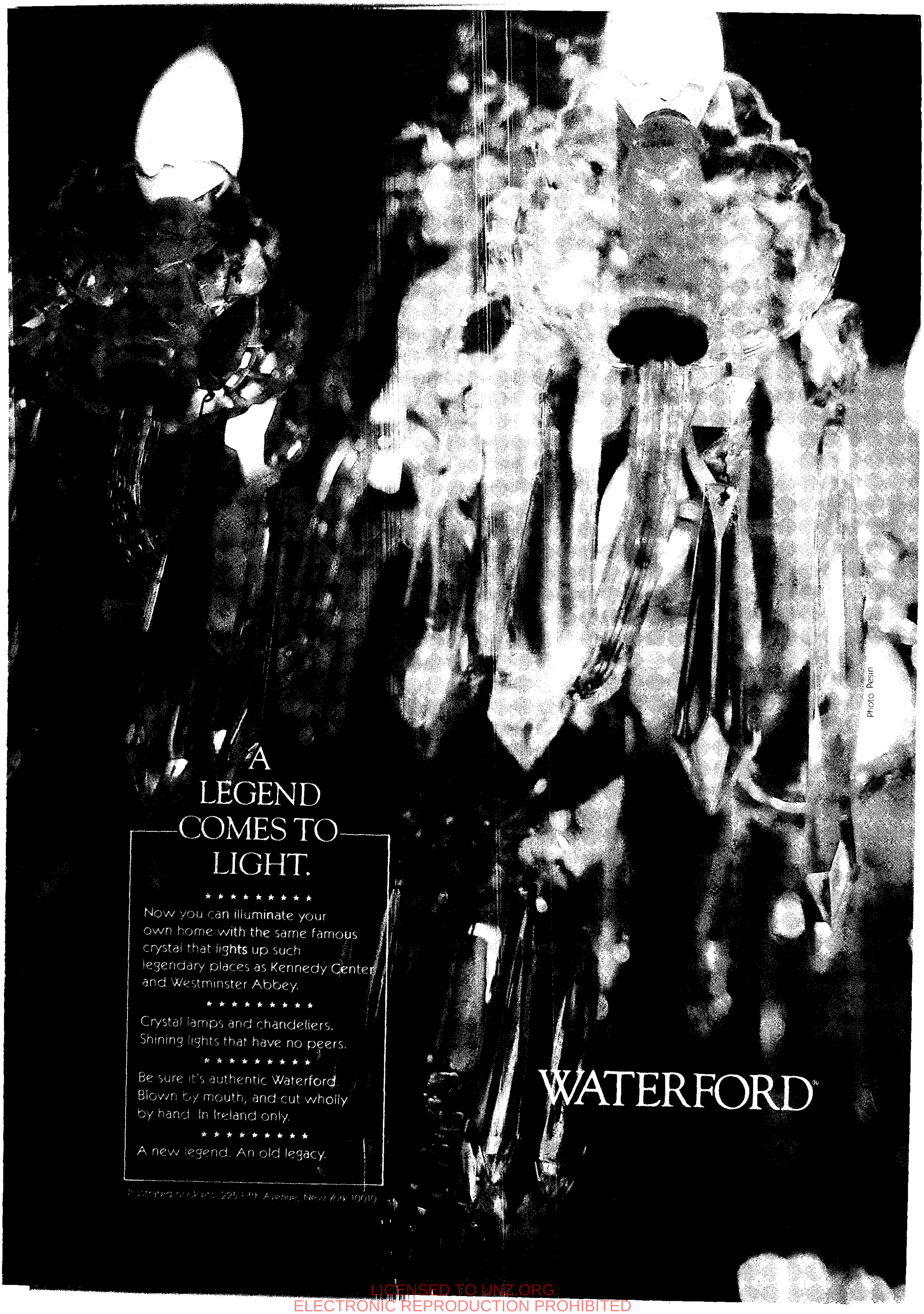
• •

accident." The day after the accident, an aide noted that Dr. O'Leary's memorabilia from the Three Mile Island dedication ceremonies had been removed from his desk.

Given the regulatory lapses leading up to the accident, and the extensive warnings about the plant's safety weaknesses which had long been available to federal officials, there is some question whether the event at Three Mile Island should, in a strict sense, be called an "accident" at all. Indeed, government records indicate that in most respects what happened was a predictable outcome of known deficiencies in the type of nuclear equipment installed there. This regulatory failure raises unsettling questions about the safety of the tens of millions of people living near the other commercial nuclear power stations—seventy-one in all—that are now operating in this country under the auspices of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, which in 1975, by act of Congress, replaced the A.E.C. The questions about nuclear risks are not new ones: they have figured prominently in the continuing public controversy over nuclear power, and they have been the focus of research that, as a member of the Union of Concerned Scientists, I have carried out for the last ten years. Results of this research had, in fact, prompted the U.C.S., in a report published on January 26, 1979, to recommend that sixteen plants, including Three Mile Island Unit 2, be shut down for repairs.

IN the early-morning hours of Wednesday, March 28, 1979, Three Mile Island Unit 2 was functioning normally, under full automatic control. (The adjacent Three Mile Island Unit 1, its sister nuclear plant, had been shut down six weeks earlier for refuelling and was undergoing tests before it was to resume operation, later that day.) No one on duty at the plant was a qualified nuclear engineer, or even a college graduate, nor had anyone there ever received adequate technical training on how to handle complex reactor emergencies. Such training was not required by the N.R.C. and was not customarily given in the standard one-year operator-training programs conducted by the utility companies and designed primarily to instruct the operators on how to go about their routine duties. Plant supervisory personnel, moreover, had also received only superficial training on how to respond to complicated plant malfunctions. Craig Faust and Edward Frederick, both of whom were high-school graduates who had formerly operated submarine reactors for the Navy and were licensed by the N.R.C. to operate the new reactor at Three Mile Island, were on duty in the Unit 2 control room. The shift supervisor, William Zewe, another high-school graduate who had been through the Navy's nuclear program and was a licensed senior reactor operator, was doing paperwork in his office, next to the control room. Zewe was in charge of the plant during that night's graveyard shift—11 P.M. to 7 A.M. Two technicians on Zewe's sixteen-person overnight crew were in the basement carrying out routine maintenance on part of the main feedwater system, which provided the reactor with one of two vital supplies of cooling water. The plumbing arrangements in a nuclear plant—unlike the pipes in, say, a house—are built to exacting standards and require exceedingly careful maintenance. In addition, the water carried by these pipes must be continuously purified to prevent foreign matter from circulating through the system and damaging any of the equipment.

The maintenance workers, who were not required to have federal licenses or to go through any federally approved training programs, were trying to cope with a problem common to any type of plumbing system—a clogged pipe. The pipe in question was a small one coming from one of eight tanks, known as polishers, that removed impurities from the main feedwater system. The polishers themselves had to be cleaned out periodically, so that the sludge accumulating inside them could be disposed of and fresh filters—tiny resin beads that had the consistency of coarse sand—could be installed. The work had been going



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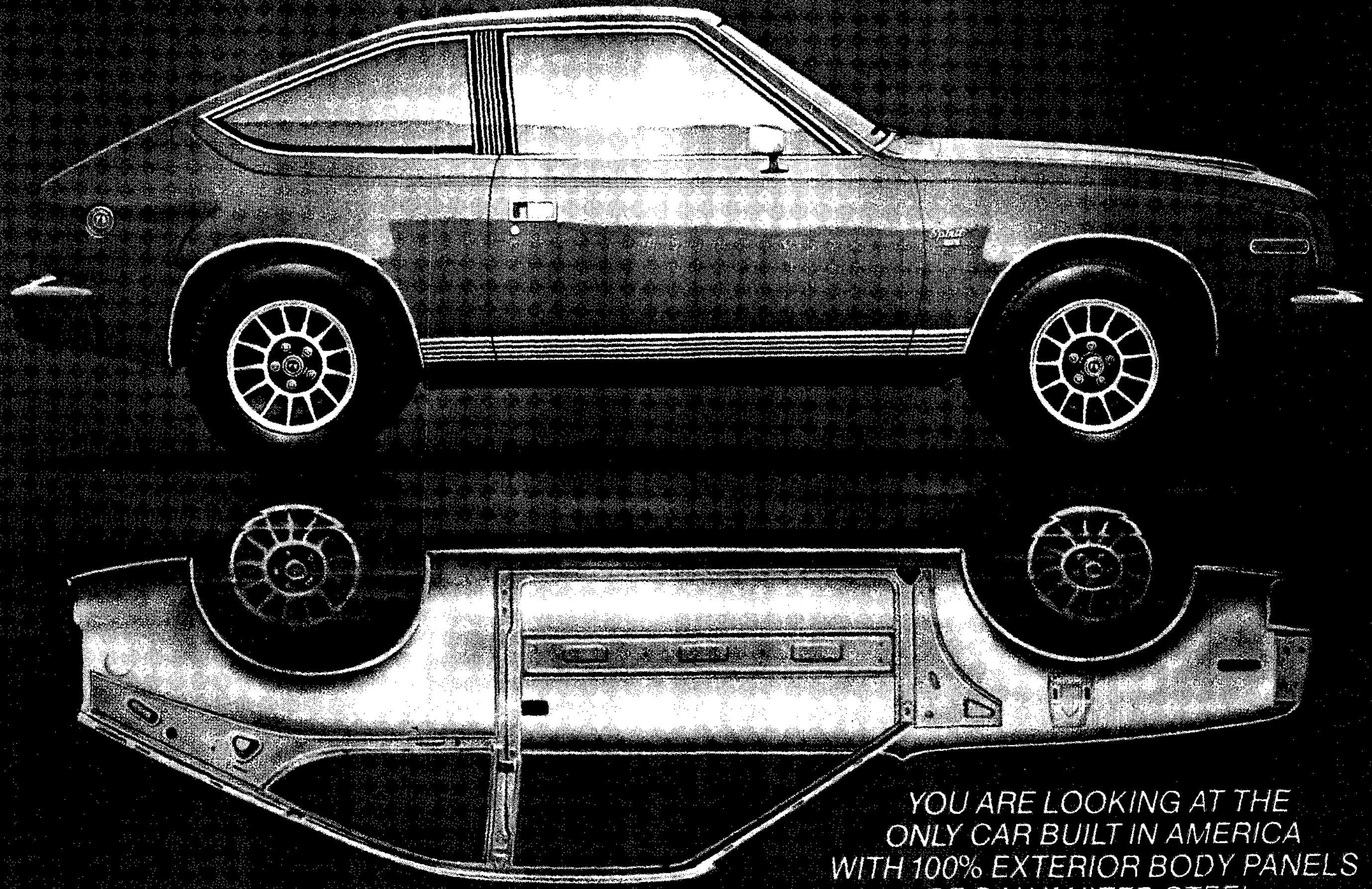

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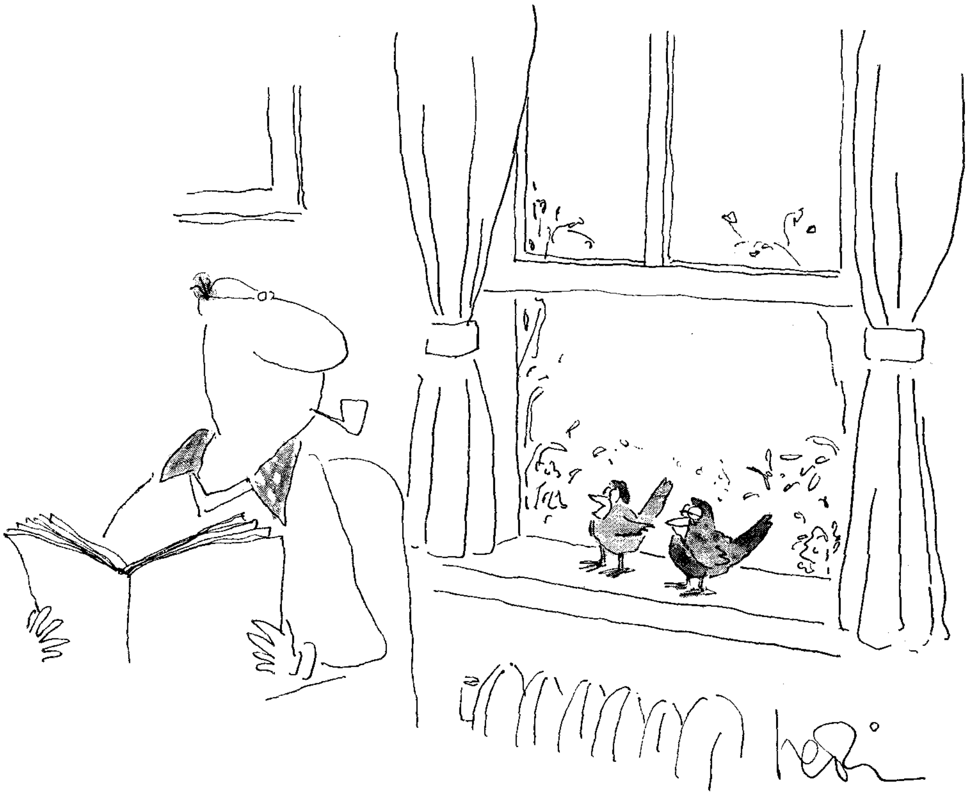
on for about eleven hours, and the small transfer pipe, which was supposed to allow sludge from Polisher No. 7 to be flushed into a receiving tank, had become blocked. Donald Miller, one of the technicians on duty, had been trying to clear the line for about an hour by shooting in water and bursts of compressed air.

Shortly before 4 A.M., Frederick Scheimann, the Unit 2 shift foreman, went to the basement to see how work on the pipe was progressing. He discussed the problem with Miller and with Harold Farst, the other technician on duty. Scheimann climbed up on top of a larger pipe so that he could look into the polisher through a glass window. "All of a sudden, I started hearing loud, thunderous noises, like a couple of freight trains," he said later. He jumped down from the pipe, heard the words "Turbine trip, reactor trip" over a loudspeaker, and rushed to the control room. The maintenance crew working on the polisher had accidentally choked off the flow in the main feedwater system, forcing Unit 2's generating equipment—its turbine and reactor, which had been operating at ninety-seven per cent of full power—to shut down. The equipment suddenly tripped at thirty-seven seconds past 4 A.M.



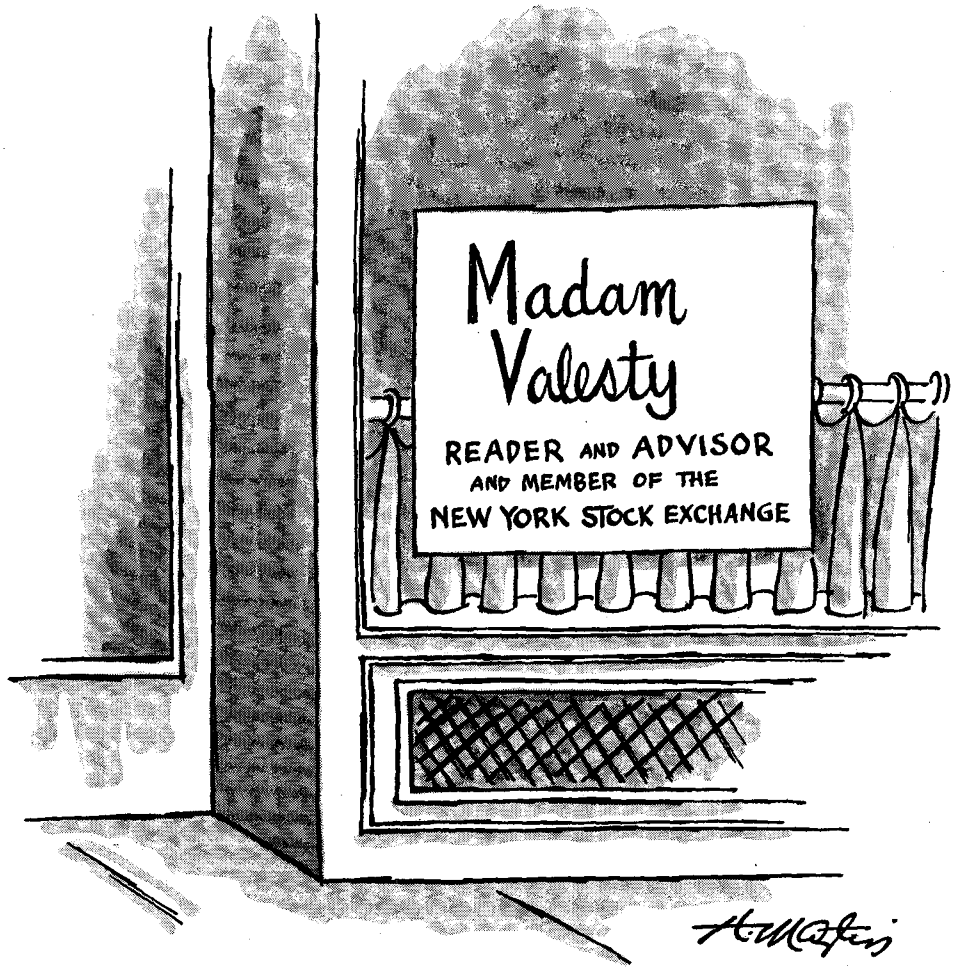
"And now it is my pleasure to introduce His Honor the State Bird."

Routine emergency procedures were initiated automatically. Unit 2 had been equipped with multiple automatic devices, supposedly fail-safe, that were designed to respond immediately in the event of a serious plant malfunction. These devices were linked to an electronic alert system that constantly monitored all major aspects of plant performance and triggered remedial action if it detected an abnormal condition or any signs of impending trouble—including, certainly, the failure of the plant's main feedwater system. To deal with this particular problem, the plant had been equipped with three emergency feedwater pumps that were designed to operate automatically if the main feedwater system malfunctioned. Within seconds after the equipment was shut down, the three emergency feedwater pumps went into operation, just as the reactor's designers had planned. The incident should have ended there. A few seconds into the shutdown, however, all the careful plans for insuring the safety of Unit 2 were upset. The crisis had two immediate causes. First, the nuclear reactor—the steel tank that holds the plant's uranium fuel—had responded violently to the shutdown of the main feedwater system. The pressure of the cooling water in the reactor had increased rapidly, since it was still being heated by the hot uranium fuel, and the pressure surge had popped open a relief valve. All this activity was predictable, but what happened then had not been predicted or allowed for: the relief valve, which should have reclosed after a few seconds, jammed open. Cooling water started to drain out of the reactor at a rate of up to a hundred and ten thousand pounds an hour, or about two hundred and twenty gallons a minute—a hemorrhaging that seriously threatened the safety of the plant. Second, the crisis was compounded by one of those instances of carelessness that easily escape detection in a complicated machine like a nuclear power plant. Somebody, most likely during routine tests two days before, had shut two valves in the system that piped water from the emergency feedwater pumps into the parts of the cooling system where cooling water was urgently needed. The three pumps that were expected to cool the reactor—a single steam-driven emergency feedwater pump and two emergency feedwater pumps powered by electric motors—were rendered completely ineffective. In other words, a testing procedure had created a common-mode failure—a multiple safety-system failure—of the sort that, because of its supposedly remote probability, had been officially regarded as an "incredible" event.

During the first few minutes of the accident, conditions at the plant were grave but not desperate, since there was a remaining set of safety devices available to help cool the reactor. This equipment consisted of three additional pumps—part of the high-pressure injection system, which was connected to a special reservoir of emergency cooling water—that were capable of resupplying the reactor with a thousand gallons of water a minute, or more than enough to compensate for what was being lost through the stuck relief valve. Two minutes after the accident began, two of these emergency pumps automatically went on, but to no avail, for the reactor operators monitoring the accident on instruments in the control room decided to shut them off. They throttled the pumps so that practically no emergency water could be delivered to the reactor. This shutoff occurred some four minutes after the accident began, and represented a further common-mode failure—in this case, a deliberate maneuver by the operators to override the plant's automated safety equipment. The operators then inadvertently worsened the accident still further. They opened a drain line to remove even more water from the reactor—an action that effectively doubled the severity of the coolant loss. Faust, Frederick, Zewe, and Scheimann, who were trying to cope with the accident as best they could and were performing in accordance with their limited training, had interpreted control-room instrument readings to mean that the reactor had too much water in it rather than too little. They were unaware of the open relief valve.

The control room at Unit 2 had no indicator that directly reported whether or not the relief valve was open, and so it remained open, unknown to the operators, for some two hours and twenty minutes. (Brian Mehler, the supervisor of the incoming shift, arrived early that morning and discovered the open relief valve during his review of plant conditions.) Nor—odd as it may seem—was the control room equipped with any instrument that directly told the operators how much cooling water was inside the reactor. Instead, the operators had been trained to monitor the water level in another tank—a separate one, called the pressurizer—which was connected to the reactor's primary cooling system. The pressurizer, which was partly filled with hot water, helped control the pressure of the reactor's primary cooling water. The operators had been instructed, in the absence of a reactor-water-level indicator, to infer the amount of water in the reactor from the amount in this auxiliary tank. Accordingly, since the pressurizer instruments indicated that the pressurizer was full, the operators assumed that the reactor was full, too. This particular way of interpreting their instruments, Frederick later explained, was "what everybody punches into you" during the operator-training program.

Within five minutes after Unit 2's main feedwater system failed, the reactor, deprived of both normal and emergency sources of cooling water, and no longer able to use its enormous energy to generate electricity, gradually started to tear itself apart. The pressure of the water inside, which had increased suddenly in the few seconds after the accident began, now kept decreasing, uncontrollably and at times precipitately. The water remaining inside the reactor began to flash into steam, which in the next few hours expanded and blanketed much of the reactor's uranium fuel, preventing effective cooling. A series of further instrument problems, equipment malfunctions, computer-system breakdowns, and numerous other difficulties beset the Unit 2 operators and a growing number of plant officials who were coming to their aid. "It seemed to go on and on, surprise after surprise," Thomas Mulleavy, a radiation-protection supervisor at the plant, has recalled. "The equipment that we had to use did indeed malfunction, as most equipment will do on occasion, and always seems to when you need it most." At 7:24 A.M., shortly after Gary Miller, the station manager, arrived in the Unit 2 control room, a "general emergency" was declared—the first ever to arise at a commercial nuclear power plant in the United States. Plant personnel tried to telephone this news to the N.R.C.'s regional office, outside Philadelphia, but they were unable to reach anyone there at that hour and had to leave a message with the N.R.C.'s answering service.



The net result of a long chain of human and mechanical failures was that for some sixteen hours the hot, uranium-fuelled core in the Unit 2 reactor was not adequately cooled. All the uranium fuel rods overheated, swelled, and ruptured, according to post-accident N.R.C. estimates, with about a third of the core reduced to rubble. The severely damaged fuel rods released large amounts of radioactive material into the rest of the reactor, and, because of the open relief valve, much of this material escaped into the containment building housing the reactor. The atmosphere there became "murderously radioactive," as one N.R.C. official later described it, and thousands of gallons of radioactive water from the reactor were accidentally pumped from the containment building into a less secure auxiliary building. Plant officials, however, say that they were unaware of the extensive fuel damage—believing, because of the readings from the pressurizer tank, that the fuel in the reactor was adequately covered with cooling water—and they assured the public throughout the day that there was no threat of a radiation release. (Some congressional investigators have concluded that the managers of the plant knew about, but did not disclose to the N.R.C., certain data that would have indicated the true peril the plant faced that Wednesday.) Like the plant officials, the N.R.C. concluded from the data it received from the plant that

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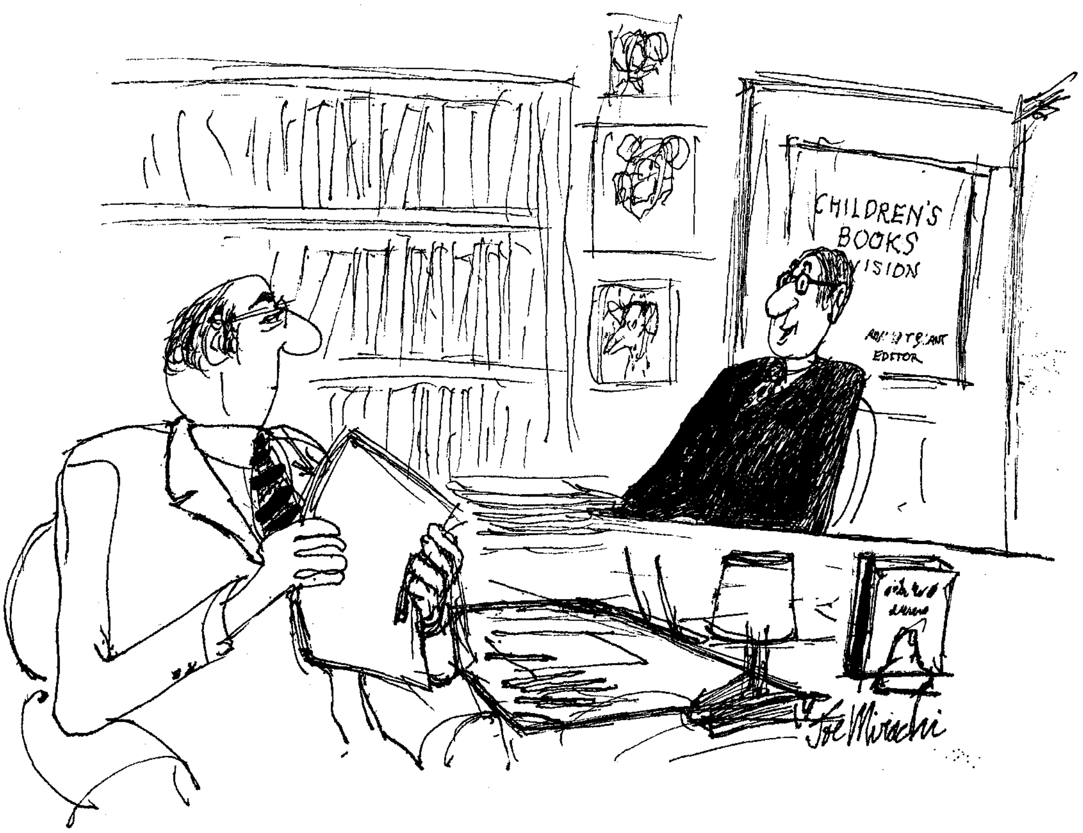

"Of course, Barnaby Tadpole is just my pen name."

the reactor had been kept in a stable condition, and in very carefully worded public statements agency officials went to great lengths to play down the seriousness of the accident. (According to tape recordings that were made of some of the conversations that day at the N.R.C.'s emergency headquarters, senior N.R.C. public-relations coördinators said that "we ought to be real cagey" in reporting what the N.R.C. knew about conditions at the plant.) Joseph Hendrie, chairman of the N.R.C., briefing members of Congress the next day—March 29th—said that there might have been some minor "cracks" in "perhaps about one per cent" of the reactor's uranium fuel rods, but he emphatically assured them that there was no serious "ongoing problem" at the plant. Instrument readings from the plant by then showed extremely high radiation levels in the containment building, but Hendrie dismissed these readings as an "oddball" instrument error.

Not until early on the morning of Friday, March 30th—two days after the start of the accident—did the magnitude of the problem begin to be understood by plant and N.R.C. officials. A three-and-a-third-ounce sample of cooling water taken from the reactor late Thursday afternoon was found to contain so much radioactive material that it became clear an appreciable fraction of the reactor's fuel had been grossly damaged. N.R.C. analysts admitted to being dumbfounded by "failure modes" that had "never been studied," and they concluded that the fuel damage might make it extremely difficult to keep the reactor safely under control. As the officials pondered the difficulties, they received word from the plant that unexpected bursts of radioactive gases had been released from Unit 2 and were being blown by the wind toward some of the neighboring towns. Furthermore, N.R.C. officials, relying on hasty consultations with expert advisers, concluded that a large, growing, and potentially explosive "hydrogen bubble" might have formed inside the reactor—a development that conjured up the spectre of a possible large-scale release of radioactive material from the plant. Federal and state officials began preparing contingency plans for an evacuation of the region, and announced to the public that evacuation might be necessary. An estimated hundred and forty thousand people fled the area during that weekend—some in response to advice issued by Pennsylvania's Governor Richard Thornburgh to pregnant women and to families with preschool children, but most through their own good sense.

By the evening of Sunday, April 1st, the atmosphere of crisis had begun to abate, for the N.R.C. had found that its fears of a hydrogen explosion were based on spurious technical analysis. There was never any possibility at all of a hydrogen explosion, the agency learned, to its embarrassment, because the amount of oxygen needed to combine with the hydrogen to make an explosive mixture was simply not present in the reactor. Moreover, what hydrogen there was could be removed by relatively straightforward techniques. This encouraging news still left N.R.C. and Unit 2 officials facing several pressing problems, however, the most important of which was trying to keep the fuel in the reactor adequately cooled. To aid in this effort, industry experts from around the country converged on Three Mile Island and formed advisory groups, which developed plans for providing long-term cooling of the reactor and for preventing further leakage of radioactive materials from the containment and auxiliary buildings. On April 27th, after weeks of delicate maneuvering, the plant was finally stabilized and put into controlled shutdown. No appreciable quantity of radioactive materials had escaped from the plant during the accident, according to the subsequent official investigations; they did find, however, that it had been a very close call.

Two years after the accident, Unit 2 remains shut down. Its uranium fuel has by now been much cooled off, but its containment building and auxiliary tanks are flooded with more than a million gallons of radioactive water, and its status as a showpiece for the country's "bright and shining" nuclear-powered future is greatly diminished. Unit 1 also remains idle, pending an N.R.C. decision on whether it may safely resume operation. The only work in progress at the plant is a clean-

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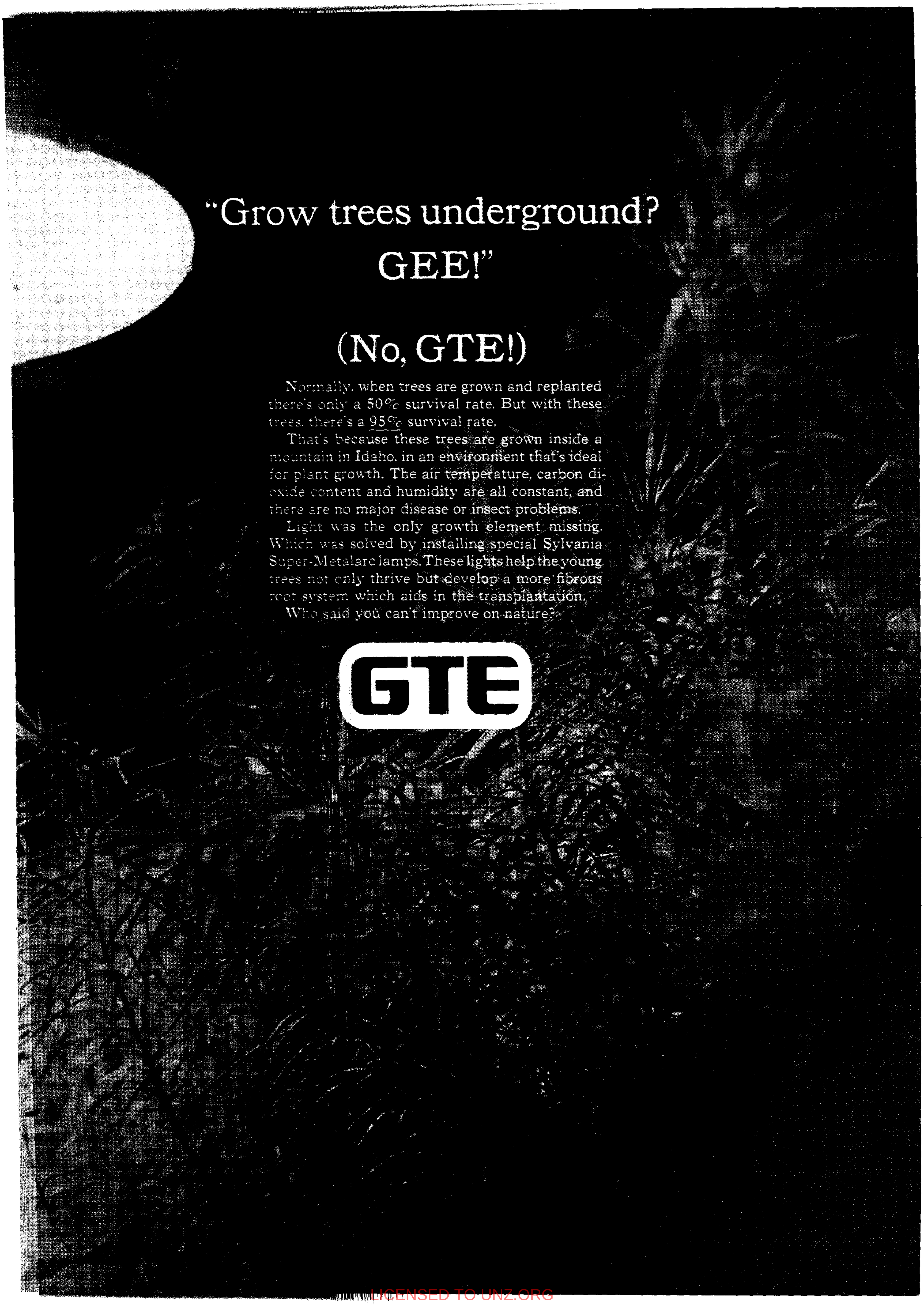

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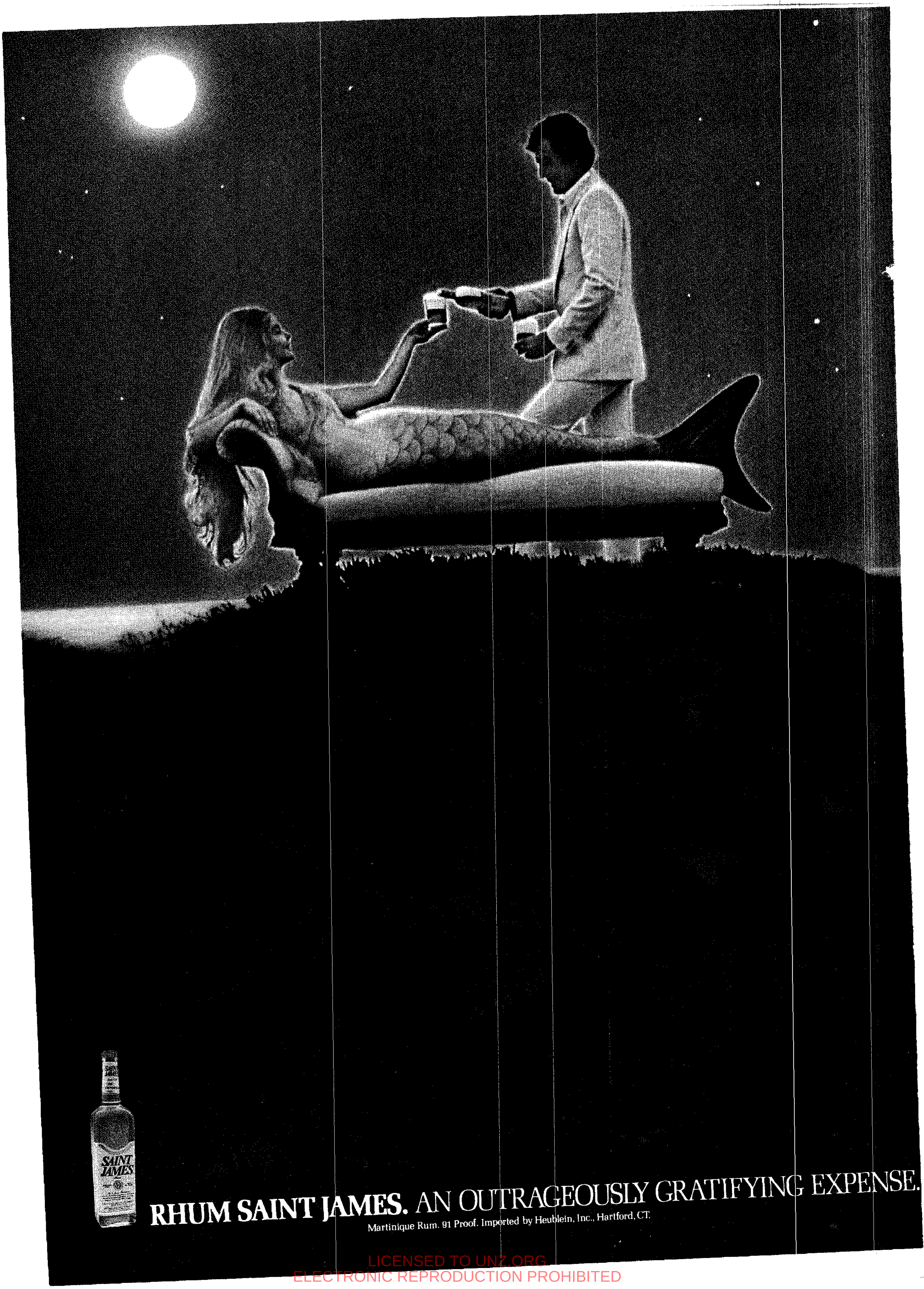
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up effort aimed at disposing of the radioactive debris left from the accident. Metropolitan Edison, the company that operates the plant, has been trying to recruit a work force for this grim chore, which is expected to go on for years and to cost at least a billion dollars—an expense that the owners of the plant would like to see covered by some type of federal bailout. The company's employment advertisements, such as one placed in the *Times* in late 1979, have promised prospective recruits for the cleanup work "unprecedented opportunities for new scientific experience" and "immediate ground floor opportunities for dedicated scientists and engineering personnel who want to be in the forefront of emerging technologies."

UNIT 2, before its operation was interrupted on March 28, 1979, was performing a routine task that has been of growing importance to society since the early eighteenth century: it was boiling water to produce steam. Since 1712, when an ironmonger named Thomas Newcomen introduced into the coal mines of the English Midlands a steam engine he had devised, steam power has been a decisive factor in the world's economic progress. Newcomen's primitive device was one of the most significant technical innovations in history, for it allowed water to be pumped out of the coal mines more efficiently, and so made more readily available the major fuel supply that helped bring about the Industrial Revolution. Several improvements on Newcomen's simple pumping equipment which were made later in the eighteenth century by James Watt, an instrument-maker from Glasgow, led to the eventual introduction of a rotative engine powered by the expansion of steam. Watt's steam engine became the source of power for new techniques of spinning and weaving cotton which were introduced in the late eighteenth century. These separate technical innovations combined to produce the textile factories that transformed agrarian England into an industrialized nation. Steam subsequently became the motive power for railroads and shipping, and by the end of the nineteenth century it had begun to spin turbines invented for the generation of electricity.

In this century, steam boilers of increasing size and sophistication—fired, successively, by wood, coal, oil, natural gas, and nuclear energy—have been developed. Today, a single large generating station can supply all the electricity needed by hundreds of thousands of consumers. A concerted effort over the last century by private corporations and, more recently, the federal government has carried forward the development of technology for central generating stations. Among the important innovators in boiler technology was a Rhode Island engineer named Stephen Wilcox, who in 1856 proposed a new type of water-tube boiler, capable of producing steam more efficiently than existing boilers and with less risk of a boiler explosion. Joining forces a decade later with a New York inventor named George Herman Babcock, Wilcox founded a company, which patented its first boiler in 1867 and continued to develop boilers of advanced design. The Babcock & Wilcox Company, which is now a subsidiary of McDermott, Inc., has become a major multinational enterprise, and is one of the four principal American manufacturers of nuclear reactors. (The others are the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Combustion Engineering, and General Electric.) Two of the nine Babcock & Wilcox reactors currently licensed for commercial operation in the United States are on Three Mile Island, and Babcock & Wilcox reactors are on order for ten more nuclear plants, in the United States and abroad.

In contrast to the brewer's copper kettle that was used as a boiler in Thomas Newcomen's revolutionary steam engine, a nuclear steam-supply system, comparable though it is in basic purpose, is a machine of great complexity. At the center of the system is a reactor vessel that is connected to one of the most elaborate plumbing systems ever devised. The typical Babcock & Wilcox reactor, to use a specific example, is a steel bottle that stands some forty feet high, measures fifteen feet across, and weighs more than four hundred tons. Inside the reactor's walls—eight and a half to twelve inches of steel—is the uranium core, itself weighing a hundred tons or more, where controlled chain reactions provide the heat that, as in a conventional electric plant, is used to turn water into steam to drive a turbine. The reactor's core is impressively compact: it is only twelve feet wide and twelve feet high.

In a controlled nuclear reaction, uranium nuclei fission—split apart—with a consequent release of thermal energy, which can be used to convert

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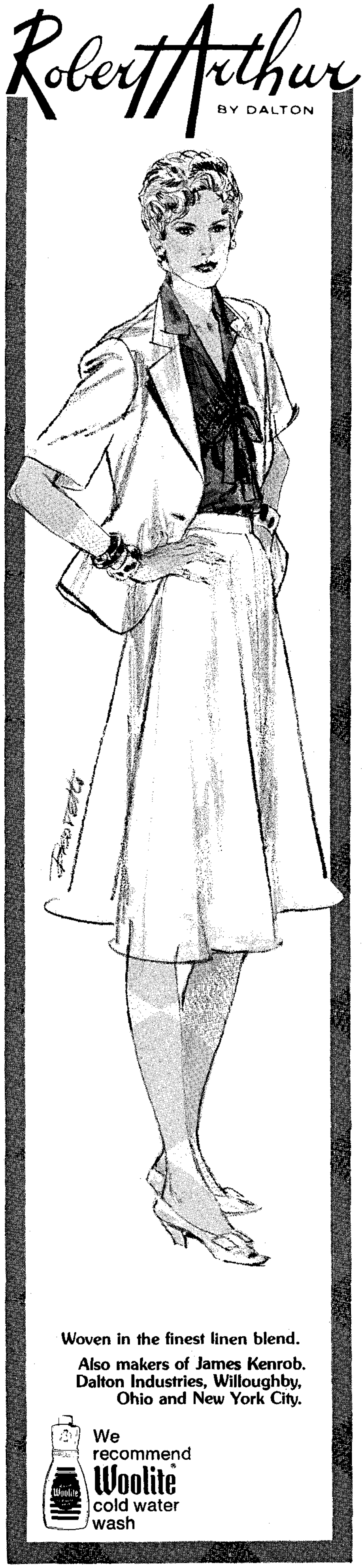
AND ITS COMPETITION.



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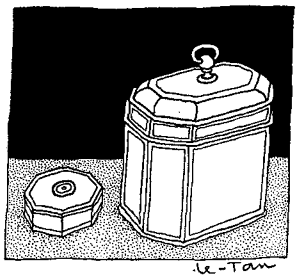
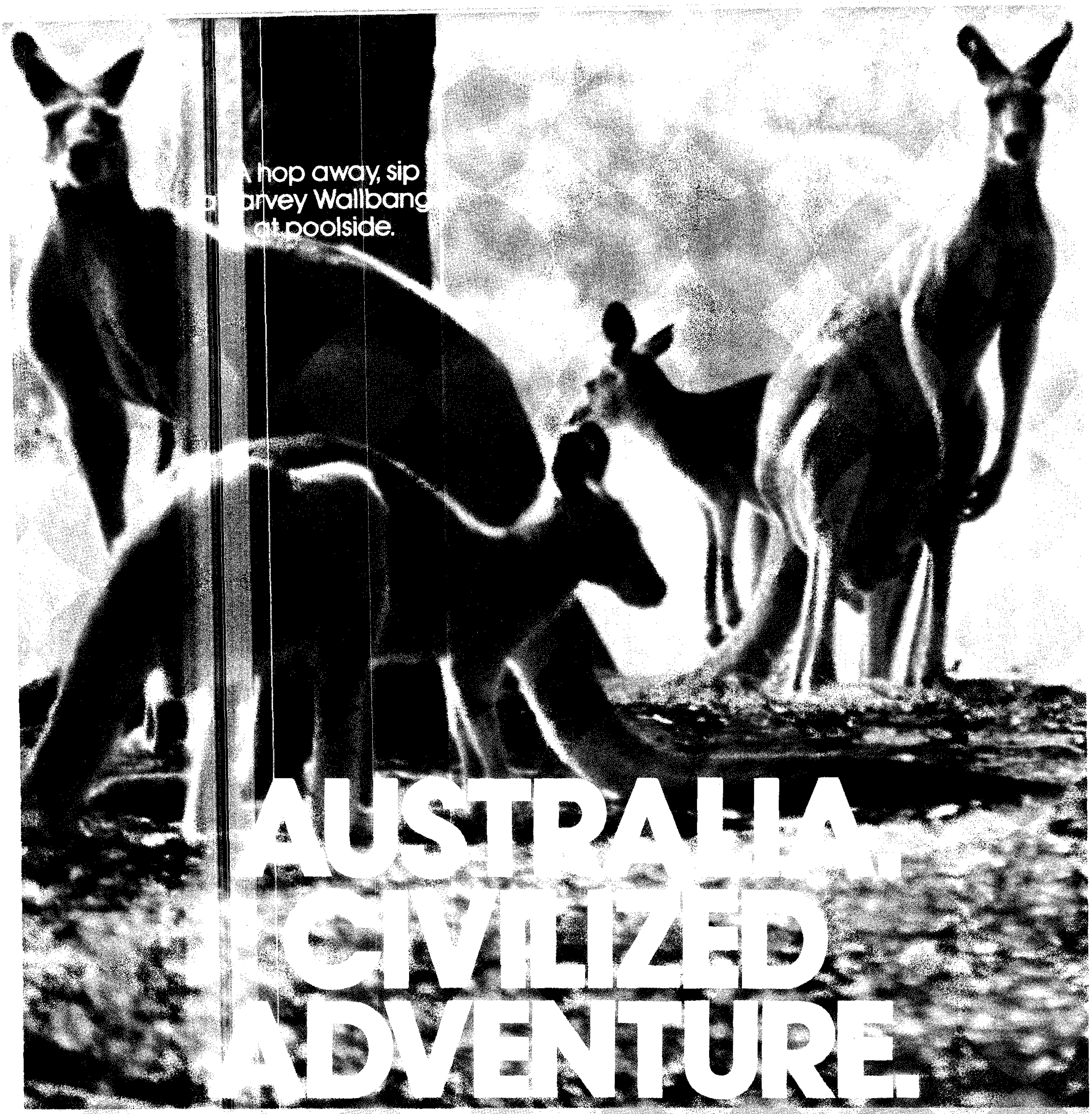
water into steam to power a turbine. It was not until the end of 1938, when Otto Hahn, Fritz Strassmann, Lise Meitner, and Otto Frisch discovered how the uranium nucleus could be fissioned, that any method for tapping the energy inside the atomic nucleus was even theoretically available. The successful theoretical and experimental work carried out during the Second World War under the Manhattan Project led to the development of methods for fissioning a relatively rare form of uranium—U-235. The knowledge gained about how to split the nucleus of U-235 was used—as all the world is aware—to develop weapons of unprecedented destructive ability. After the war, atomic-bomb scientists advocated the commercial production of electric power by a domesticated version of the process that had devastated Hiroshima and Nagasaki. For some thirty-five years, the United States government, several major private companies, and cadres of technical specialists have worked to exploit nuclear energy as a means of powering electric-generating stations. Over most of this period, the promoters of the program, the American scientific establishment, and many members of the general public have looked upon uranium as the basic fuel that the nation will depend on for its future material prosperity.



In most modern power reactors, the uranium fuel is in the form of millions of ceramic uranium-dioxide pellets, each about the size of the tip of one's little finger, which are stacked inside slim tubes made of an alloy called Zircaloy. These fuel rods—there are about forty thousand of them in a typical Babcock & Wilcox reactor—stand upright inside the reactor, as if someone had created a forest of precisely spaced metal trees. Putting the uranium fuel in large numbers of metal tubes rather than in one clump increases the surface area, so that the water flowing through the reactor can more effectively carry off the heat generated by fission. This is important for both safety and economic reasons: the arrangement helps prevent the reactor fuel from overheating, and allows the most efficient use of a given quantity of fuel.

There are several types of commercial power reactors. Some use ordinary water to cool their fuel, some are cooled by a gas, such as carbon dioxide, and some use liquid metal as a coolant. A Babcock & Wilcox reactor is generically identified as a pressurized-water reactor—a type of reactor that was developed to power nuclear submarines for the Navy and has become the world's most widely used commercial power reactor. There are now forty-three pressurized-water reactors licensed to operate in the United States, and sixty-four more are operating around the world. In a pressurized-water reactor, the water is kept under extremely high pressure—approximately twenty-two hundred pounds per square inch—so that it can absorb the heat from the nuclear reaction and yet not turn to steam. The water must be kept moving through the reactor—or else it would soon overheat—and large, nine-thousand-horsepower pumps are provided to keep it flowing upward through the hot uranium-fuelled core. After it emerges from the core, the heated water flows through pipes three feet in diameter into steel tanks—the steam generators—that are partly filled with water supplied by the plant's main feedwater pumps. The water that goes through the reactor is known as the primary cooling water, and the water supplied by the main feedwater pumps is designated the secondary cooling water. The heated water from the reactor does not mix with the water supplied to the steam generators by the feedwater pumps; instead, the water from the reactor flows through thousands of small tubes inside each steam generator. These tubes are surrounded by the water—the secondary cooling water—that is supplied by the feedwater pumps. Much as a conventional radiator for home heating passes hot water through its coils to warm the surrounding air, heated water from the reactor, moving through the tiny steam-generator tubes, heats the colder secondary cooling water surrounding the tubes. Like a relay race, in which one runner passes a baton to another, the reactor-cooling system is designed so that the heat added to the primary cooling water as it passes through the core is subsequently transferred—inside the steam generators—to the secondary cooling water.

The water in the secondary cooling system, which is kept at much lower



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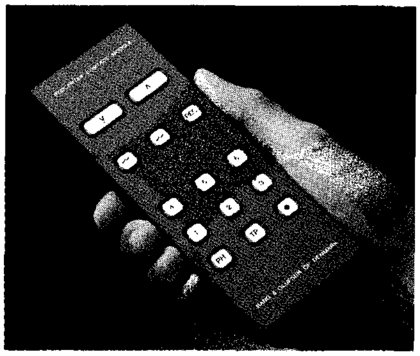

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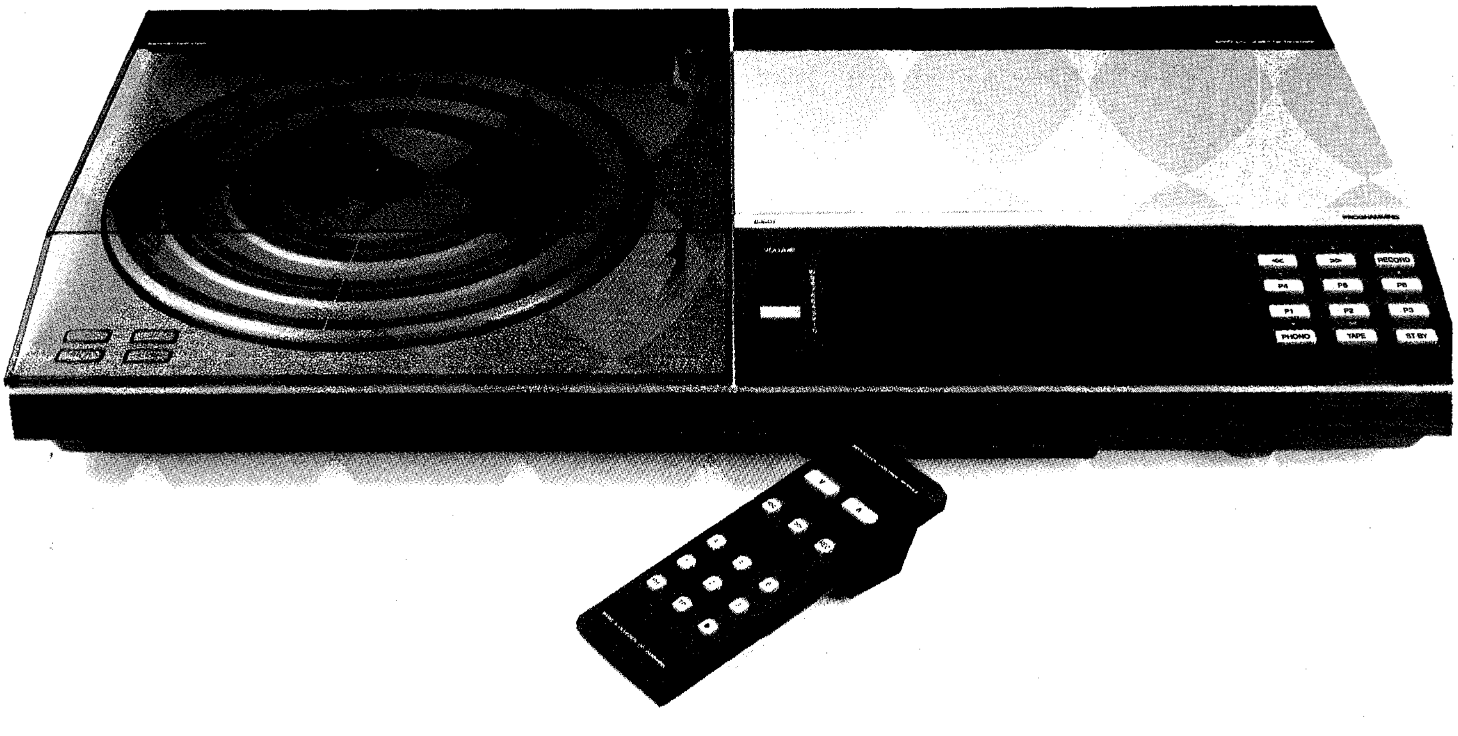

pressure than the primary cooling water, boils and turns into steam, and this steam, as in a conventional power plant, is piped into a turbine, where it expands and, in so doing, spins the large turbine blades, the way wind turns a windmill. The shaft of the turbine is connected to a giant electric generator, and the turning of the shaft spins the generator. The net result of all this motion is an electric current that can be sent through transmission lines to the power station's customers.

If all goes well, the reactor and the steam generators in a nuclear power plant of the pressurized-water variety maintain a stable, businesslike relationship such as might obtain between two complementary monopolies. The reactor can be thought of as selling heat to the steam generators. The various water-circulating systems in the plant provide the transportation for this commodity: the primary cooling water delivers heat from the reactor to the steam generators, and the secondary-cooling-water system delivers the heat—in the form of high-pressure steam—from the steam generators to the turbine. In terms of the conventional-power-plant goal of using steam to rotate a turbine generator, the power-producing achievement of the primary and secondary cooling systems in a typical Babcock & Wilcox nuclear plant would surely astonish James Watt. Every hour, the steady working relationship between the reactor and the steam generators in one of these plants creates more than eleven million pounds of high-pressure steam. This steam, which causes a giant turbine-generator to make eighteen hundred revolutions a minute, produces about nine hundred thousand kilowatt-hours of electric power.

For a nuclear plant incorporating a pressurized-water reactor to function satisfactorily, its internal energy supply and demand must neatly balance: the output of heat by the reactor has to match the uptake of heat by the steam generators. If this delicate equilibrium is upset, the temperatures and pressures inside the reactor can increase or decrease suddenly and create an accident in which the uranium fuel can overheat, perhaps uncontrollably. One obvious direct threat to normal cooling is the rupture of any of the pipes that deliver primary cooling water to the reactor. A more indirect but no less threatening interference with the reactor-cooling process can arise from malfunctions in the secondary cooling system, such as a failure in the main feedwater pumps that supply the steam generators. In that circumstance, with the steam generators no longer functional, there would be no method for removing the heat generated by the uranium fuel, and the fuel would overheat. Furthermore, the relationship between the primary and secondary cooling systems is so complex that there are circumstances in which too much cooling water from the main feedwater pumps would be as much of a threat as too little. An excessive supply of secondary cooling water to the steam generators could drain so much heat out of the reactor that the pressure of the primary cooling water might suddenly decrease. If that occurred, some of the primary cooling water could flash into steam, and the resulting steam pockets in the reactor could prevent needed cooling water from reaching the uranium fuel and keeping it adequately cooled. Increases and decreases—large ones, especially—in the temperature and the pressure of reactor-cooling water must be carefully avoided in order to maintain steady power production as well as safe and stable cooling of the reactor's fuel. This requirement must be given priority attention by both plant designers and plant operators.

To keep a nuclear reactor operating smoothly and under control, a number of systems, subsystems, components, structures, and people have to work together in a coördinated and reliable way. The task is customarily accomplished by an operating crew of a few dozen people with the aid of—at current prices—up to a billion dollars' worth of hardware. The focus of the plant operators, and the purpose of much of the elaborate machinery they work with, is the absolutely essential task of keeping the power levels, pressures, and temperatures inside the nuclear reactor completely under control. To this end, the plant is equipped with intricate systems linked by miles of electrical cables—the central nervous system of the plant. Data from electronic monitors are fed into computers and ranks of automated protection systems that, in theory, will respond swiftly and appropriately to any contingency that might compromise the reactor's steady operation. Federal safety regulations, rules, and standards set forth—sometimes precisely but sometimes only in a gen-

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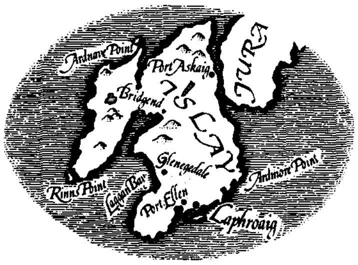

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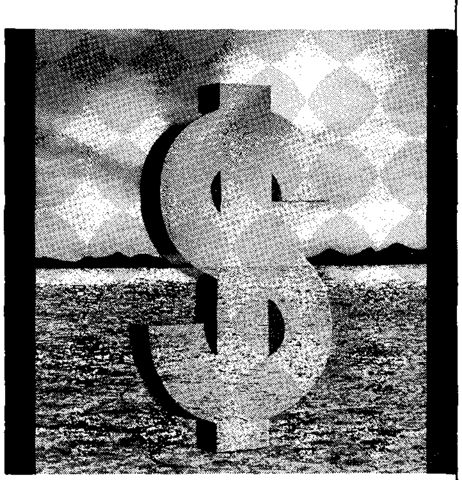
eral fashion—the precautions required of each commercial nuclear generating plant. (These official safety requirements were initially promulgated by the Atomic Energy Commission, which in 1954 was empowered by Congress to oversee the development of commercial nuclear power. Congress abolished the A.E.C. twenty years later, as a result of the A.E.C.'s overzealous promotion of nuclear power, and replaced it in 1975 with the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. The N.R.C., as its first order of business, adopted all the safety rules and policies that had been established by its predecessor.) All components, systems, and structures important to safety and all operator actions and procedures that could affect the health and safety of the public are supposed to be covered by the web of federal regulations. The plants must be outfitted with vast arrays of safety equipment. This apparatus must be highly reliable—conservatively designed, routinely tested, carefully maintained, and almost always installed at least in duplicate, so that redundant equipment will compensate for the failure of a single system or component. Controlling the power level of the reactor, for example, is a critically important safety priority, and dependable methods for rapidly inserting control rods to shut off the nuclear reaction are mandated. Sixty-nine control rods are installed in the typical Babcock & Wilcox reactor for this purpose. The control rods act as blotters that absorb neutrons—the subatomic particles that are given off when U-235 nuclei fission and that then hit the nuclei of other U-235 atoms and cause subsequent fissions. By capturing neutrons, and so curtailing the fission chain reactions, these rods control the reactor's power output. Cooling the reactor is another major focus of the regulatory framework. Plants are required to have several networks of devices that can propel copious supplies of cooling water through the reactor during all the different types of cooling difficulties that can arise.

To generate power and comply with the safety guidelines, a nuclear power station typically requires some fifty miles of piping, held together by twenty-five thousand welds; eight hundred and fifty miles of electrical cables; eleven thousand five hundred tons of structural steel; and a hundred and seventy thousand cubic yards of concrete. Countless electric motors, con-



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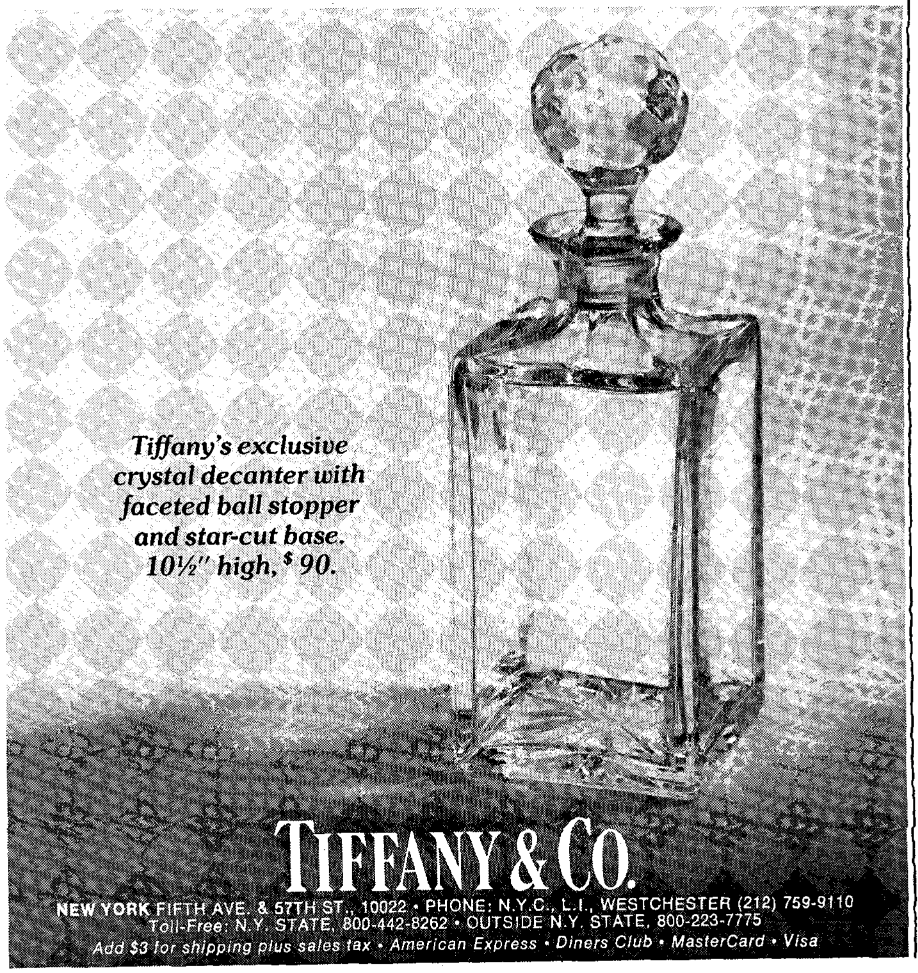

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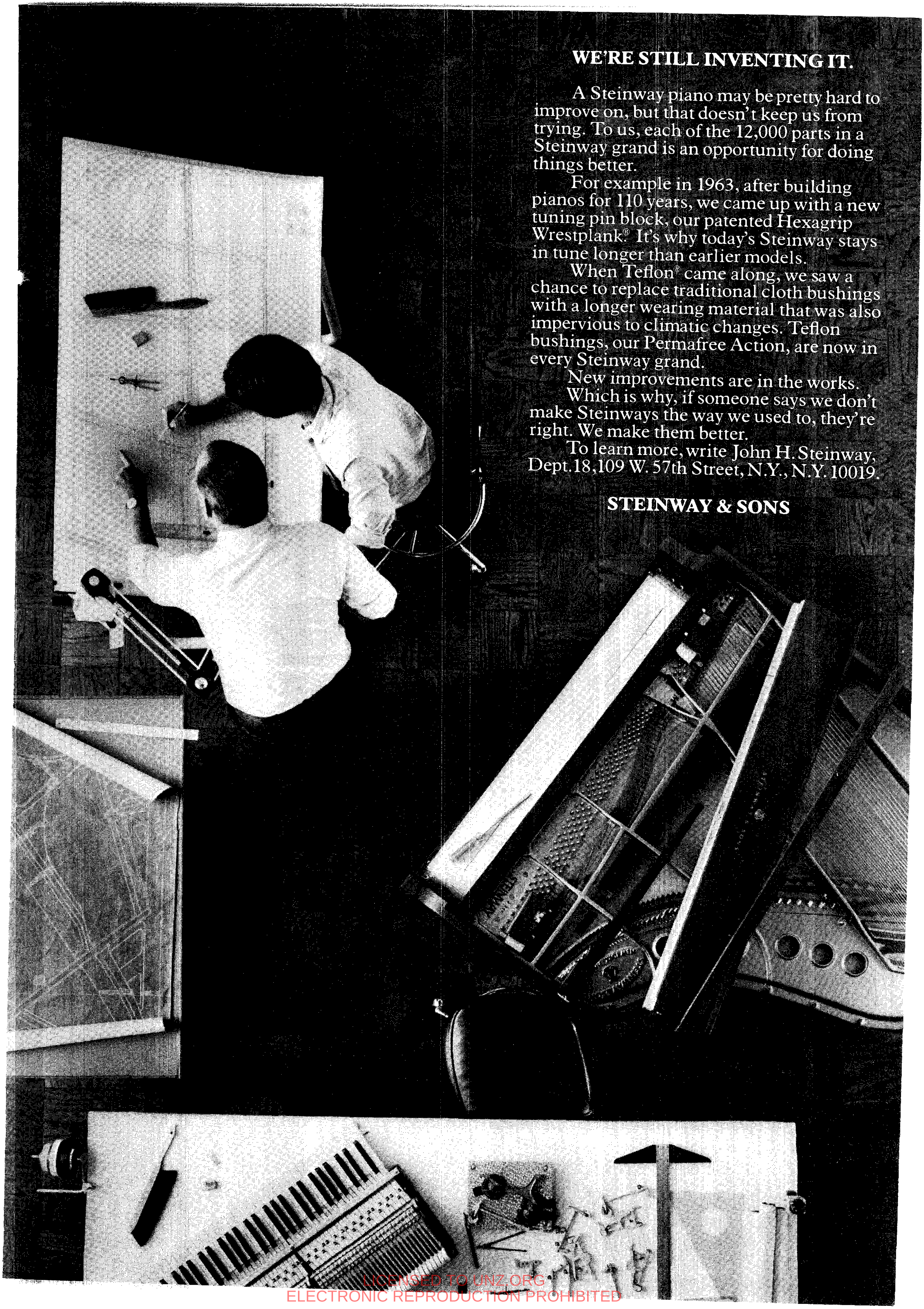

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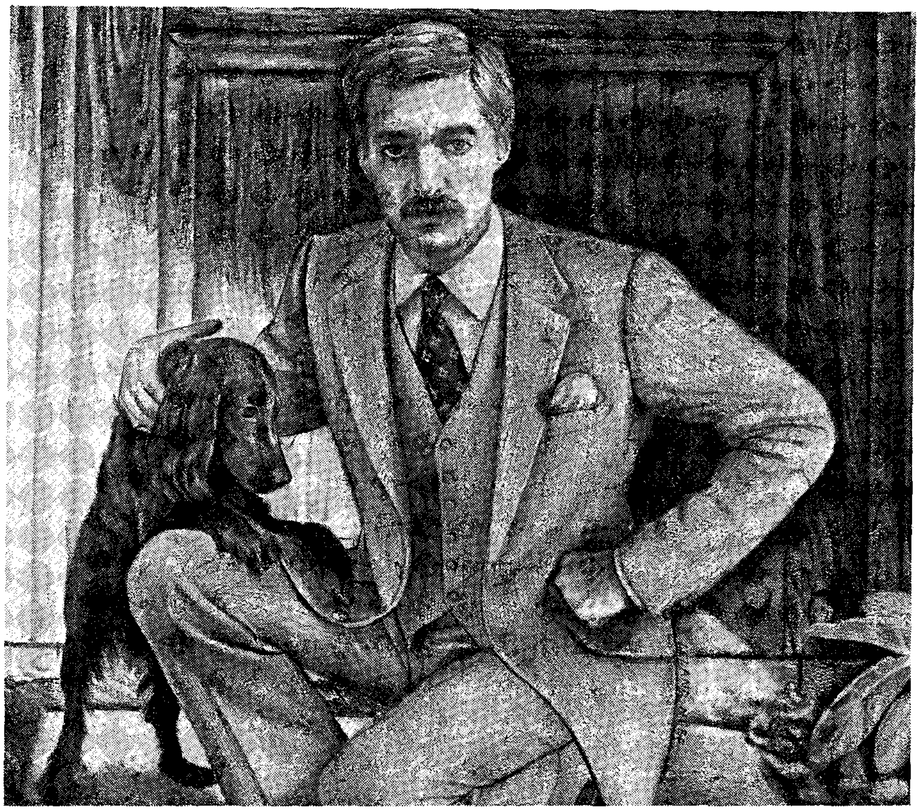

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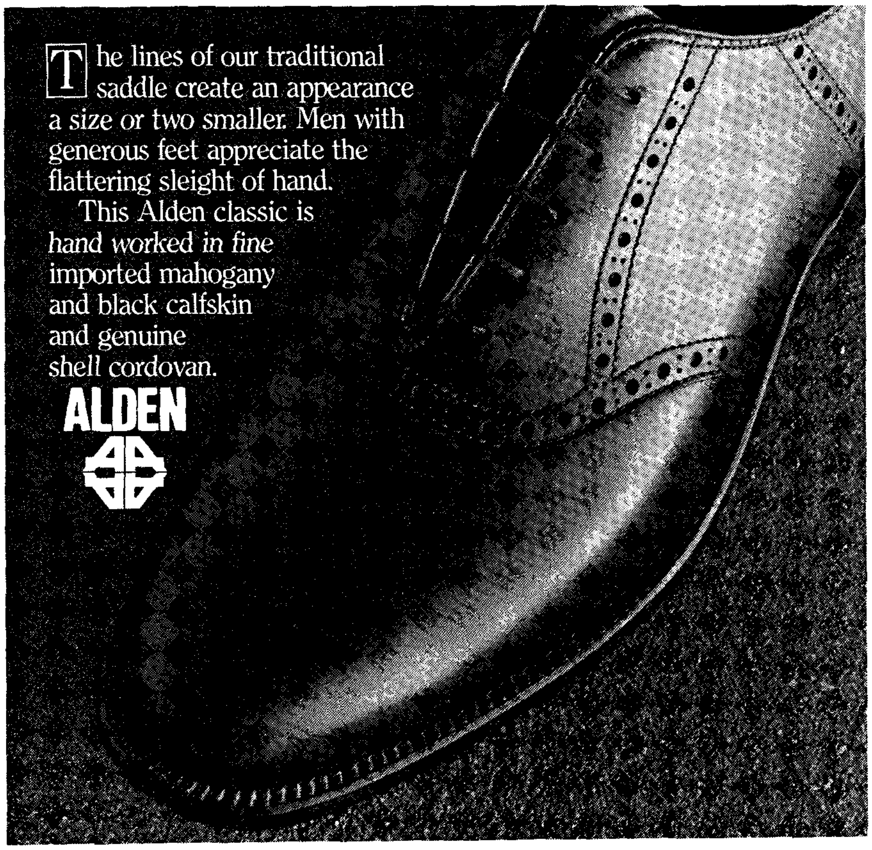

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All nuclear-power-plant systems, structures, components, procedures, and personnel are potential sources of failures and malfunctions. Problems can arise from defects in design, manufacturing, installation, and construction; from testing, operational, and maintenance errors; from explosions and fires; from excessive corrosion, vibration, stress, heating, cooling, radiation damage, and other physical phenomena; from deterioration due to component aging; and from external events such as floods, earthquakes, tornadoes, and sabotage. The possibilities of such failures and their consequences are supposed to be studied carefully before nuclear plants are licensed to operate, and appropriate steps are supposed to be taken to prevent any failures that would lead to major nuclear-radiation accidents. Over the years, government safety analysts have looked into a large number of possible accidents that could arise at nuclear plants, and they have made judgments about which types of possible accidents have a high enough probability of occurring to pose a "credible" threat to plant safety. To streamline the safety-review process, accidents presumed to be "credible" have been divided into eight categories, ranging from trivial mishaps, known as Class One accidents, all the way up to major disruptions of the plant—Class Eight accidents, which would require the emergency operation of plant safety systems. A.E.C. and N.R.C. safety reviewers have con-

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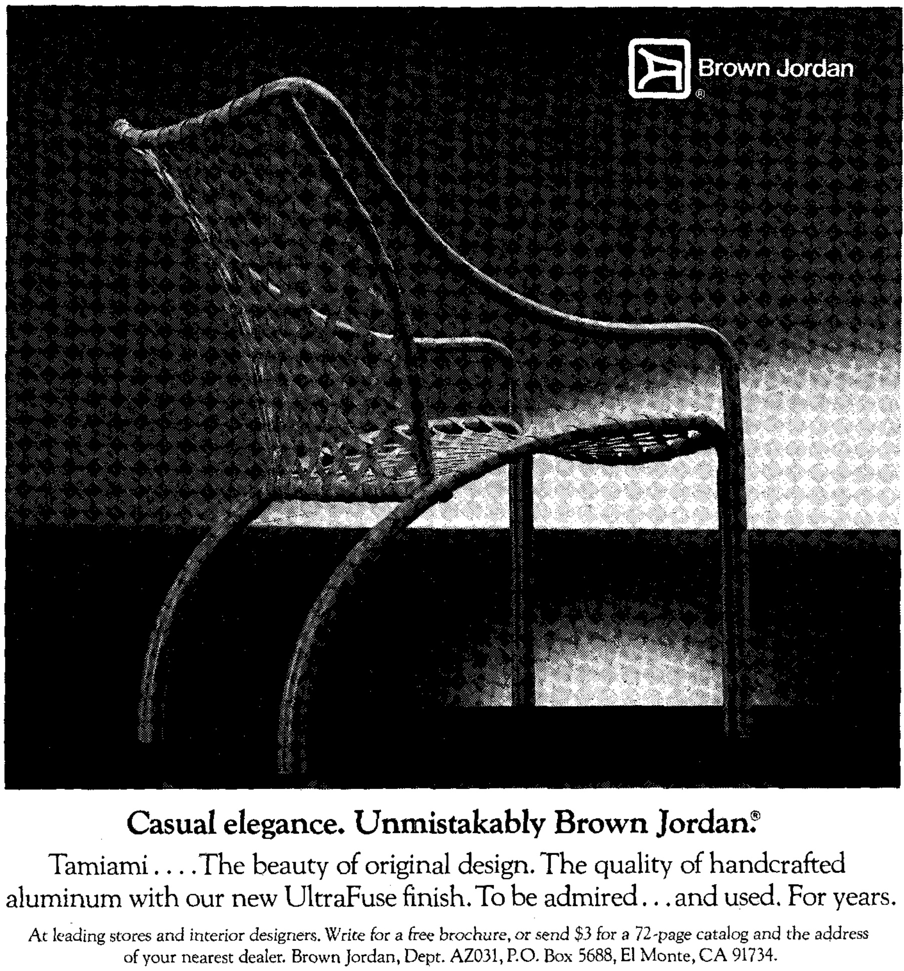
cluded that even in the worst Class Eight accidents, plant safety systems would satisfactorily prevent any serious damage to the reactor's core and any serious release of radioactive materials into the environment. It is possible, they admit, that there are "hypothetical" circumstances in which the safety apparatus could fail, thereby setting the stage for a huge release of radioactive debris into the neighboring region. Still, these potentially catastrophic accidents have been assumed to be so unlikely that they pose no "credible" safety problem. All such possible but "incredible" accidents—accidents that supposedly could never happen—are lumped together, for bureaucratic convenience, in one catch-all category. In the official shorthand, they are simply referred to as Class Nine accidents.

Experience with accidents in complex systems shows that major mishaps often have humble beginnings, easily overlooked even by diligent safety reviewers: a moment of inattention or carelessness by an operator; the failure of some small, seemingly inconsequential component; an elementary design deficiency that was not detected. Simple malfunctions in a system as subtle and intricate as that of a nuclear reactor can combine with unsuspected flaws or induce other malfunctions in some vulnerable piece of equipment. As the chain of malfunctions proceeds, circumstances may require the emergency operation of one or more of the nuclear plant's safety systems. Such a scenario presupposes, of course, that the contingency is one for which plant designers have provided appropriate safety apparatus. If not—if the accident unfolds in a way against which no protection has been provided—the accident may cause the plant to go out of control. Safety systems, even if they are incorporated into the plant design, may or may not perform as intended. The accident may be terminated safely or it may develop in ways that can set the stage for a terrible nuclear-radiation calamity.

The most widely feared type of reactor accident is one that involves the overheating and melting of the reactor's uranium fuel. As a reactor operates, the fissioning of the uranium nuclei results in the accumulation of radioactive waste—nuclear ashes, so to speak—inside the reactor core. These wastes, principally the fragments of the split uranium nuclei, give off an amount of radiation that itself constitutes a significant source of heat. In normal operation, this so-called decay heat is equivalent to six or seven per cent of the full power of the reactor. The radioactive processes responsible for the persistent decay heating cannot be controlled, as the chain reaction can. Thus, even when the fissioning of the uranium fuel is halted—which occurs when the control rods are inserted in the reactor's core—the reactor continues to generate heat. The heat produced by the radioactive decay does diminish with time—rapidly at first, then more slowly—but for months after a reactor is shut down it remains at levels that require continuous cooling-water circulation.

Inadequate core cooling can give rise to what is termed a meltdown accident. If, for example, the reactor suddenly lost its primary cooling water through a large pipe rupture and was not quickly supplied with emergency cooling water, the temperature of the fuel rods would rise within a minute, or perhaps even sooner, from the normal six hundred degrees to more than thirty-three hundred degrees, at which point the Zircaloy tubes that hold the uranium would begin to melt. The reactor core, with its hundred tons of uranium fuel, would start to slump, and lose its precisely arranged geometry. The uranium itself, heated by the radioactive waste materials that had been generated during reactor operation, would in turn begin to melt when the temperature climbed above about five thousand degrees—and in the absence of cooling the temperature would do just that. In short order, the core would turn into a white-hot blob of molten radioactive metal. Pouring to the bottom of the reactor, the fuel could melt its way through the steel reactor vessel in half an hour, and would then drop onto the thick concrete floor of the containment building. The containment building is not designed to withstand a meltdown; it has no special features to stop the molten fuel from penetrating the concrete and continuing downward into the ground. (The assumption in designing containment buildings has been that meltdown accidents have a negligible probability.) The sequence of events in a meltdown accident has been called, as long as anyone in the business can remember, the China Syndrome—a facetious reference to the general direction in which the molten core would be travelling. If a meltdown accident took place, the containment building could undergo several forms of collateral damage. The buildup of



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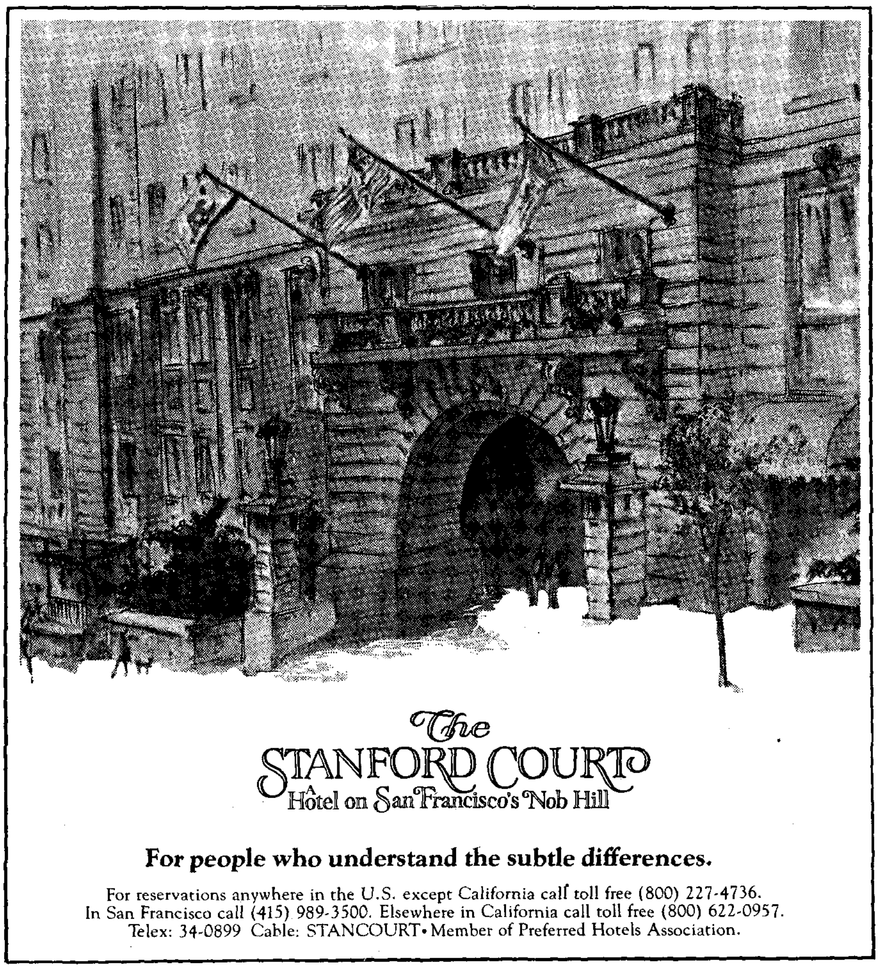

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pressure, the formation of hydrogen and carbon-dioxide gases, explosive reactions between molten metal and residual water in the building, and other phenomena could damage the containment building and allow radioactive contaminants to escape into the surrounding area.

The radioactive material in a typical commercial reactor represents an almost unimaginably large quantity of biologically hazardous material. Using the unit of measurement named after Marie Curie, a leading pioneer in nuclear physics, scientists describe the typical nuclear plant's normal accumulation of radioactive materials as about fifteen billion curies; a single curie is thirty-seven billion radioactive disintegrations per second. In terms that may better illustrate the potential hazard, it can be said that the long-lived radioactive material in a modern commercial reactor would be about equal to the long-lived radioactive fallout produced by the detonation of more than a thousand Hiroshima-sized nuclear weapons. Though there is no possibility of a nuclear explosion at any of today's commercial reactors, a simple leak of any appreciable portion of a plant's radioactive materials is all that is necessary to set the stage for a peacetime catastrophe that could exceed anything the nation has ever experienced. Some of the accumulated radioactive material is gaseous or volatile in form; this material, which is normally locked inside the uranium-fuel pellets, would be released in a meltdown. Various paths out of a damaged nuclear plant could allow an invisible, lethal cloud of radioactive gases to be blown across the neighboring countryside.

Several estimates have been made concerning the consequences of meltdown accidents. These consequences depend on population density near the plant, prevailing weather conditions, and the effectiveness of any evacuation that can be arranged, as well as on the circumstances of the accident itself. In "fortunate" cases—a seaside reactor and just the right wind direction—the neighboring population might be spared immediate injury, though the molten fuel, embedded in the ground under the plant, could leach large quantities of radioactive contaminants into the groundwater and neighboring bodies of water for decades. In less fortunate cases—for instance, a large release of radioactive gases upwind of a populated area under adverse weather conditions, such

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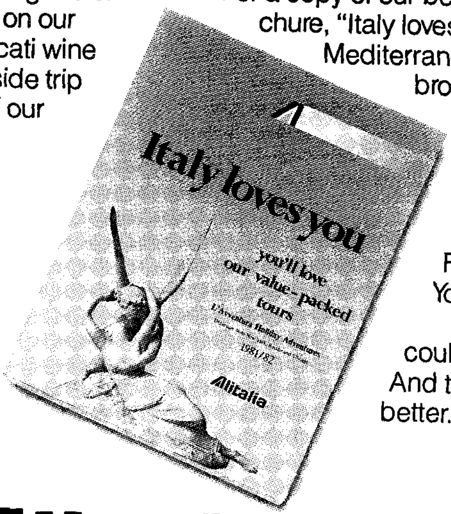
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as a temperature inversion, which would keep the radioactive cloud trapped close to the ground—widespread injuries could result. These would include both short-term, life-threatening injuries from acute radiation exposure and long-term increases in cancer and genetic defects induced in the exposed population by the punishing radiation that would emanate from the passing radioactive cloud. Ingestion and inhalation of radioactive materials would also contribute to the exposed population's radiation dose. According to the estimates published in an official government study of reactor safety completed in 1975, a major nuclear accident could result in thirty-three hundred immediate fatalities, forty-five thousand cases of acute radiation injury, and fourteen billion dollars in property damage. Longer-term health effects from the same hypothetical accident were estimated to include forty-five thousand latent-cancer fatalities, two hundred and forty thousand cases of thyroid tumors (caused by exposure to radioactive iodine, which would be released from the damaged reactor and concentrated in the thyroid after it was inhaled or ingested by the exposed population), and five thousand genetic defects in the first generation after the accident. Another government study, which was completed in 1965 by the Atomic Energy Commission but never published, concluded that a major reactor meltdown accident could create an "area of . . . disaster" that "might be equal to that of the State of Pennsylvania." The hypothetical reactor that could produce such an accident was a pressurized-water reactor only slightly larger than the one at Three Mile Island Unit 2. On March 28, 1979, during the critical early phase of the Three Mile Island accident, Unit 2—according to engineering estimates prepared by a special N.R.C. study group—came within thirty to sixty minutes of a meltdown.

The near-meltdown of Unit 2 represented a Class Nine accident—a supposedly "incredible" event that prompted Dr. Hanauer, a few days later, to issue a memo to top N.R.C. officials in which he announced certain "changes in my thinking." He wrote, "Core damage is credible." This new outlook on Class Nine accidents was also noted a few months later in a speech by Harold Collins, the N.R.C.'s assistant director for emergency preparedness. He remarked that as a result of the accident the "cherished" official notion that "the chances of a serious accident occurring were extremely remote . . . has, in my view and the view of others, been essentially 'knocked into a cocked hat.' "

THREE MILE ISLAND is a flat area of some four hundred acres, with rich, sandy silt underlaid by Gettysburg shale. It lies about nine hundred feet from the east bank of the Susquehanna River and ten miles southeast of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania's capital. The west bank of the river is just over a mile away, and about a mile and a half south of the island is the York Haven Dam. Some fifty miles below the island, the Susquehanna feeds into the head of Chesapeake Bay. Three Mile Island is in Dauphin County, in the middle of the heavily industrialized region of south-central Pennsylvania. The county has a population density of four hundred and thirty-one per square mile—seven times the national average—with the highest concentrations northwest of the island along the east bank of the river, including Harrisburg and such smaller municipalities as Steelton, Highspire, Middletown, and Royalton. There has always been vague official recognition of the fact that prudence requires the siting of nuclear plants at reasonable distances from populated areas, to minimize the number of people who might be injured by potential accidents, yet numerical criteria specifying the maximum allowable population density in the vicinity of a proposed plant site have never been issued by federal nuclear-safety authorities. In the late sixties, when the Atomic Energy Commission approved the construction of the Three Mile Island plant, there were six hundred and twenty-one thousand people living within twenty miles of the site.

Until recent years, Three Mile Island was actively farmed, like much of the land in Dauphin County and in neighboring York and Lancaster Counties. Some land in those counties is still used for dairy farming and poultry farming and for growing tobacco, vegetables, fruit, alfalfa, corn, and wheat. A farmer who leased two hundred and seventy acres of Three Mile Island in the nineteen-fifties and sixties used the land primarily to grow corn and tomatoes, and since there was no bridge to the island he transported his equipment and produce by barge. Seventy vacation cabins were built on the island, nestled in among its woodlands. As in many a near-paradise, there was luxuriant poison ivy and no

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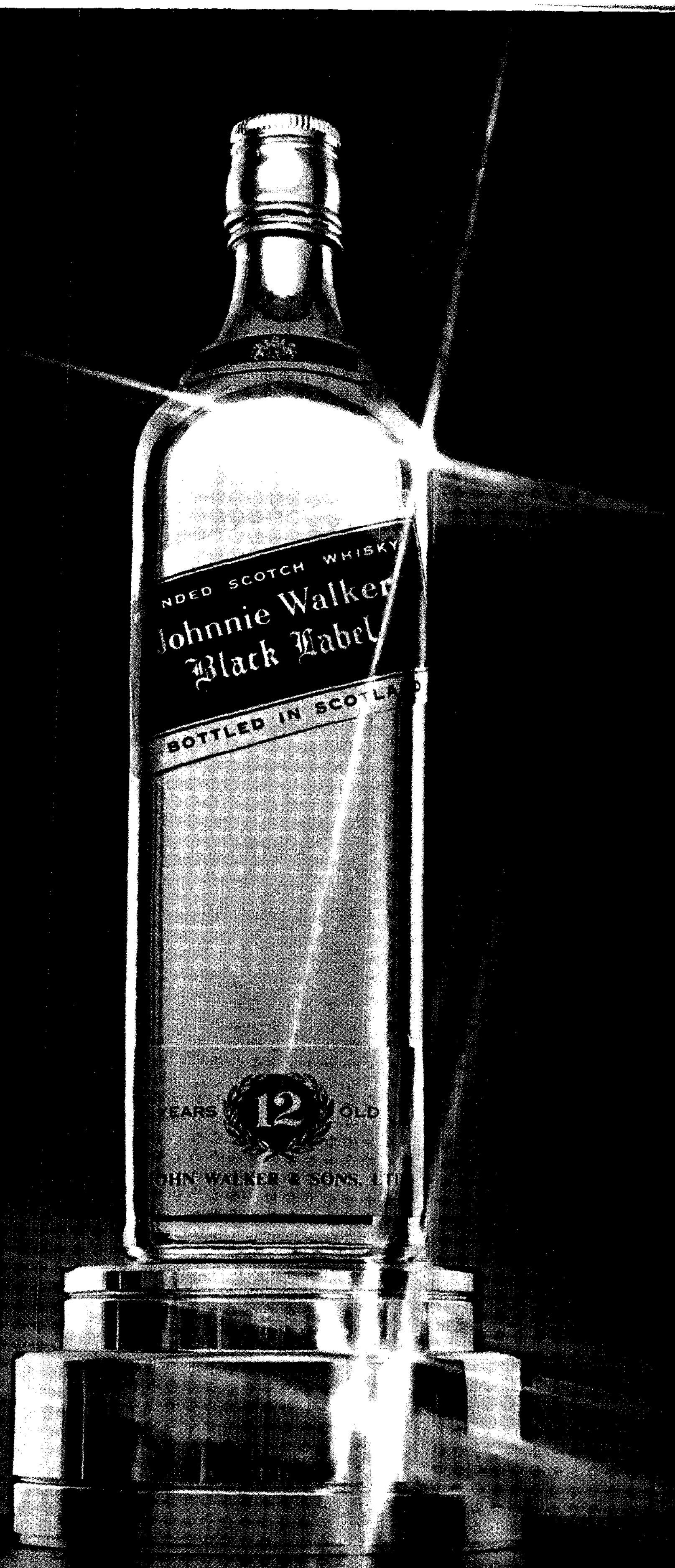
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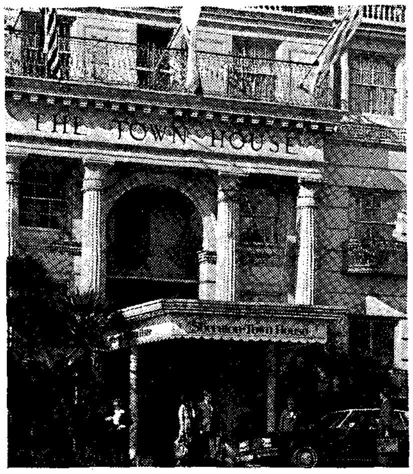
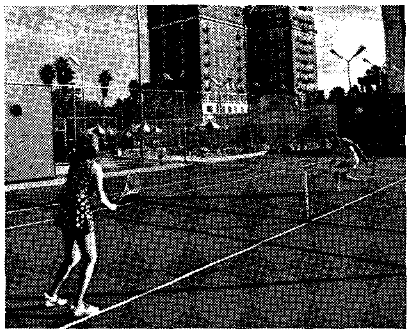
electricity. Most game animals of interest to hunters could be found on Three Mile Island. The Susquehanna River southwest of the island and just above York Haven Dam was a popular spot for sportfishing.

Since early in this century, Three Mile Island has been owned by utility companies—the General Public Utilities Corporation and its predecessors—which leased portions of it for farming and recreational use. G.P.U., the nation's seventeenth-largest investor-owned electric utility, is a holding company based in Parsippany, New Jersey. Three G.P.U. operating subsidiaries—Metropolitan Edison, the Pennsylvania Electric Company, and the Jersey Central Power & Light Company—serve a total of more than one and a half million customers in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In 1966, G.P.U. announced that it wanted to use Three Mile Island to further a regional power-development plan by making it the site of a commercial nuclear power station. The application to construct Three Mile Island Unit 1 was filed with the Atomic Energy Commission on May 1, 1967. The proposed plant was to be operated by Metropolitan Edison. The company also decided that it would add a second unit to its Oyster Creek Nuclear Generating Station, in Toms River, New Jersey, which would be operated by the Jersey Central Power & Light Company. A construction-permit application for this plant was filed on April 29, 1968. In January of 1969, however, because of labor problems affecting the New Jersey site, G.P.U. announced that the additional plant intended for Oyster Creek would instead be built as Three Mile Island Unit 2. It would be owned jointly by the three G.P.U. subsidiaries and operated by Metropolitan Edison. The A.E.C. processed the applications for the two Three Mile Island nuclear plants expeditiously, held brief public hearings, and issued the appropriate construction permits. The permit for Unit 1 was issued on May 18, 1968, and the one for Unit 2 on November 4, 1969. The A.E.C.'s regulatory staff wrote an official "Safety-Evaluation Report" for each plant, stating that there was "reasonable assurance" that the proposed plant could operate "without undue risk to the health and safety of the public."

There was nothing about the design of either Unit 1 or Unit 2 that specially prompted a broad and reassuring official conclusion about the plant's prospective safety. In truth, the A.E.C. regulatory staff, according to its standard practice, never reviewed—or even saw—the detailed designs for these or other proposed nuclear plants before issuing the official safety-evaluation reports that approved their construction. Under established A.E.C. licensing procedures, utility companies seeking federal approval to build a nuclear power plant faced minimal requirements; they were merely asked to submit a generalized "summary" description of the proposed facility (which instead of detailed drawings of safety-system design included what some A.E.C. safety experts referred to as "cartoons") and to make a commitment (which A.E.C. officials privately called a "bunch of promises") that the plant would be built according to federal safety standards. On this basis, the A.E.C., relying on the good sense and good faith of what it regarded as "self-regulating" companies rather than on thorough independent checking and detailed federal safety instructions, had issued dozens of nuclear-plant-construction permits before those for Three Mile Island. When these two plants were proposed, the A.E.C., without much pause for reflection, followed its usual procedure and awarded its official safety imprimatur almost automatically. After all, the A.E.C. had set up such coöperative licensing arrangements with the emerging nuclear industry because, under the terms of the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, the agency's function was to promote as well as to regulate nuclear energy. This dual and conflicting mandate, if adhered to scrupulously, might have created a continuing struggle between the A.E.C.'s ambitions and its prudence. Things hardly came to that, however, because from its earliest days the promotional role dominated all other A.E.C. interests and obligations. The A.E.C. became so steadfastly devoted to an enlarged nuclear-power program that nuclear-plant-construction permits flowed from the agency to the industry with almost no close individual scrutiny or extensive deliberation. It was easy to approve the Three Mile Island Nuclear Station, because this facility could be treated as just one of a batch of Babcock & Wilcox nuclear plants, whose construction, approved by the A.E.C., had already begun.

When Unit 1 was completed, in





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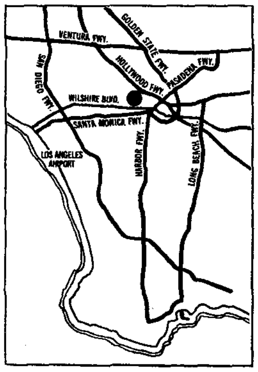

1974, the A.E.C. issued a federal operating license for the facility. Then, in 1978, when work on Unit 2 was finished, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, having replaced the A.E.C. as the federal nuclear-licensing authority, issued the formal certificates permitting Unit 2 to go into commercial service. N.R.C. officials were aware of still unresolved questions—noted in private A.E.C. files, which contained such documents as Dr. Hanauer's memorandum of July 17, 1969, on the problem of potential common-mode failures—that materially affected the safety of this plant and others authorized for construction by its predecessor agency. (The N.R.C. couldn't help knowing of these matters, because practically every A.E.C. regulatory official, including Dr. Hanauer himself, had gone to work for the N.R.C. when the new agency was formed.) Before licensing Unit 2, N.R.C. experts had flagged some fourteen "open safety items"—problems needing further technical evaluation—including one that dealt with the ability of the plant's safety apparatus to control small loss-of-coolant accidents (such as can be created by stuck-open relief valves). But the N.R.C., carried forward by the A.E.C.'s momentum and by the commitment of successive Administrations to nuclear expansion, licensed Three Mile Island Unit 2 anyway. According to Governor Bruce Babbitt, of Arizona, who heads a new Presidential Nuclear Safety Oversight Committee, which reviews the N.R.C.'s performance, Unit 2 was licensed on the basis of the "unquestioned assumption by the N.R.C. . . . that any utility that wanted to produce nuclear power could do so—a policy that no matter how small or unsophisticated the utility, it was eventually entitled to wrap its arms around a nuclear reactor."

There had been little local opposition to the proposal to convert Three Mile Island into a nuclear generating complex. The Metropolitan Edison Company had adopted a course that has become customary for American utility companies entering the nuclear-power business: it had pursued a low-key but aggressive public-relations strategy. Local officials were taken on tours of the site and provided with data emphasizing the economic advantages that would accrue to the region as a result of the project. Local newspapers were provided with the same information, and it was approvingly passed on to their readers. One strong selling

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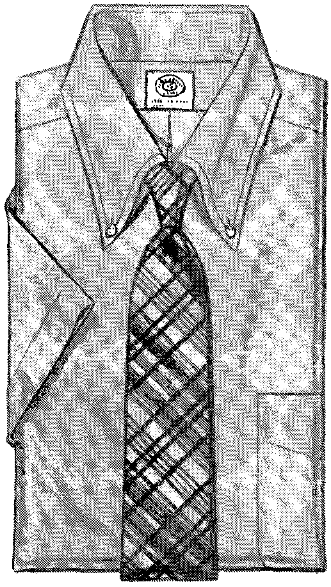

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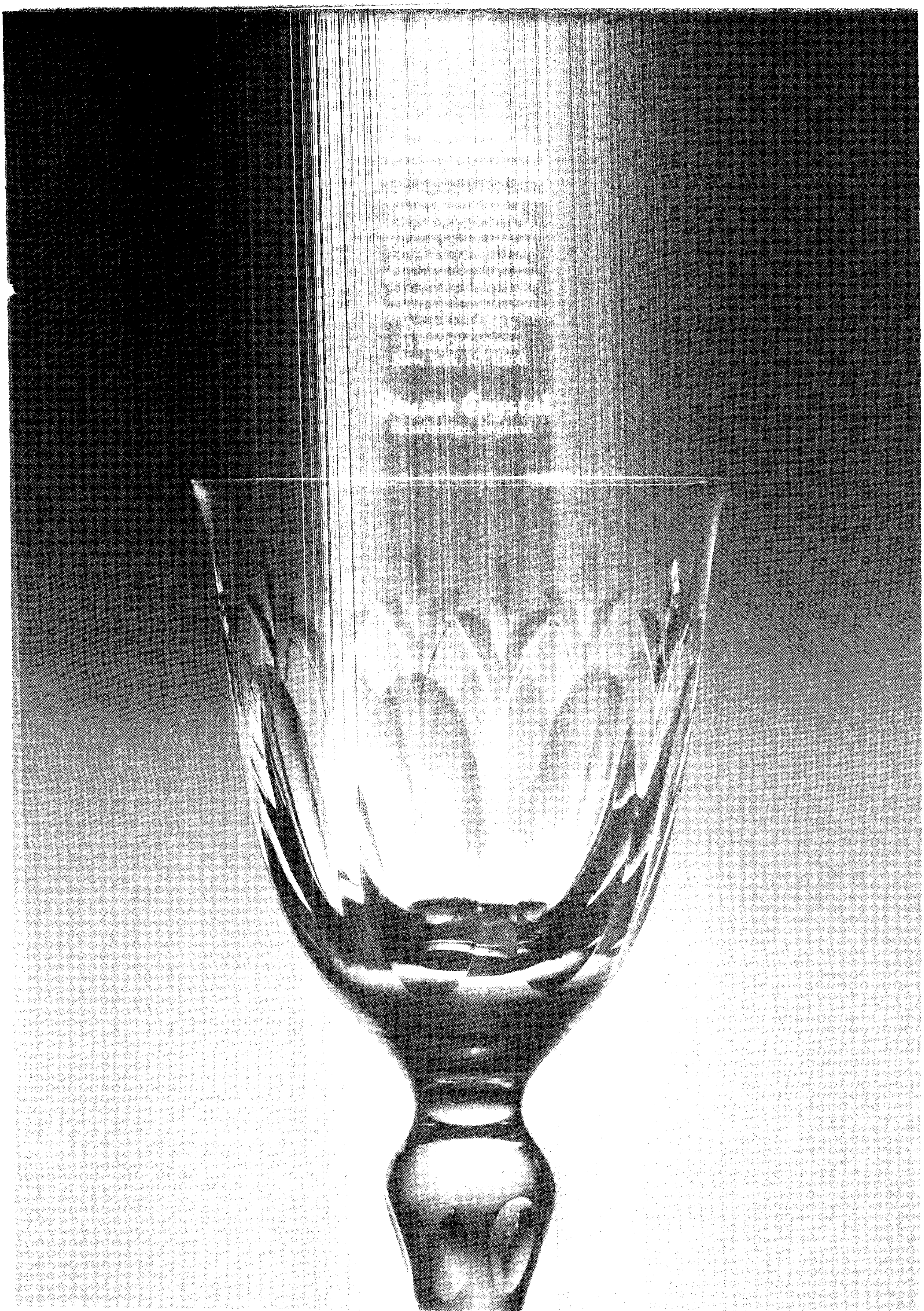

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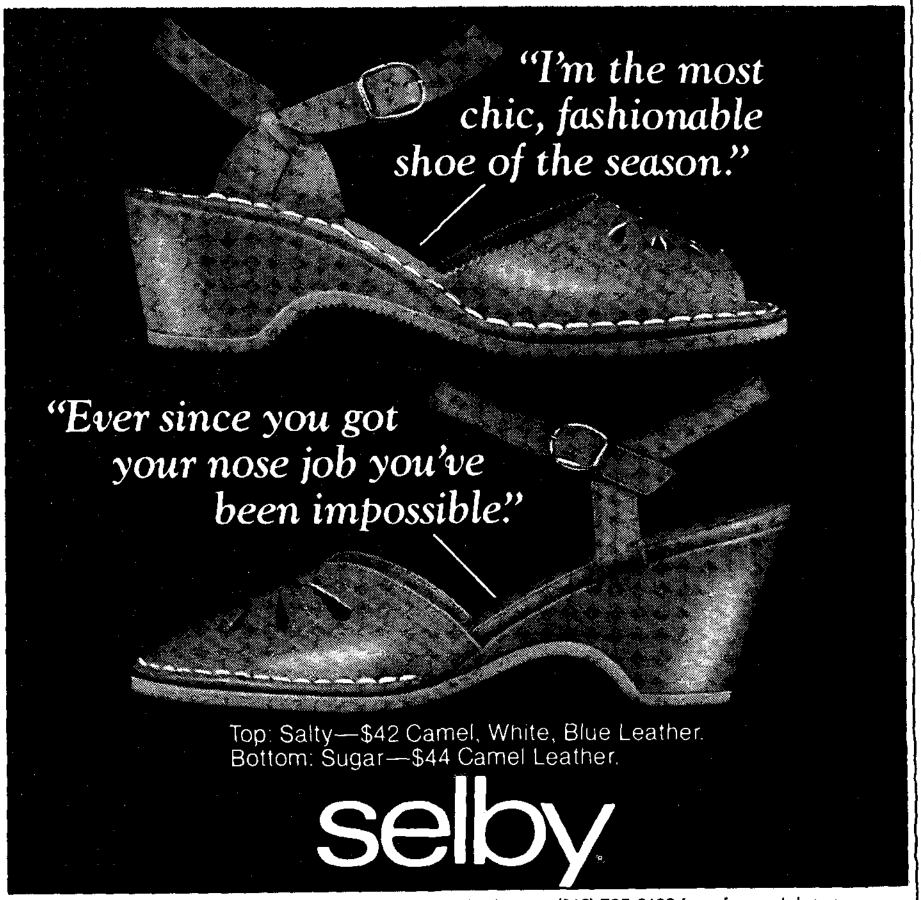
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point was the boost that the plant-construction activities would give local business, the housing market, and even the school system; the construction, it was said, would help the area recover from the closing, in 1964, of the nearby Olmsted Air Force Base, which had been one of the largest employers in the region. And, indeed, in 1972, at the peak of construction on Three Mile Island, the project employed a work force of thirty-one hundred and twenty. The local Chamber of Commerce was persuaded without difficulty of the merits of the nuclear plant, and local unions provided further support for the project, which was entirely a union job. Met Ed obligingly relocated the existing Three Mile Island summer cottages on other islands in the river, and proposed an extensive recreation complex on Three Mile Island itself as a further spur to local acceptance. People in the communities abutting Three Mile Island expressed little concern about their safety, and over the years they received mostly comforting news on the subject from the local newspapers, whose reporters had benefitted from information supplied by Metropolitan Edison. (A feature article that appeared in the Harrisburg *Evening News* on January 14, 1969, for example, had the headline "ON THREE MILE ISLAND: NUCLEAR REACTOR IS NOTHING TO GET 'STEAMED UP' OVER." Such articles were highly effective in reassuring the local population; this one, by Alec Green, pointed out that one of the main materials used in the plant was boric acid, which, it said, was nothing more than "just plain eyewash.") The few citizens who worried about the plant—about, for example, possible aircraft accidents caused by the proximity of the plant's large cooling towers to Harrisburg International Airport (formerly Olmsted Air Force Base), about the effects of low-level radiation from the plant, and about the lack of adequate evacuation plans in the event of an accident—were unable to muster the financial resources or the political clout needed to mount an effective challenge to the company. Efforts by these citizens to press their concerns through legal action did not succeed in preventing the construction and operation of the facilities, nor was community sentiment in favor of the plant greatly altered by the efforts of the local activists.

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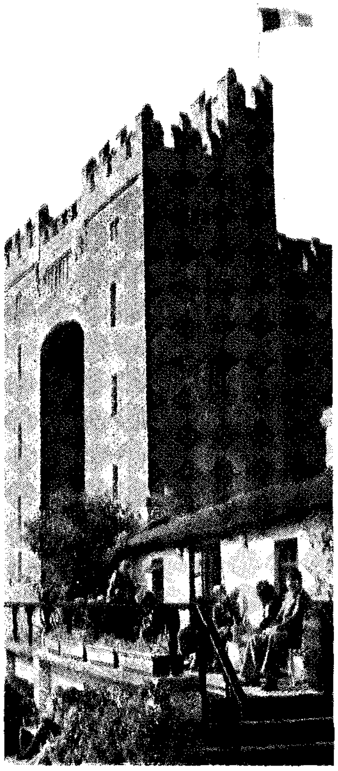

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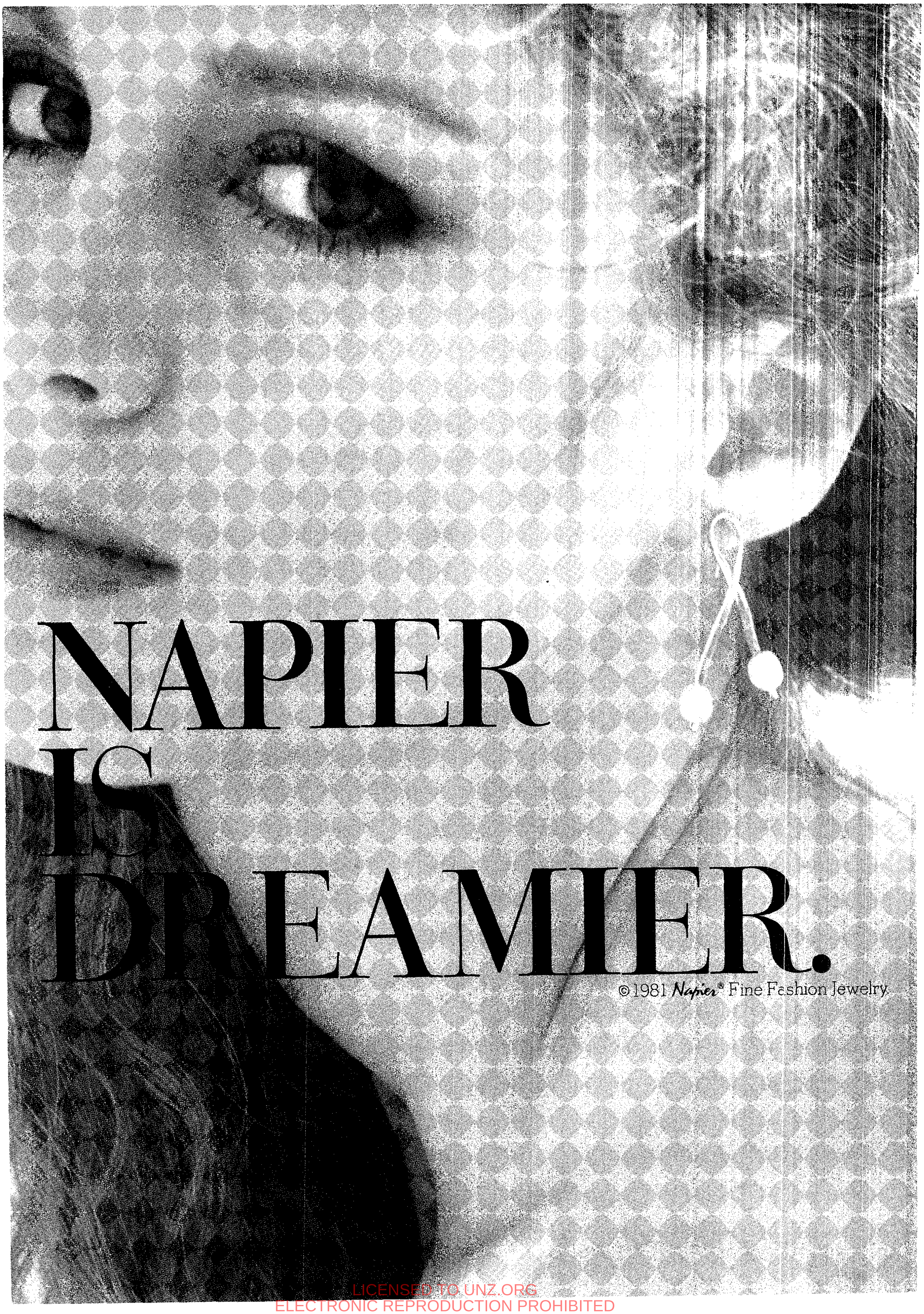
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brief strikes; from Hurricane Agnes and consequent flooding, in 1972; and from financing problems that the company experienced as it tried to meet the increasing costs of the project. Unit 1, which had been expected to cost a hundred and ten million dollars, was completed at a cost of nearly four hundred million. Unit 2, whose completion was delayed several times by lack of funds, was supposed to cost a hundred and thirty million dollars, but by the time it went into commercial operation, on December 30, 1978, its total cost was estimated to be more than seven hundred million. The combined bill for the project was thus one billion one hundred million dollars. Cost escalation of this magnitude has been a recurring problem for the commercial nuclear-power industry in the United States.

THE high cost of building large nuclear power stations such as Three Mile Island Unit 2 has had a subtle but pervasive impact on the safety of these facilities, and it played an influential background role in bringing about the events of March 28, 1979. With their high fixed costs, the only way nuclear plants can produce power economically is by operating as close to a hundred per cent of their capacity as they can for as much of the year as possible. On-again, off-again operation that left a billion-dollar nuclear plant idle much of the time would vastly increase the cost of the electricity it generated; the fixed costs would have to be spread over a smaller output of electricity. Accordingly, utility companies want to have their nuclear plants operating at high capacity to provide continuous "base load" electric production for their customers; the companies rely on less expensive conventional power plants to meet daily and seasonal periods of peak demand.

In the effort to keep their nuclear units at full power day in and day out, except for an annual refuelling shutdown of a few weeks, utility companies frequently find themselves under intense pressure to compromise on safety. To acknowledge safety problems might be to expose themselves to mandatory equipment changes or repairs that could mean extensive plant shutdowns; their tendency, therefore, is to discount evidence of possible safety problems and to keep their nuclear units on line. Even when equipment defects or safety difficulties are acknowledged, there is a strong finan-

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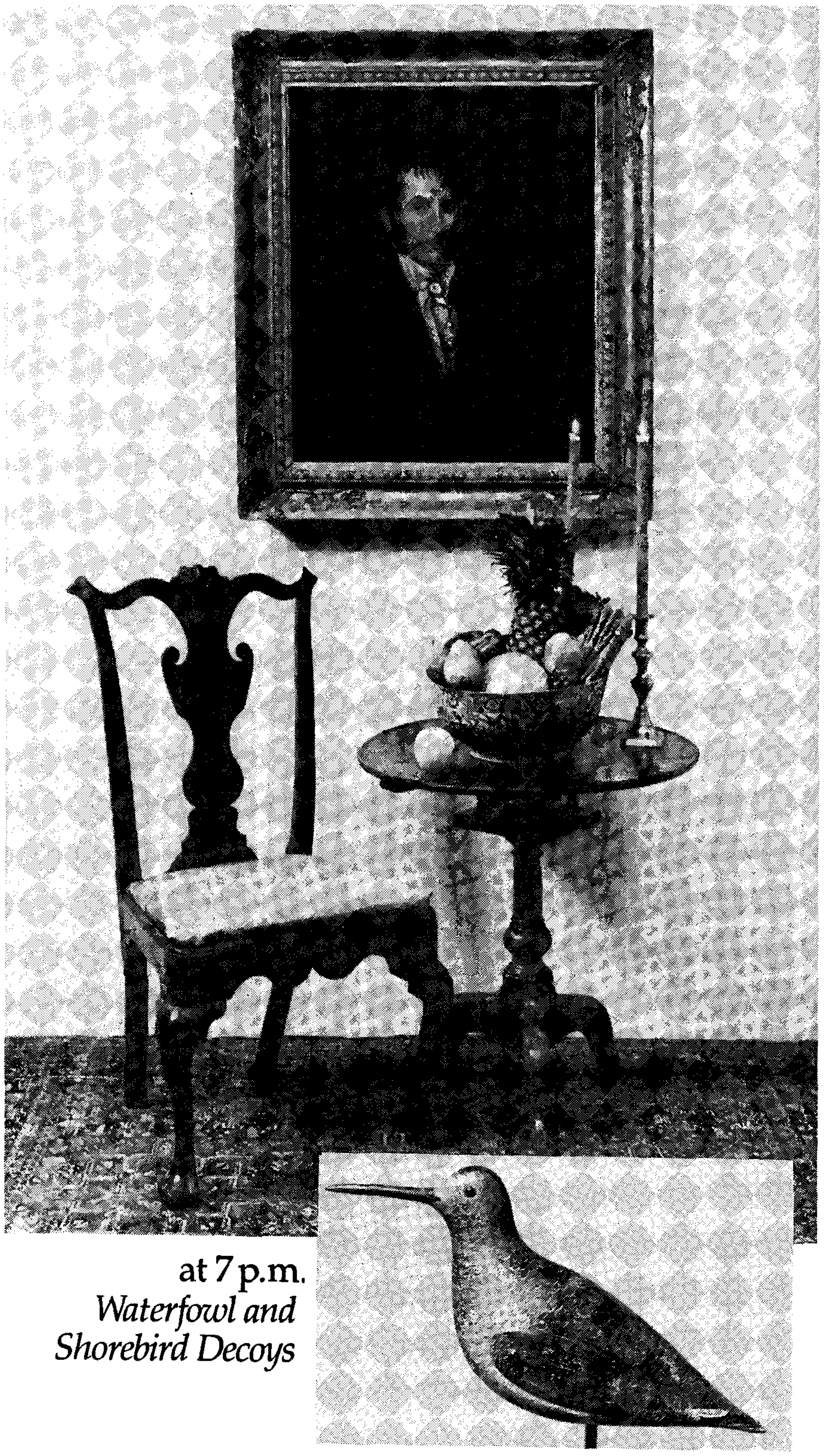

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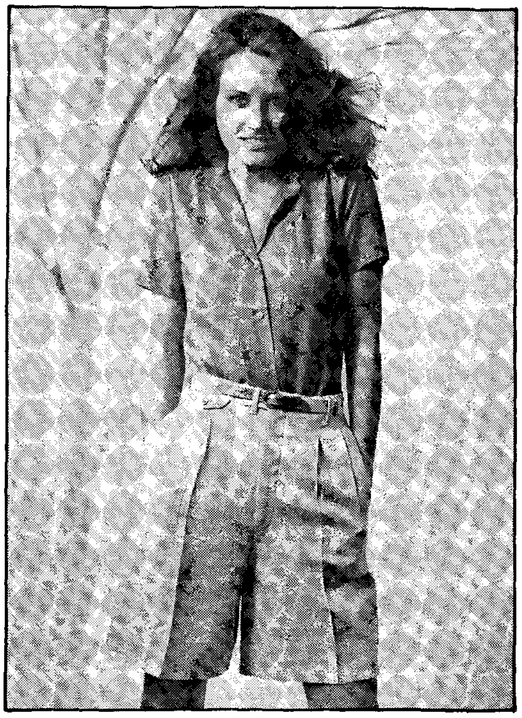

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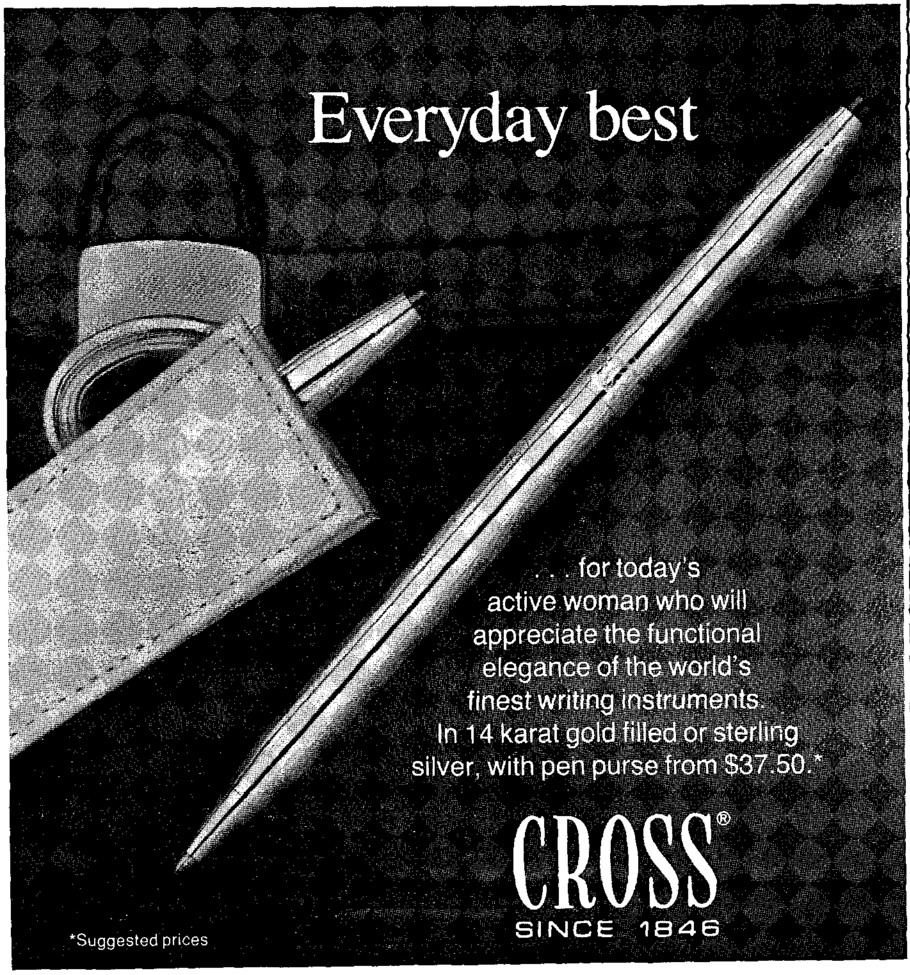

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cial incentive for the companies to try to delay necessary repairs that would require the plant to cease operation, even temporarily. The established practice is to seek to put off major repairs until the next scheduled refuelling shutdown, which might be several months away—or, if federal officials permit, to postpone the repairs still longer. The solutions to newly discovered safety problems are not always immediately obvious, and the companies are naturally unwilling to keep their expensive nuclear plants out of service for an indefinite period—it might stretch into years—while research and testing are undertaken to find answers to intricate safety questions. When such research is completed, moreover, the nuclear utility companies strongly resist proposals to improve the plants with new safety equipment, however useful or necessary. Although the state of the art of nuclear safety has changed very rapidly in the last decade, there has been an underlying financial obstacle to the introduction of improved safety technology: not only the direct costs of new devices but also the costs that would arise from what might be a prolonged shutdown while the new equipment was installed or some part of the plant rebuilt. Utility companies have thus steadfastly opposed any general policy that would require them to upgrade their nuclear plants on a regular basis to keep them supplied with the best available safety technology. The Atomic Energy Commission, in the interests of protecting the economic viability of nuclear electric-power production, routinely exempted nuclear plants already built from meeting subsequently developed federal safety standards, and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission retained this forgiving attitude toward the safety problems of nuclear plants already operating. As a result, new federal regulations almost always contain a grandfather clause that allows existing plants to continue in operation without the safety design changes or improvements mandated for new plants. This policy, in the view of some of the government's senior safety analysts, has led to the accumulation of increasing numbers of operating nuclear plants with pronounced safety defects.

The safety compromises made by the Metropolitan Edison Company and permitted by federal safety policies formulated to encourage the expansion of the commercial nuclear industry were very much in evidence on the

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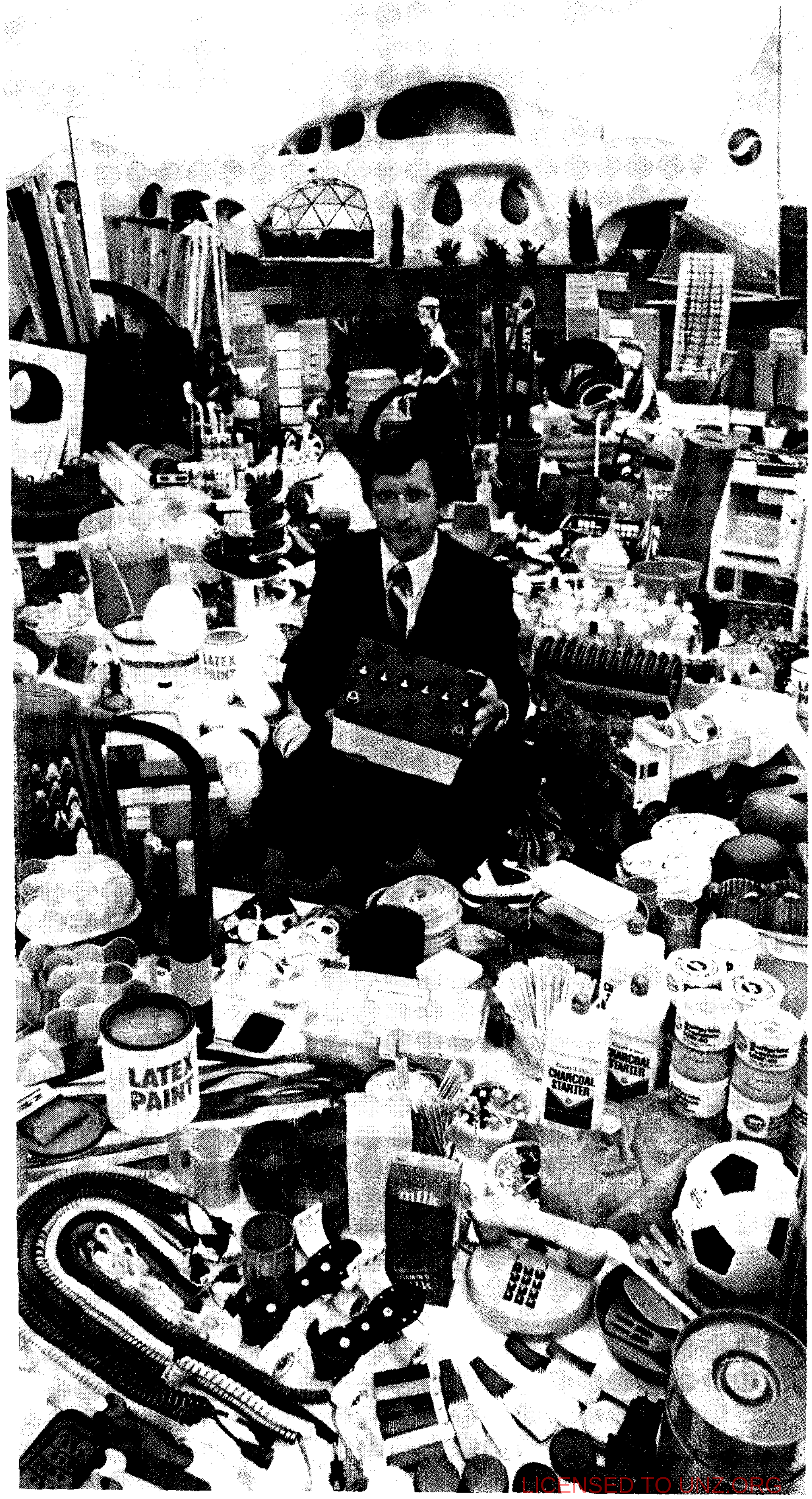

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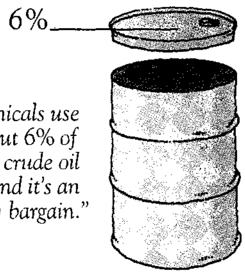

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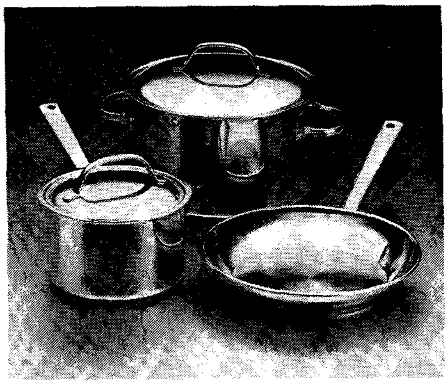
morning of March 28, 1979. One standard cost-minimizing shortcut that the company had adopted was a program for carrying out much of the required routine testing and maintenance on the plant while it was in operation rather than when the reactor was safely shut down. No one would think of performing major equipment checks or maintenance on an airplane in flight—disassembling and cleaning its landing gear, for example—but utility companies commonly do something very much like that to avoid frequent, costly shutdowns of their nuclear units. This effort to keep plants running during testing and maintenance has at least two manifest risks. First, such work might inadvertently interfere with the equipment that is keeping the plant in steady operation, and so cause a serious accident. Second, standby safety equipment that is deliberately taken out of service for tests or maintenance would not be available (or its operation might be delayed) if an accident that necessitated the use of this equipment occurred while the work was under way. (There are some requirements aimed at insuring that only a limited amount of a plant's basic safety apparatus will be intentionally disabled at any one time, but these requirements have been neither comprehensively set out nor diligently followed.) There is a third risk posed by maintenance and testing, regardless of whether it is performed while the plant is operating or while it is shut down, and that is the possible failure to return equipment to service or to restore the plant to its normal condition after these tasks are completed—for example, a failure to reopen valves that were closed or to restore electrical power that was shut off. The first of these risks materialized as the immediate cause of the Three Mile Island accident (the maintenance being performed on the polishers, which led to the failure of the main feedwater system), and the third category of maintenance-related safety risks was evidenced in the two closed valves (apparently shut during emergency-feedwater-pump tests two days before the accident, and not reopened) that disabled the entire emergency feedwater system.

THE maintenance that had to be performed on the polishers at Unit 2 was a necessary, unglamorous chore—one of the numberless small tasks connected with the day-to-day operation of the plant. Each of the eight polishers held a twenty-eight-day supply of the resin beads used to filter out impurities from the cooling water. The system had been designed so that only seven polishers would be needed while the plant was operating, and one could be out of service for maintenance. But even though it was intended that maintenance on the polishers would take place when the reactor was running at full power, the safety problems that might arise from this practice were not carefully investigated when the plant was designed. What now appears to be a serious oversight was officially permitted under N.R.C. regulations, because the polishers, like much of the other equipment in Unit 2—including such items as the main feedwater system, the relief valve, and the pressurizer-level instruments, all of which figured so prominently in the March 28th accident—were classified as "non-safety-related" components. (The N.R.C. permitted this classification in order to spare utility companies the extra costs of complying with the elaborate requirements imposed on "safety-related" equipment.) Consequently, there were no detailed federal safety requirements governing the design of the polishers, there were no routine federal safety reviews of them during plant licensing, and their performance was not examined during the N.R.C.'s standard plant inspections. By classifying the polishers as non-safety-related, the N.R.C. had effectively waived all regulatory requirements over them. Since the polishers were exempted from federal safety rules, they were bought from an outside manufacturer, L.A. Water Treatment, and were installed in Unit 2 without the standard scrutiny that Metropolitan Edison's designers gave to safety-related equipment. Indeed, when investigators went to Unit 2 after the accident they found that the plant officials did not even have accurate engineering drawings and schematics for the Unit 2 polisher system; the drawings that were available showed valves in the wrong places, identified components improperly, and had air-line positions and interconnections incorrectly displayed. Also missing were other types of useful drawings—showing, for example, how the polishers related to other plant systems and equipment.

The periodic removal of spent resins from the polishers had been a chronic problem at Unit 2. The detritus inside the polishers had to be flushed into a receiving tank through a small



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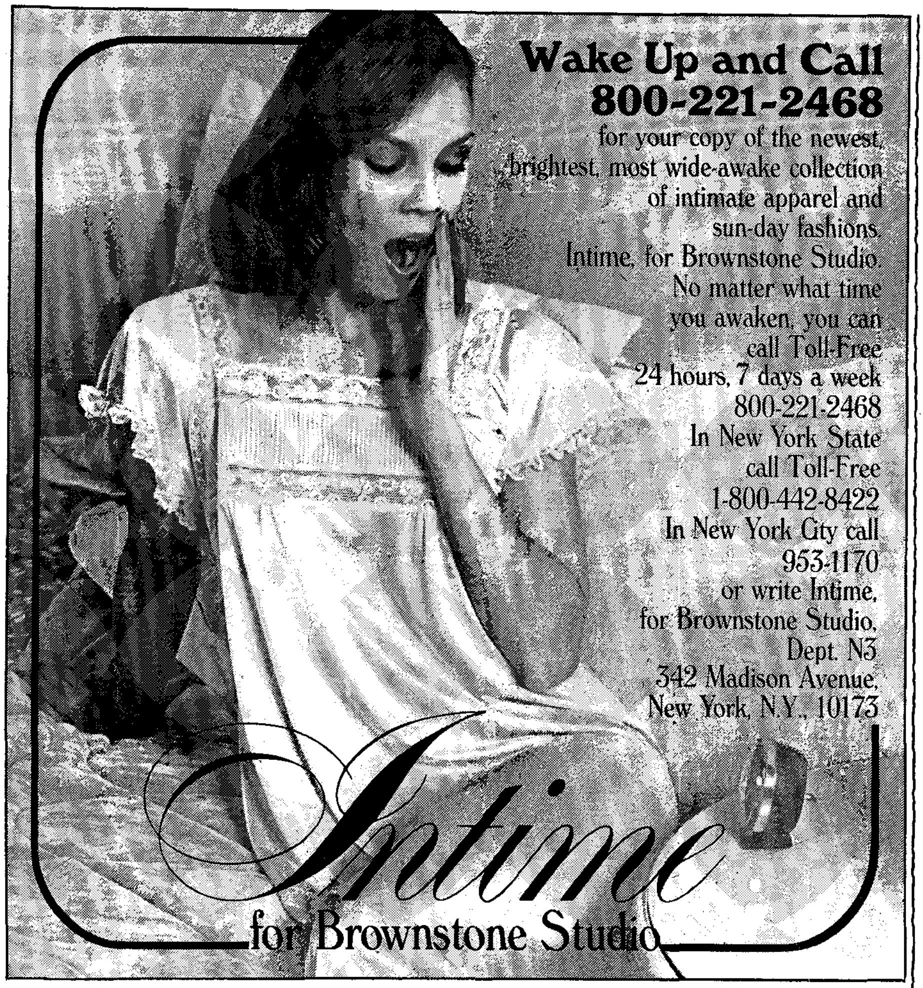
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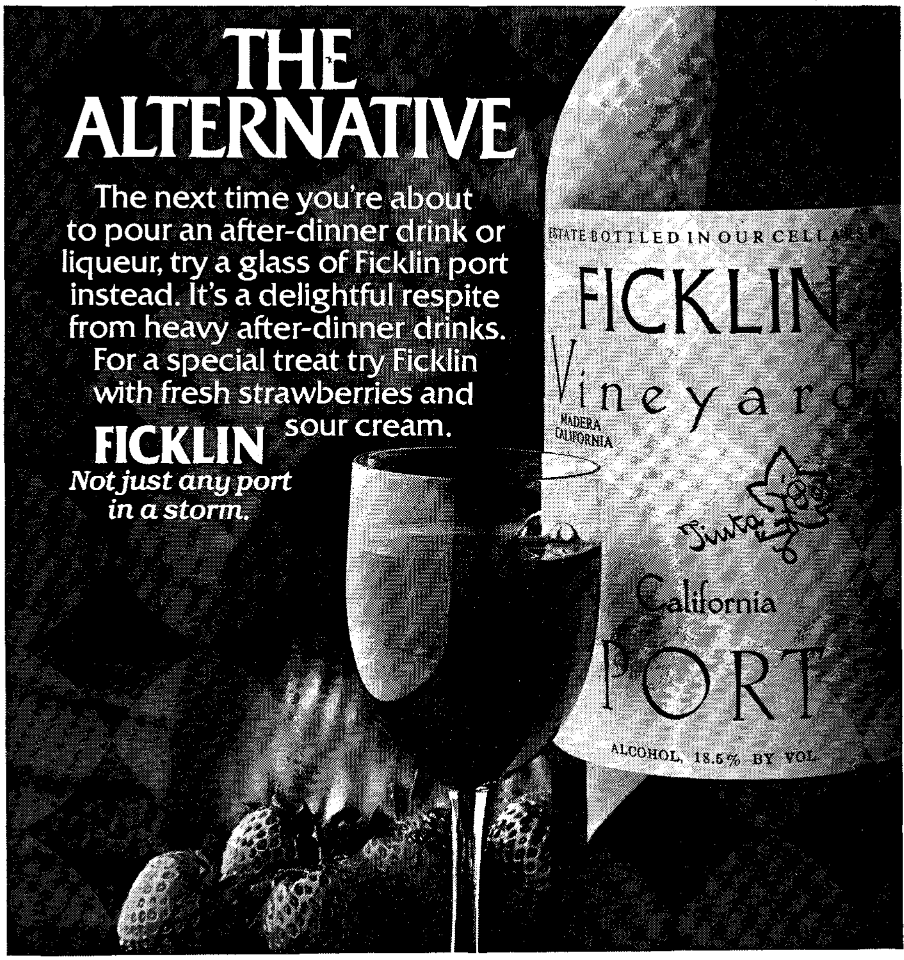

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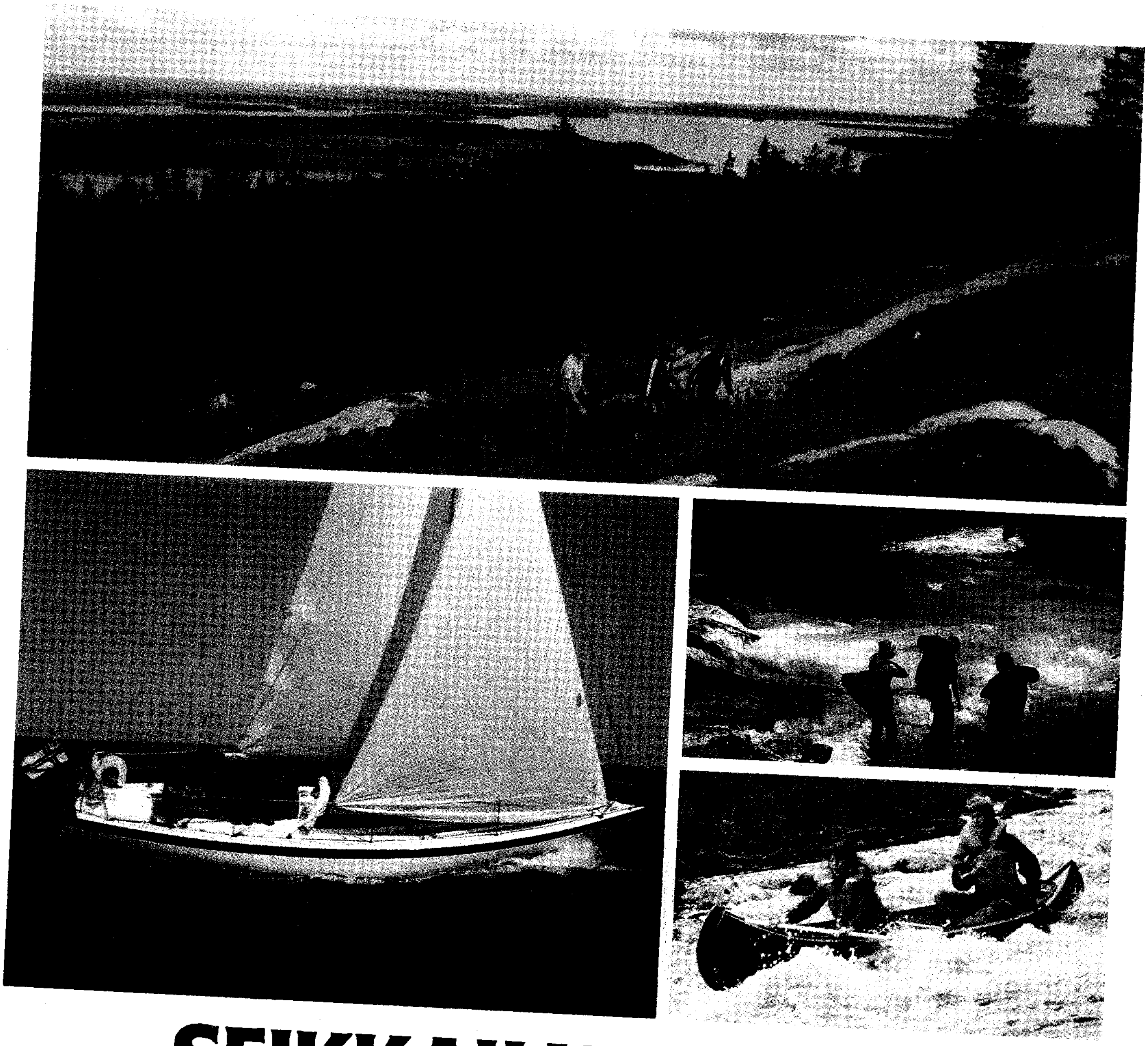
transfer line that frequently clogged up. Maintenance logs indicate that there was a problem with about one of every twelve transfers. The recurrent difficulties had been reported to the plant's management, but satisfactory corrective action—such as installing alternative filtration processes or modifying the transfer pipe—had not been undertaken. Maintenance workers were simply instructed to try to overcome the blockage by injecting water and compressed air into the transfer line—a seemingly straightforward procedure that actually had serious potential complications, because of leaky valves in the compressed-air system, which sometimes allowed water to seep into it. Since other equipment in the plant—such as instruments that controlled valves directing the flow of water to the main feedwater system—depended on this compressed-air supply, water in the air lines could precipitate a series of malfunctions in the plant. This tie-in meant that a clogged transfer line in the polisher could create more than a localized inconvenience that delayed routine maintenance; it could escalate into real trouble—a fact that had been known for at least seventeen months before the accident at Unit 2.

On October 19, 1977, a maintenance worker removing spent resins from Polisher No. 2 noticed that some of the air-operated equipment on the polisher's control panel had water running out of it. The technician had been using the standard water-plus-compressed-air method of flushing out the polisher's transfer line. Then, suddenly, a set of valves on the polisher system unexpectedly closed, cutting off the flow of cooling water through the polishers and causing the main feedwater system to fail completely. Fortunately, the Unit 2 reactor was not running, since Unit 2 was still in its pre-operational testing phase. But the serious implications of this maintenance-related failure were clear. As the event was summarized in an internal memorandum by John Brummer and Michael Ross, two senior members of the plant's technical staff, which was dated November 14, 1977, the maintenance work had inadvertently created "a total loss of feedwater," so that if the reactor had been operating "the unit would have been placed in a severe transient"—abnormal—"condition." The memo recommended nine corrective actions, but they were rejected in a cryptic memo, dated November 17, 1977, from R. J. Toole, the



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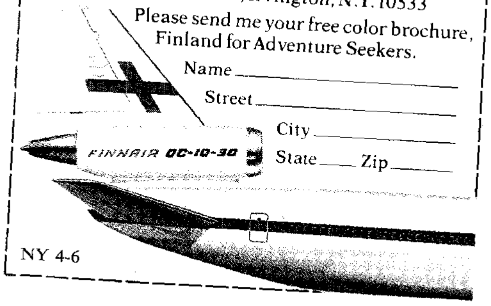

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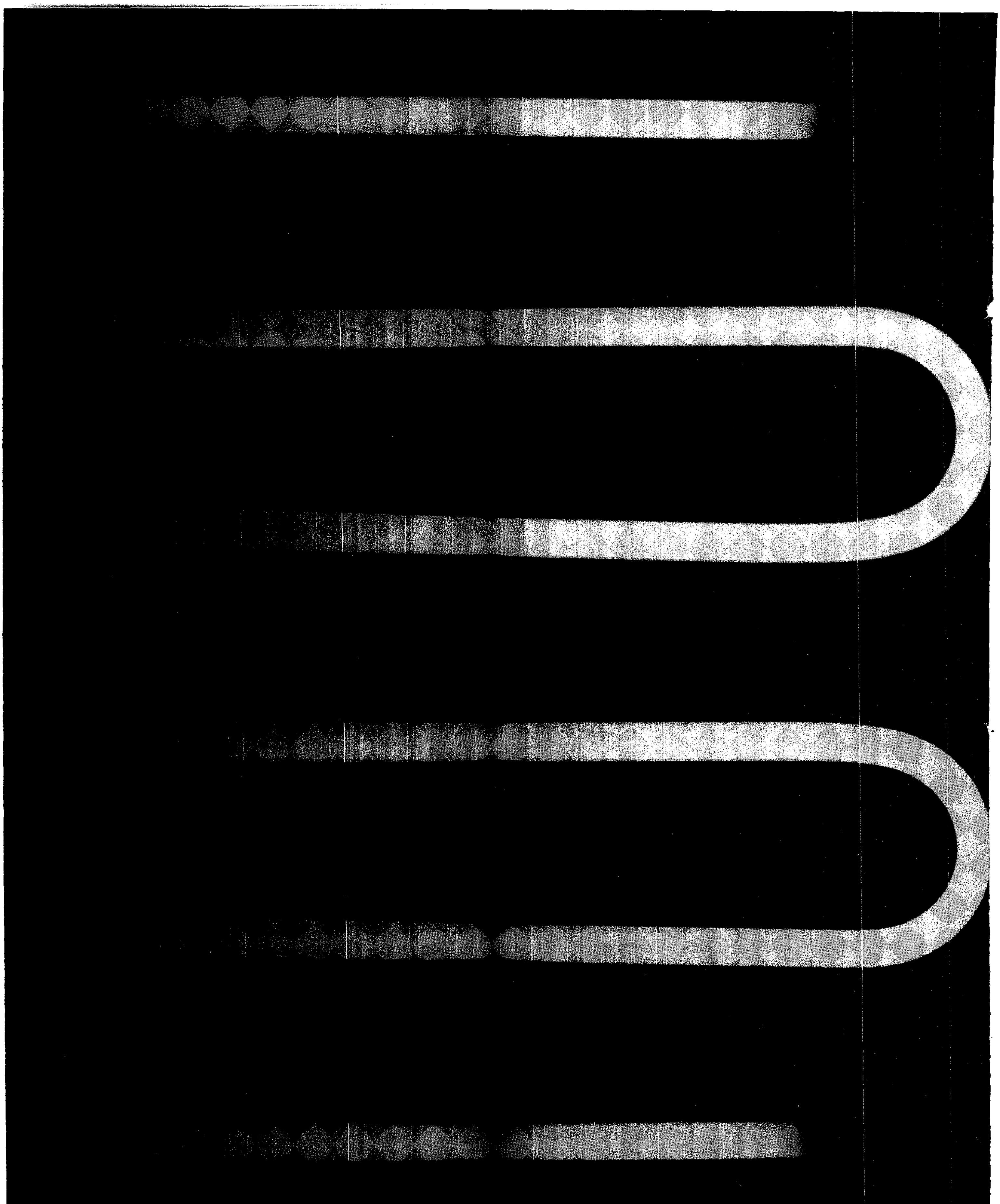

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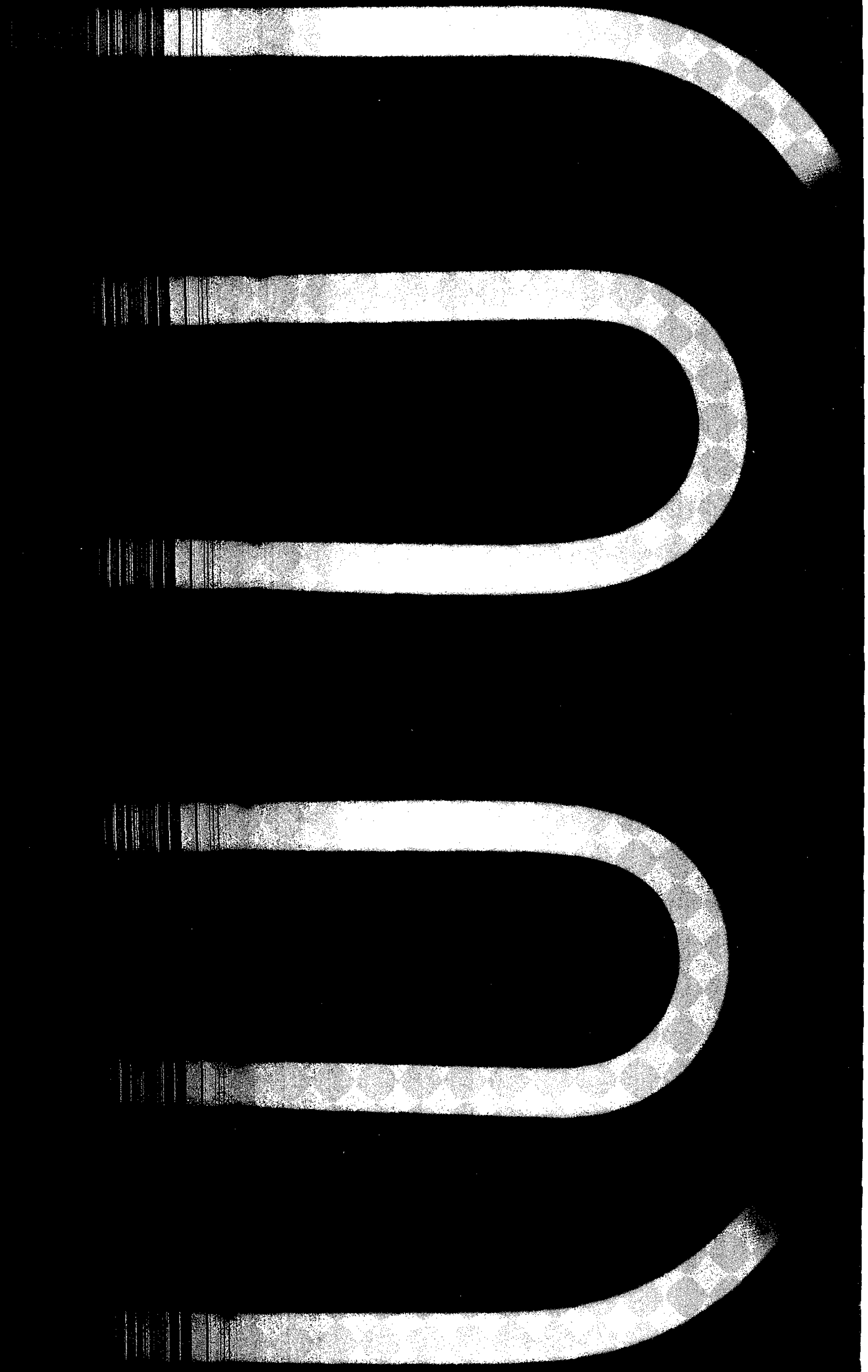

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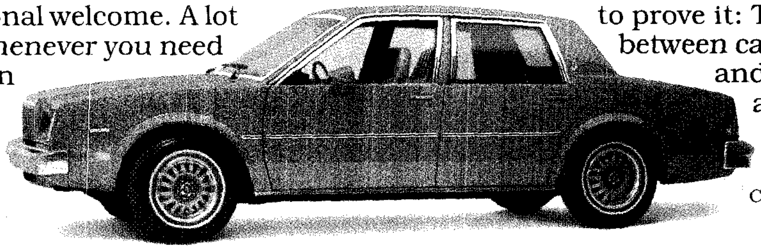

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director of G.P.U.'s start-up operations; he wrote, "No further action required."

The problem did not go away, however. On May 12, 1978, while spent resins were being transferred out of Polisher No. 7, key valves on the polisher once again unexpectedly slammed shut, disabling the entire feedwater system. Since the reactor was not running at the time, the problem was once again passed over by plant management—this time despite a sharply worded memorandum from the shift supervisor, William Zewe, dated May 15, 1978. Zewe's memo, concerning water in the air and instrument lines, said, "It's time to really do something on this problem before a very serious accident occurs. If the polishers take themselves offline at any high level of power, resultant damage could be very significant." Zewe recommended, as Brummer and Ross had after the earlier loss-of-feedwater incident, that a "bypass" system be installed. If the cooling-water flow *through* the polishers was accidentally cut off by the maintenance crew, a fast-acting, automatic bypass that kept the water flowing *around* the polishers could prevent an abrupt disruption of the normal reactor-cooling process, all three plant officials said. This recommendation was never acted upon.

Unit 2, in sum, had been operating with a documented history of maintenance-caused failures in its main feedwater system—a situation that had been reported to, but tolerated by, plant management. The accident that occurred on March 28, 1979, initiated by routine work on the polisher system, was in essential respects a replay of the episodes of October 19, 1977, and May 12, 1978—with, of course, the major difference that the Unit 2 reactor, instead of being safely shut down, was operating at ninety-seven per cent of full power.

THE types of human error that caused and then exacerbated the Three Mile Island accident were not freak occurrences that can be dismissed as the bad luck of a particular maintenance crew at one individual power plant on a randomly selected day. Government records show that maintenance-caused accidents—and safety-system failures attributable to improper maintenance procedures—are among the dominant, widespread, and recurring safety problems in the American commercial nuclear-power industry. These and other forms of human error were listed as the cause of eighteen per cent of all the serious nuclear-plant malfunctions reported to the N.R.C. in 1978, according to the agency's statistics. To see the Three Mile Island accident as part of this persistent pattern of nuclear-plant safety deficiencies is to understand more fully not only how the accident came about but also what the accident implies about the general state of safety in the other nuclear plants now operating in the United States.

To find documentation of how human error can cause plant accidents, one need dig no further in the government records than the accident that up until the events at Three Mile Island had been regarded as the most serious in the nuclear program's history. This accident, which occurred at the Browns Ferry Nuclear Plant, near Decatur, Alabama, on March 22, 1975, involved a fire in the plant's electrical system which was started by a workman's candle. The plant, which, like Three Mile Island, had been in commercial operation for only a few months, was undergoing a post-construction modification, and this work required technicians to check for air leaks in a section of the electrical system where some cables passed through the reactor-building wall. The plant had three nuclear reactors, two of which were operating at full power. An electrician's aide, twenty years old and untrained, who had been on the job only two days, was holding a lighted candle and watching its flame flicker as an indication of possible air leaks. He found a leak, and in the process accidentally set a fire that burned uncontrolled in Unit 1 for seven and a half hours and badly damaged sixteen hundred electrical cables, including six hundred and eighteen cables that were connected to plant safety systems. The fire burned through the cables and swiftly crippled the plant—and especially its emergency cooling apparatus. The error resulted in a common-mode failure that simultaneously incapacitated multiple safety systems. The plant's superintendent, Harry J. Green, has commented, "We had lost redundant components that we didn't think you could lose." Six years later, the debate about how narrowly the Browns Ferry plant escaped a meltdown accident is still going on.

Another accident related to improper testing and maintenance occurred at the Zion Nuclear Power Station, in Zion, Illinois, on July 12,

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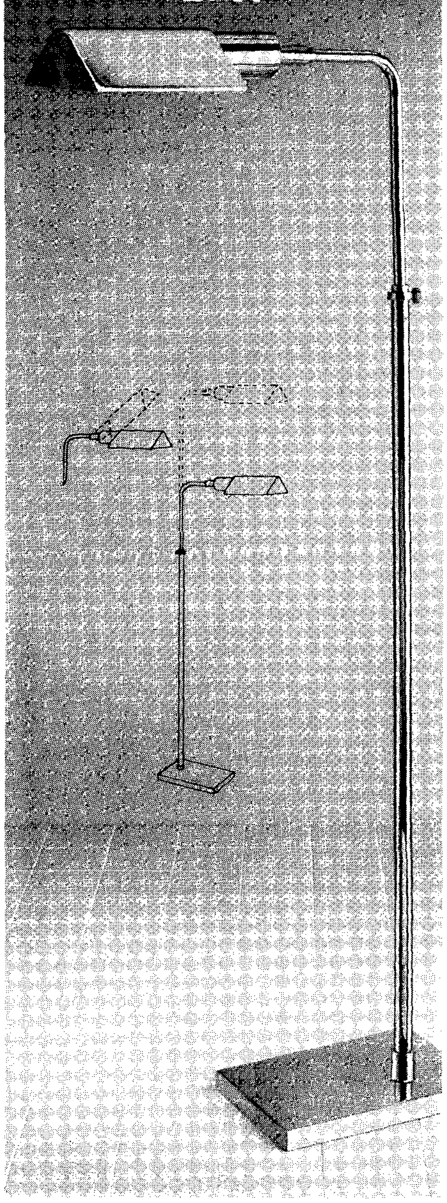

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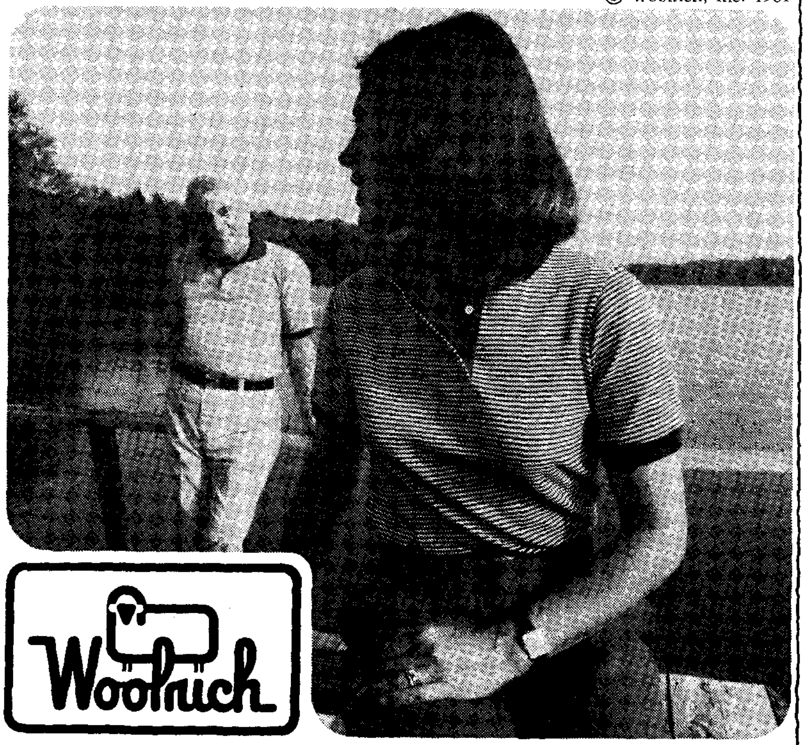

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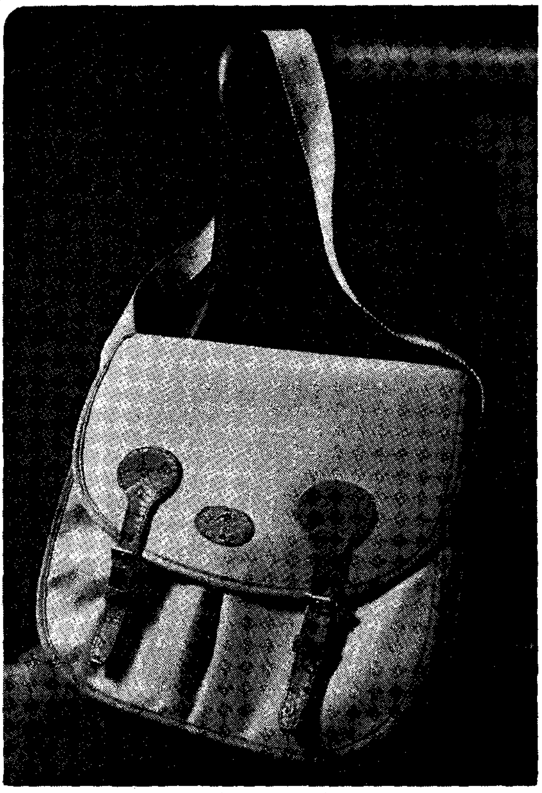

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1977. Because of what Dr. Hanauer referred to in an N.R.C. internal memorandum, dated August 18, 1977, as an "obvious gross management deficiency" that was worsened by an "unsafe" Westinghouse design for the plant's pressurized-water reactor, the plant experienced a serious accident. What happened, quite simply, was that technicians, in the process of checking some of the safety-system circuitry while preparations were being made for re-starting the plant after a brief shutdown, fed thirty-one "dummy" instrument signals to the control room which made it appear that the reactor had an adequate cooling-water supply when in fact it was losing water through a drain line. The plant safety systems, which would have automatically supplied the reactor with more water under normal circumstances, failed, because they, too, *received the false instrument signals.* In other words, the safety equipment that had been provided to control this accident was simultaneously paralyzed—as a result, once again, of a common-mode failure. Forty minutes later, after several thousand gallons of cooling water had been drained out of the reactor, the operators finally recognized the problem—fortunately, in time to correct it before the water supply had declined to critically low levels. Dr. Hanauer's memorandum warned that "next time, some different and not now foreseen sequence of events may start the ball rolling," and urged a broad review of all plants, "Westinghouse and non-Westinghouse," to prevent the recurrence of such an incident. The review was never carried out.

Despite these examples and others, and despite the estimates from the N.R.C.'s own eight-volume "Reactor Safety Study" that testing and maintenance were among the leading expected causes of safety-system "unavailability" during reactor accidents—thirty-five per cent of the failures in reactor-protection systems would be caused by testing or maintenance, according to this study, which was done in 1975—no satisfactory remedial action has been taken by the N.R.C. Unlicensed technicians are still allowed to carry out work on sensitive plant components. No regulations have been issued which require plants to be modified systematically so that their equipment can be tested or maintained in ways that would reduce the likelihood of accidents. No over-all ban has been imposed on testing

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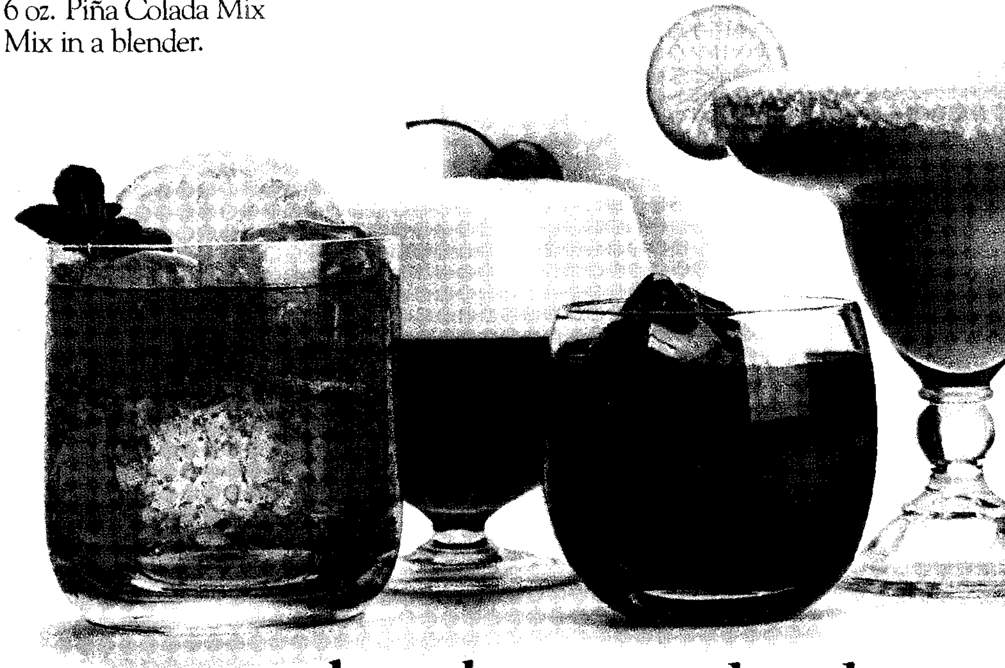

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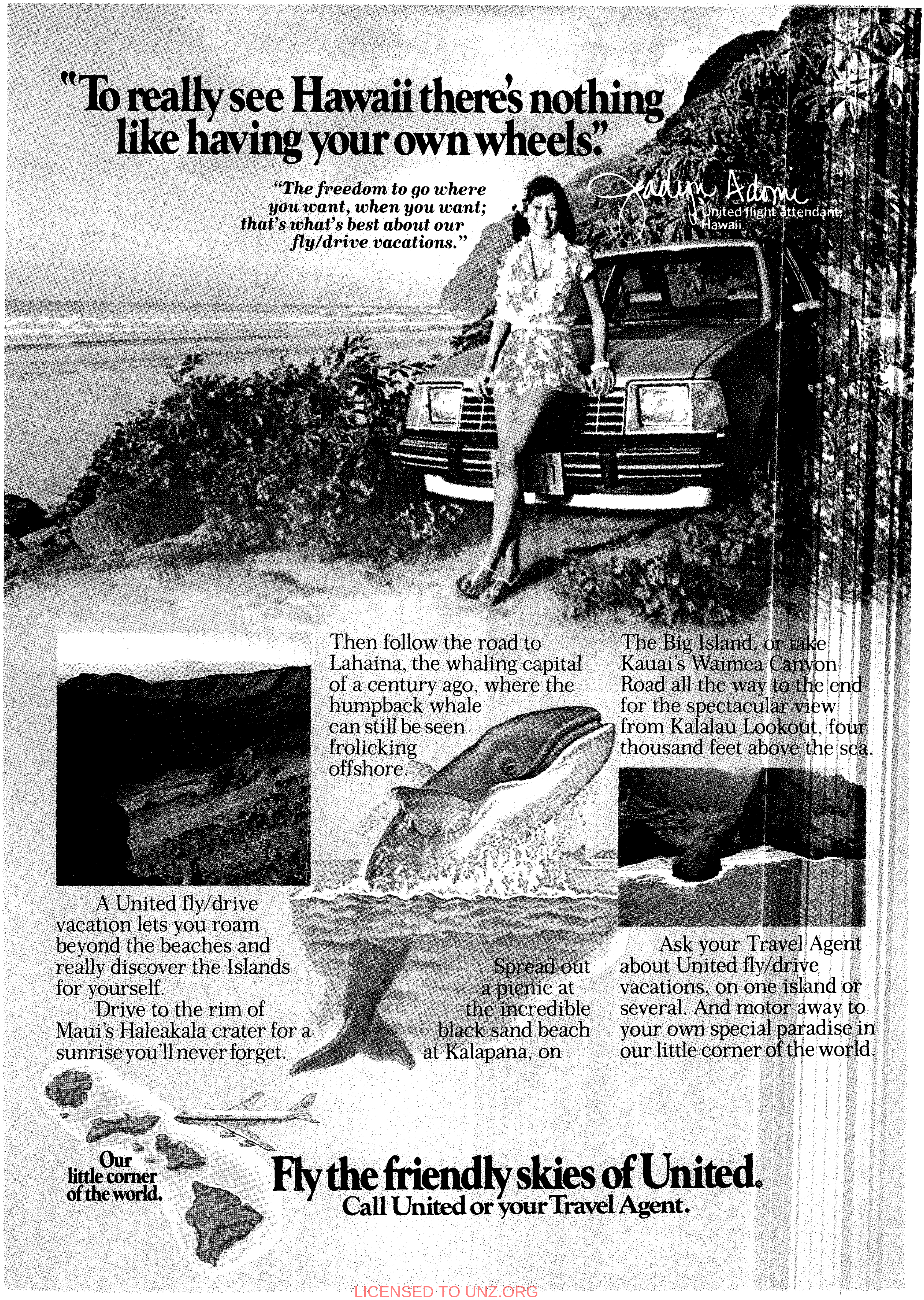

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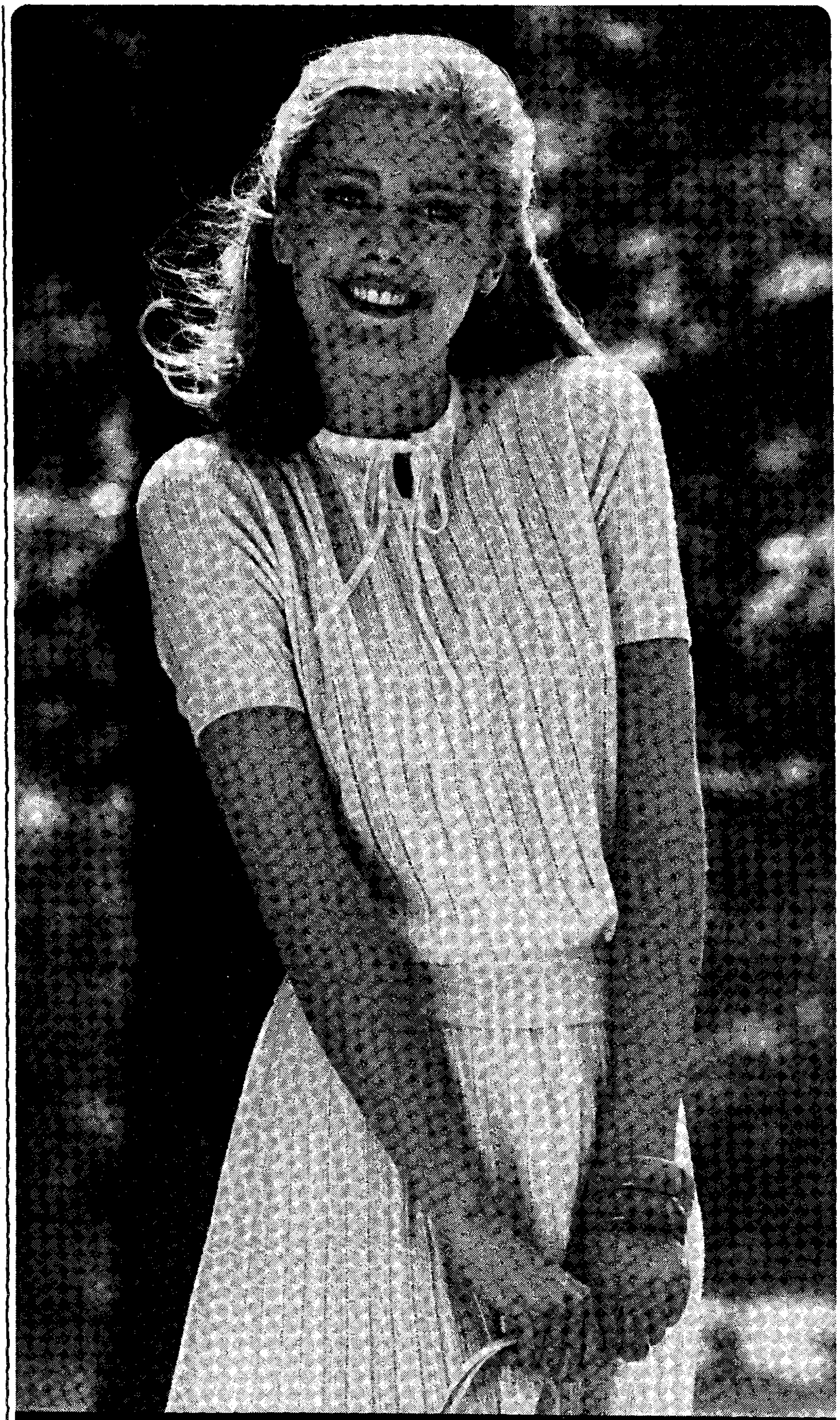
and maintenance while plants are in operation.

Thus, while great care is supposed to be taken in designing the essential equipment of nuclear plants, testing and maintaining this equipment have been left a largely unregulated aspect of plant operation. Moreover, despite federal requirements that each plant be provided with a broad assortment of sophisticated safety devices, federal nuclear-safety authorities sanction industry practices allowing this equipment to be intentionally disabled for tests and maintenance during plant operation. The official listing of each plant's safety systems is, therefore, something like a menu that might be offered by a gifted but erratic chef: it has impressive entries, but what is available on any given day—such as March 28, 1979—may be just potluck.

A NUMBER of measures, of varying degrees of cost and effectiveness, can be taken to prevent workers from meddling with equipment, disabling safety systems, and otherwise interfering with the safe operation of a nuclear power plant. The preferable approach to the problem of human error is for plant designers to provide positive physical safeguards aimed at protecting all critical equipment in the plant from inadvertent or inappropriate human tampering. Such measures could be compared to some of the steps that many parents take in an effort to childproof a house—capping electrical outlets, installing special locks on windows, putting gates on staircases. Instead of providing safety features of this type in a nuclear plant, one can, of course, simply tell the nuclear-plant technician, like the child, not to do certain hazardous things. While specific, safety-related instructions, careful training, and repeated exhortations would be of considerable value, there is little doubt about the superiority of physical safeguards.

Comprehensive automation is obviously the most far-reaching countermeasure that can be taken at a nuclear power plant to reduce the opportunity for human error. The specific safety procedures stipulated by the designers can be locked into the electronic memories of the plant's control devices, which will then issue the commands that direct all critical operations. Automated control systems can be exhaustively tested in an effort to insure that they unfailingly adhere to the designers' orders. Though no system



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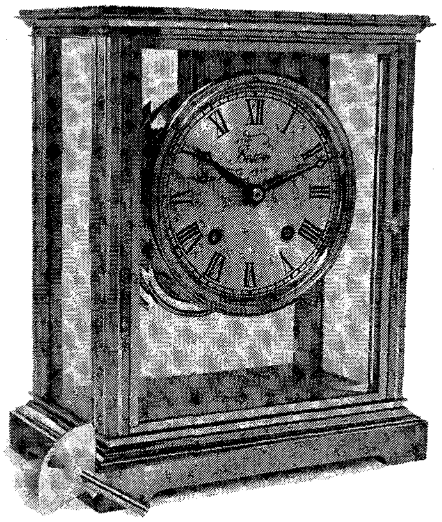

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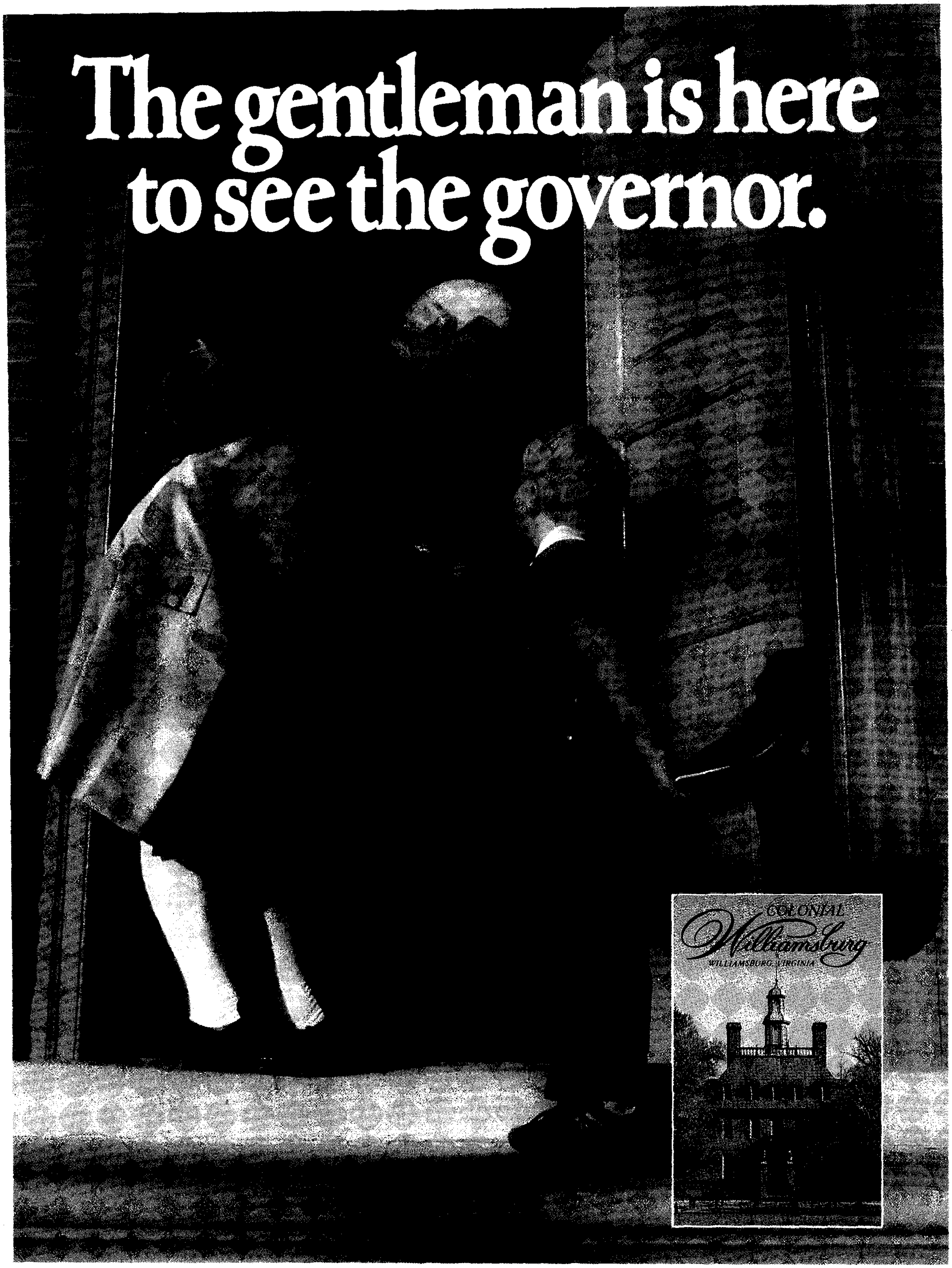
would be flawless, the technology for automated control equipment has progressed to the point where the machine is vastly more reliable than human beings—who are sometimes capricious, forgetful, distracted, tired, confused, error-prone, or negligent. Unfortunately, the automated systems required to carry out all the complex tasks associated with nuclear-plant operation are expensive, so American nuclear-utility companies are reluctant to use them except for a limited set of plant functions. The companies prefer to rely on relatively low-salaried and often unskilled technicians to perform what they regard as mundane chores. Even under emergency conditions, the automated equipment that is in general use has a narrow function: it is relied upon merely to turn on safety equipment. Once this is done, human operators rather than carefully programmed machines are responsible for all remaining aspects of crisis management. The current division of labor between man and machine during nuclear-power-plant accidents was illustrated quite precisely during the accident at Three Mile Island: two minutes after the accident began, automated command signals turned the plant's emergency core-cooling system on; the control-room operators then took command and, some two minutes later, decided to turn this system off.

There are steps short of full automation which can be taken to mitigate potential human errors. For example, valves that must be kept open or closed to insure that the safety system works properly can simply be locked into the correct position before a plant is started up, and access to the keys can be limited. Or else more sophisticated safeguards can be placed on the switches in the control room which plant operators use to open and close the valves. One such safeguard consists of electronic interlocks to link the switches that operate equipment with the instruments that monitor plant conditions; these interlocks can be set up to make sure that the operation of key components and systems is always matched to the safety needs of the reactor. One system of interlocks might be installed to prevent the switches that turn the reactor on from working unless all key valves were in their proper positions. A whole series of such interlocks, imposed not only on valves but also on all other safety-related equipment, would insure that the reactor could be started only if all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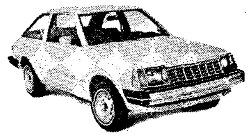

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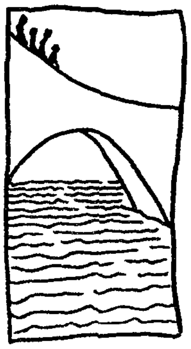
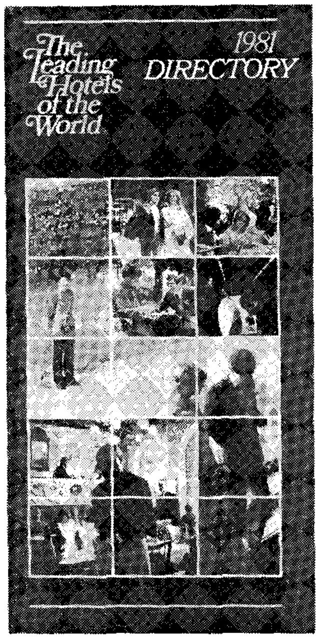
its safety equipment was in the desired condition. Another type of interlock could be installed so that once the reactor was operating, safety-related valves and other equipment could not be switched off or otherwise inappropriately manipulated by a mistaken command from the control room. If the control-room operator tried to execute a wrong maneuver or pushed the incorrect button, the control system could automatically cancel this action and prevent a disruption of the plant.



Instead of incorporating into the plants permanent design features to prevent human errors, American nuclear-utility companies—with the permission of the N.R.C.—rely on one of the weakest of all possible systems: volumes of written procedures that simply tell nuclear-plant employees what they should and should not do. The members of the work force at a nuclear plant cannot be expected to remember each step in the formal rules that guide their every safety-related action. Nor, since they are generally required to have only high-school diplomas, can it be hoped that they will always be able to understand the technical rationale behind the instructions given to them. The plant management, accordingly, is supposed to set up a systematic "quality assurance" program that will supervise the performance of plant workers, will check and double-check to see that procedures are being properly followed, and will maintain careful written records documenting painstaking adherence to all the do's and don'ts that are intended to govern day-to-day nuclear-plant activities. "The watchword throughout the nuclear reactor industry is *quality assurance*," according to the nuclear pioneer Alvin Weinberg, who directed the A.E.C.'s Oak Ridge National Laboratory from 1955 to 1973. In other industries, the quality of workmanship and the resultant product reliability are sometimes uneven and unpredictable, but the nuclear-power industry claims to have achieved an unprecedented level of meticulousness. This (by prevailing industrial standards) superhuman diligence is, according to the government's official safety philosophy, the principal guarantor of nuclear-power-plant safety.

Although running nuclear power plants by the book is a major part of the N.R.C.'s approach to safety, the commission, like the A.E.C. before it, takes little official interest in the actual drawing up of the detailed procedures that nuclear-plant workers are supposed to follow. It delegates the task of writing all procedural manuals to the utility companies, asking them to follow what are sometimes only generalized N.R.C. guidelines. Moreover, even after the utility has prepared its procedural manuals—which cover plant start-up, shutdown, maintenance, equipment installation, emergency procedures, safety reviews, over-all plant quality assurance, and other activities with major safety repercussions—the N.R.C. carries out no comprehensive reviews to determine whether the procedures adopted by the company actually represent sound practice and conform with the N.R.C. guidelines. The agency devotes most of its regulatory attention and safety-review efforts to overseeing how the hardware in each nuclear plant is designed; the construction and operation of the plant is to be supervised by its owners. Federal nuclear-safety regulators, by their own estimates, actually inspect only about one to two per cent of the safety-related activities at a plant.

The utility companies themselves are hardly enthusiastic about the responsibilities assigned to them in this area. The task of writing procedural manuals is detailed, time-consuming, often boring, and, in the companies' eyes, unproductive; they regard much of the effort as creating useless paperwork that wraps all aspects of a plant in bureaucratic red tape. The net result of the N.R.C.'s dependence on a self-regulating nuclear industry to develop and follow strict safety procedures and of the industry's indifference, and even hostility, to these requirements was evident at the Browns Ferry nuclear plant. The investigation of the Browns Ferry fire disclosed that, contrary to a technical specification in the plant's license, no detailed procedures had been drawn up and put in writing to govern the maintenance activities that caused the fire. In addition, according to the N.R.C.'s private files, the government was fully aware that the Browns Ferry plant did not have a competent quality-assurance program. "An overall QA program acceptable to NRC has not yet been produced by TVA"—the Tennessee Valley Authority, which operates the



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plant—Dr. Hanauer wrote in an internal N.R.C. memorandum dated July 10, 1975. Accident investigators, he noted in this brief memo, which was sent to senior N.R.C. officials, "asked very embarrassing questions about how [Browns Ferry] Units 1 & 2 had operating licenses without acceptable QA programs." Questions of this nature might also be addressed to the N.R.C. about Three Mile Island.

JUST how carefully the safety-related quality-assurance procedures at Three Mile Island Unit 2 had been prepared, how closely they were adhered to by plant personnel, and what role they played in bringing about the accident can be seen from plant records. At ten on the morning of March 26, 1979—two days before the accident—technicians at Three Mile Island Unit 2 began what the written plant procedures described as routine surveillance testing of the plant's emergency feedwater pumps, which called for the technicians to close two "isolation" valves. The technicians wanted to run these pumps to check on their operability, but they did not want to let water from the pumps be discharged into the plant's cooling network and so interfere with reactor operation. The simultaneous closing of these two valves, however, prevented the emergency feedwater pumps from delivering water to the parts of the plant's cooling system where it would be needed during certain accidents. At a meeting that took place seven months before the accident, a review committee made up of Metropolitan Edison employees had approved the closing of the two valves during pump testing. The employees' decision had received no independent review or checking by Nuclear Regulatory Commission inspectors; nor did the plant's review committee itself, according to plant records, review the safety implications of shutting the two valves simultaneously.

If the committee and the N.R.C. had adequately reviewed the procedures for testing the emergency feedwater pumps, they would have found that closing the two valves during plant operation was a direct violation of conditions that are set forth in the technical specifications incorporated in the plant's federal license. The technical specifications require that three emergency feedwater pumps and the piping system connecting them to the rest of the plant be operable at all times

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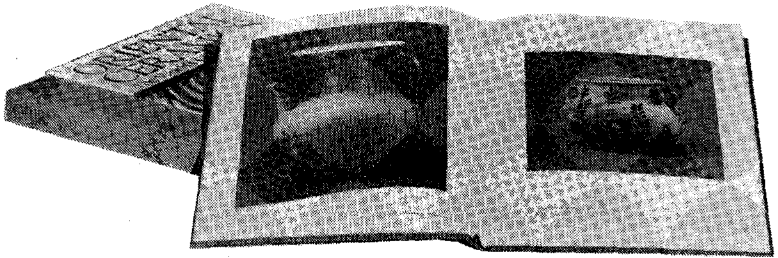

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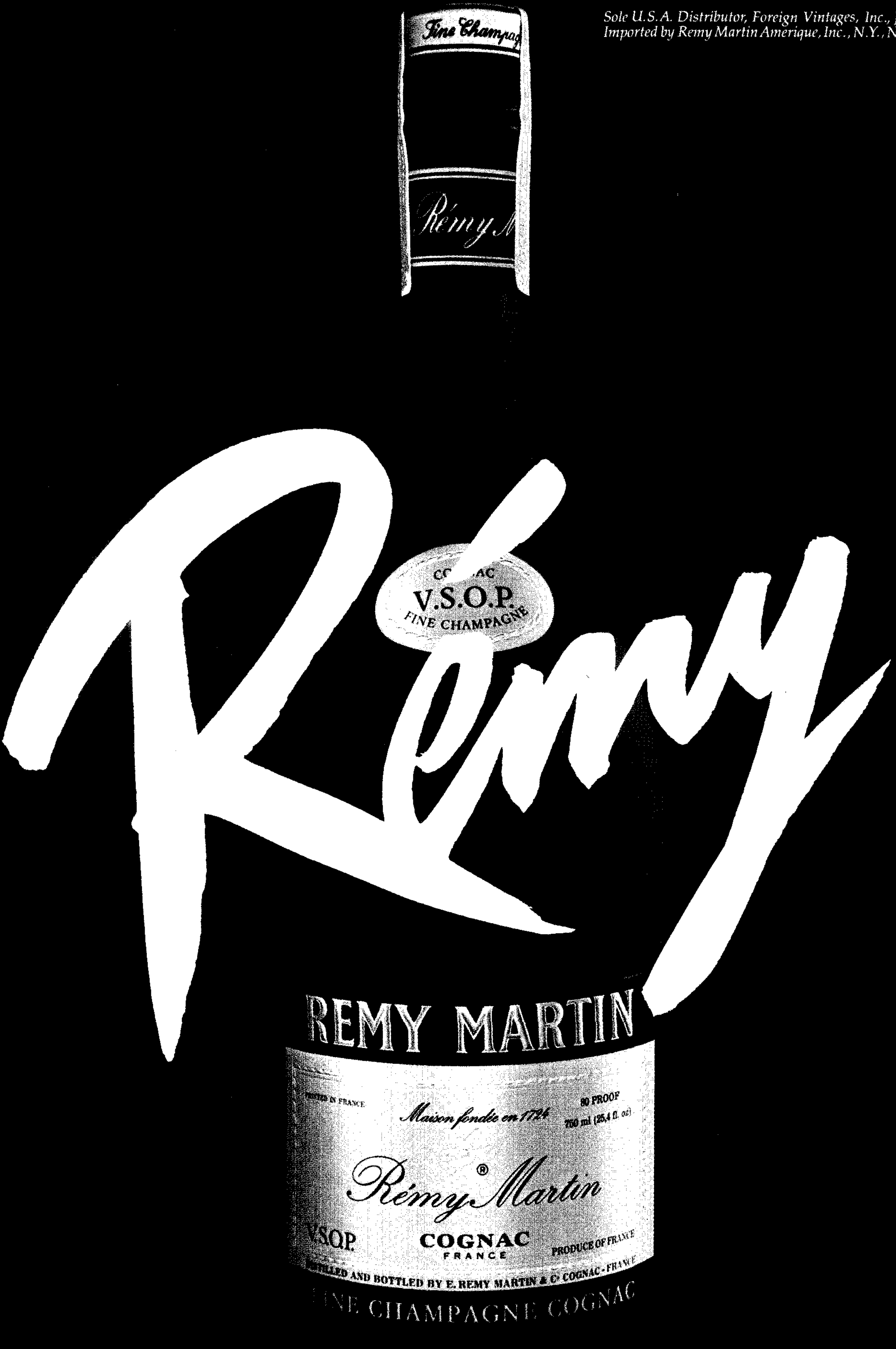
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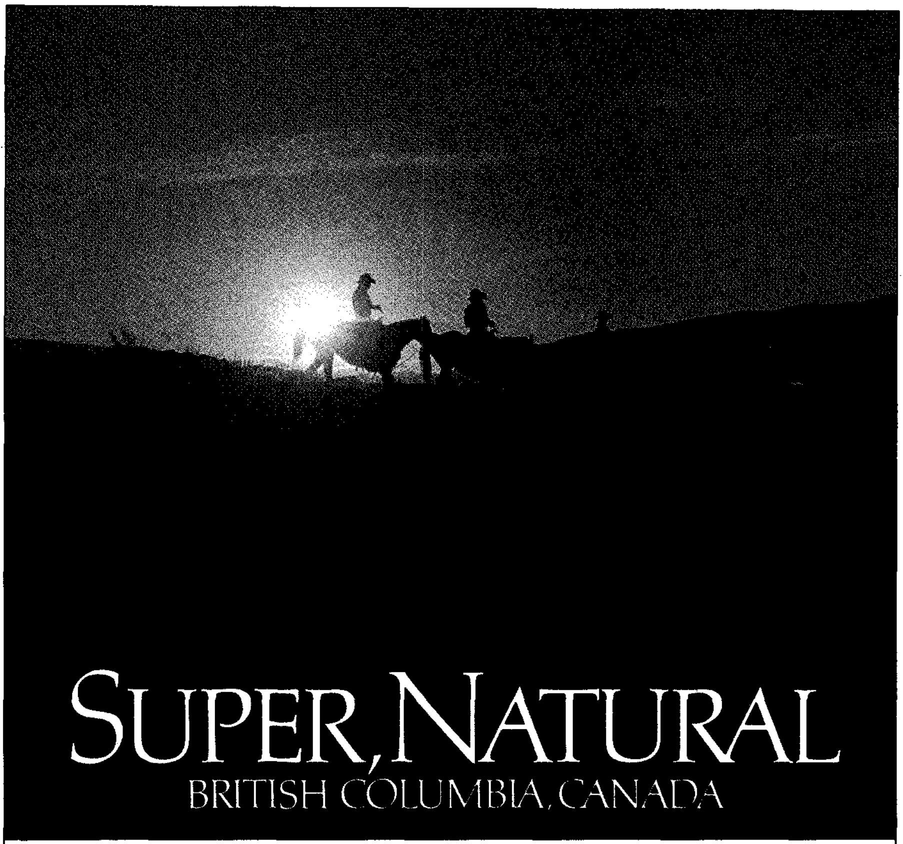

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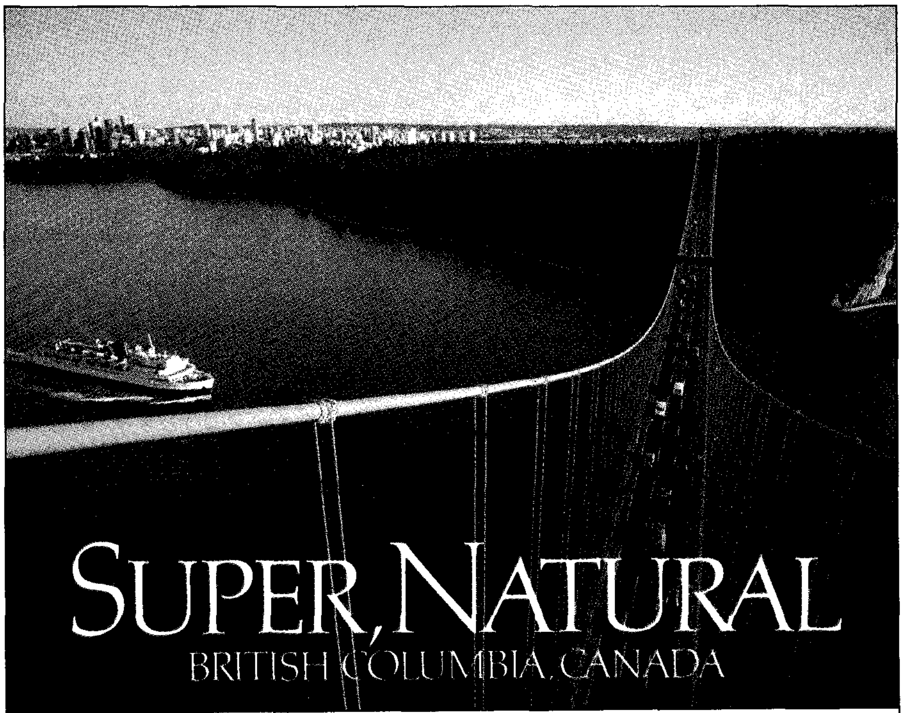

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when the reactor is going. (The only exception is that one pump at a time may be taken out of service for maintenance provided that it is restored to operable status within seventy-two hours or the plant is shut down within the succeeding twelve hours.) The complete disabling of the emergency feedwater system is not allowed for any purpose during plant operation, yet plant records show that the system was shut down for testing on January 3, 1979, and February 26, 1979, as well as on the morning of March 26, 1979. And although the N.R.C. did add to the plant's license the technical specification intended to insure the operability of the emergency feedwater system, the N.R.C. required no physical safeguards to be installed at the plant—locks on the two valves or electronic interlocks on their control switches—to make sure that the valves remained open and the emergency feedwater system operable when the reactor was running.

Once the testing of the pumps was completed on March 26th—this took about three hours—the two isolation valves should have been reopened, as the test procedures specified. This is an essential step in restoring the emergency feedwater system to operability. Martin Cooper, one of four plant employees who were involved in the test, has said that he reopened the two valves at the completion of the test. "I actually opened the valves myself," he told a Presidential commission that was appointed to investigate the accident. "I was the control-room operator on duty." Cooper has also explained that a checkoff sheet on which the plant staff recorded its adherence to the procedures for reopening the valves was "thrown in the trash can," and that only the data sheets—the record of how the pumps performed during the testing—were kept in plant files. Moreover, no plant-management personnel reviewed either the actual completion of the procedures or the checkoff sheets; senior officials merely looked at the data on pump performance, and did not certify that the emergency feedwater system had been satisfactorily returned to service.

Both the failure to retain the checkoff sheets and the failure of plant management to oversee the testing are in direct conflict with two fundamental plant-safety procedures. These require that supervisory personnel review not only the results but also the documentation of test procedures, and that records of surveillance of test procedures be retained for at least five years—requirements that keep these activities under careful management control and serve as a check on the management's own performance. The failure to adhere to these two procedures, it has been discovered, was not limited to the particular testing procedure on March 26, 1979. Plant-management personnel have admitted to N.R.C. investigators that, as a de-facto rule, completed test procedures at Three Mile Island Unit 2 were hardly ever reviewed, because of the length of the procedures and the burden of the general management workload. They have also said that the required records documenting the plant testing activities were generally not retained, because of a shortage of storage space.

In sum, the testing of the emergency feedwater pumps on March 26th should not have been done in the first place, since the basic testing procedure violated explicit federal safety restrictions imposed on the plant and, in addition, was carried out in contravention of general plant procedures themselves of considerable importance to plant safety. Despite this serious breakdown in plant safety precautions, the testing personnel still assert that the valves whose closure disabled the emergency feedwater system on March 28th were reopened at the completion of the March 26th testing. To date, however, there is no evidence available beyond the say-so of these employees that this was in fact done. Moreover, plant records show no other maintenance or tests of any type being performed on the emergency feedwater system in the period between the testing on March 26th and 4 A.M. on March 28th which could have resulted in the closure of the valves. Neither these records nor post-accident interviews with plant personnel nor the N.R.C.'s subsequent inspections of the plant have uncovered any other operator actions involving the two isolation valves or any other possible equipment malfunctions in the two valves themselves or in their control mechanisms which would have caused the valves to be closed when they should have been open. The many investigations of the accident have brought forth no new evidence, so the most probable cause for the closure of the two valves appears to be a mistake by the testing crew on March 26th.

The fact is that the valve-related procedural debacle of March 26th and the valve problems that bedevilled Three Mile Island Unit 2 on March

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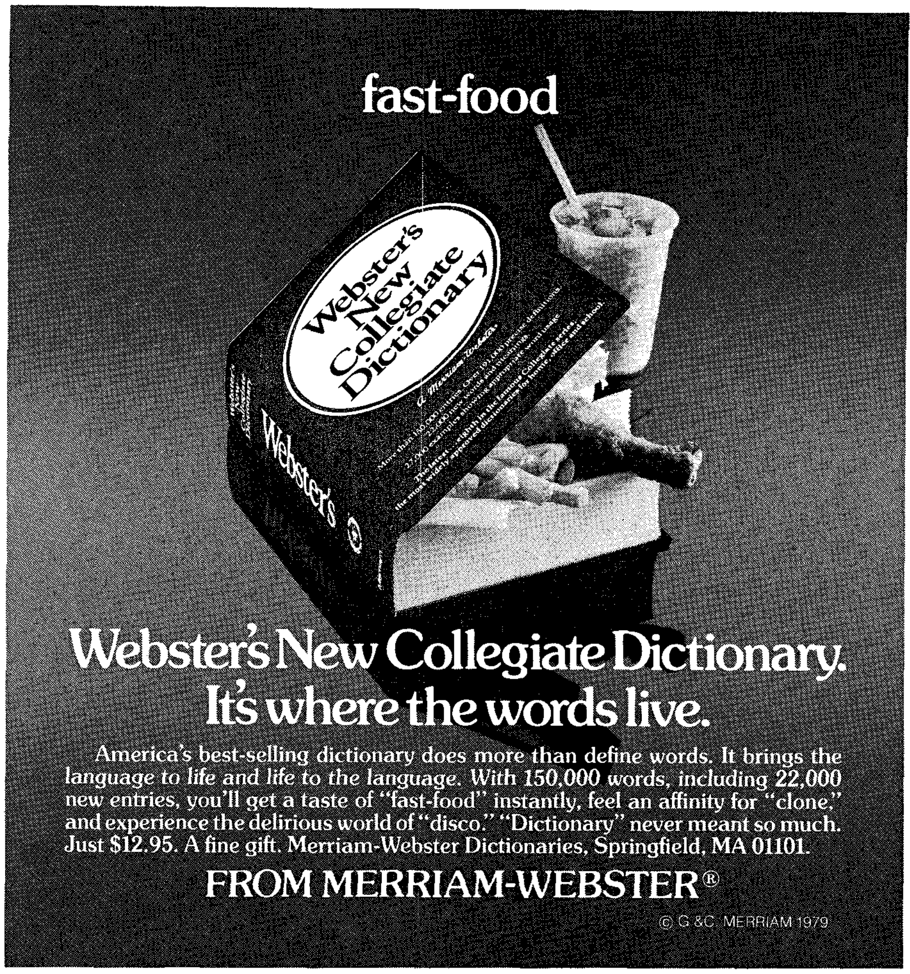

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28th, far from being uncommon or unprecedented events, were part of what has come to be an almost everyday problem at nuclear plants.

A VALVE controls the flow of a liquid or a gas. Some valves in a nuclear power plant are no more complicated in design or function than the faucet on a sink, while others, designed to control the flow of millions of gallons of water per hour through a nuclear plant's main cooling-water arteries, are complex giants that weigh many tons, stand several feet high, are opened and closed by powerful motors, and must be precisely controlled and monitored by electrical systems. Such valves must meet a variety of complicated design standards and receive periodic testing and maintenance.

Many of the valves perform tasks other than the regulation of cooling-water flow. Some feed fuel to diesel generators that provide an emergency power supply for plant safety systems. Some control the flow of compressed air, which is used to perform a variety of functions; indeed, certain valves may themselves be opened and closed by compressed air, and thus their proper functioning depends on other valves. The containment building of a nuclear plant is supposed to be sealed in the event of an accident, so that radioactive materials will not leak out, and to this end a variety of containment-isolation valves are installed, which are designed to shut off nonessential piping leading into and out of the containment building at the first sign of a serious accident. In some containment buildings, large valves are routinely open, so that low-level radioactivity, excess air pressure, and heat can be continuously vented to the outside; obviously, these so-called containment-purge valves must close quickly if there is an accident. Certain valves in nuclear plants relieve excessive pressure in the reactor. Some of these valves open automatically when the pressure of the cooling water inside the reactor increases beyond a set point. Others can be opened or closed at the discretion of the operators.

Although valves are an integral component of all major nuclear-plant safety systems, plant owners and operators have not taken proper precautions to insure their reliable performance. As a consequence, the performance of the thousands of valves installed in each nuclear power plant is very much below par—a fact that has been evident for years. According to a

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short N.R.C. internal memorandum written by Dr. Hanauer—his colleagues sometimes refer to his missives as Hanauergrams—nuclear-plant valves "are still failing too often and for the same reasons over and over." That was written in 1972, and a longer report by Hanauer the same year noted, "Valves do not have a very good reliability record. Recently, five of the vacuum relief valves . . . of Quad Cities 2 were found stuck partly open. Moreover, these valves had been modified to include redundant 'valve-closed' position indicators and testing devices, because of recent [Atomic Energy Commission] concerns. The redundant position indicators"—devices to alert the control-room operators to the fact that the valves were stuck open—"were found not to indicate correctly the particular partly open situation that obtained on the five failed valves." If the valves were in the wrong position, Dr. Hanauer's report went on, the containment chamber could overpressurize and rupture under some accident circumstances, whereas under other accident circumstances the improper operation of these valves could cause the pressure in the containment building to fall so low that the structure might collapse.

Despite these warnings, no systematic remedial action to improve the performance of valves in nuclear plants has been taken in the years since 1972. (Dr. Hanauer's particular recommendations for dealing with the problem affecting Quad Cities and dozens of similar plants were rejected by Joseph Hendrie, the N.R.C. chairman, who was then a senior A.E.C. official. Hendrie wrote, in a memo dated September 25, 1972, that Hanauer's recommendations would reverse "hallowed policy" and would be so embarrassing for the A.E.C. that such a reversal "could well be the end of nuclear power.") N.R.C. records show that valves have remained a major problem for nuclear plants. The switches and the signalling devices that control the opening and closing of the valves fail. The motors and other means of powering the opening and closing mechanisms fail. Even under normal conditions, the internal components of the valves jam, corrode, overheat, freeze, or break apart. Operators test the valves improperly, overlook necessary repairs on them, adjust them incorrectly, and—one of the most common problems of all—forget to reclose or reopen them after testing and maintenance.

The nature and the extent of the continuing valve problems have been well documented by Dr. Hanauer in a special N.R.C. internal file that he personally set up on accidents and safety defects at American nuclear power plants. A man who is able to view the blemishes that compromise nuclear-plant safety with a degree of dry humor, Dr. Hanauer calls this record the Nugget File. Some of the malfunctions documented in the Nugget File involve serious accidents, but the majority of the failures recorded in the file had few or no direct safety consequences. Since the safety apparatus involved was mostly standby equipment—normally inoperative but called into service when a certain type of accident arises—a failure of this equipment that took place during periodic testing or was uncovered in routine inspections obviously involved no immediate threat of the public's being exposed to radiation. Such failures are not instances of near-catastrophes; they merely indicate just how unready the nuclear plants are to cope with accidents when they arise. The Nugget File is chiefly a catalogue of these warning signs—case studies giving evidence or intimations of weak spots in the safety precautions taken at American nuclear power plants:

September, 1968: An operator at Unit 1 of the Dresden Nuclear Power Station, in Morris, Illinois, noticed that the monitoring lights for motor-operated valves in certain cooling systems were not on—indicating a loss of power to the mechanism that opens and closes the valves. Electricians determined that the circuit breakers for these valves were not working, for the reason that an electrical-distribution panel had water leaking into it. During a heavy rainfall, water had accumulated on the roof of the plant, because of a plugged drain, and had subsequently seeped down a building column and into the electrical system controlling the valves.

April, 1969: During the shutdown of a reactor, the name of which was not specified, the heat-removal system did not supply cooling water to the fuel core for two hours. Earlier, while the pump was running, a technician performing routine maintenance had closed a valve supplying water to the decay-heat pump, even though a special maintenance procedure prohibited the closing of this valve without the consent of the control-room supervisor.

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Point Beach Nuclear Plant, in Two Creeks, Wisconsin, received its operating license, a test revealed that two key valves in the emergency core-cooling system would not open when they were signalled to open. Both valves were designed to open and close by hydraulic pumps, but the pumps had been installed incorrectly: they were mounted horizontally rather than vertically. On a prior occasion, a short circuit had disabled the hydraulic system, and on another occasion a valve in the hydraulic system that was supposed to open had stuck shut. Neither the utility company's quality-assurance program during the construction of the plant nor an investigation of the two earlier valve failures had disclosed the incorrect installation of the hydraulic pumps.

JUNE, 1973: While the H. B. Robinson Steam Electric Plant, in Hartsville, South Carolina, was operating at seventy-five per cent of capacity, the plant safety committee determined that certain instruments were incorrectly measuring the pressure in the reactor building. The purpose of these instruments was to turn safety systems on in the event of a high-pressure reading, which would be indicative of a pipe rupture in the primary cooling system. The pressure-sensing instruments had failed because three vent valves on them had been left open. The three valves were not on the valve checklist used by plant operators, and were not even on the plant-equipment drawings.

OCTOBER, 1973: The spray systems for the containment building at the Oconee Nuclear Station Unit 2, in Seneca, South Carolina, were found to be inoperable; these spray systems were intended to prevent the rupture of the containment building during an accident. They were inoperable because their valves were inadvertently left closed after a test that had been conducted eleven days earlier. The company that owns the plant said that as a "corrective action" it would issue a memorandum to the plant staff emphasizing the need for close attention to procedures.

MAY, 1974: The Browns Ferry Nuclear Plant was notified by the T.V.A. design division that improper valves had been installed in the primary cooling system of the plant's three reactors. The valves were designed to operate at a pressure of six

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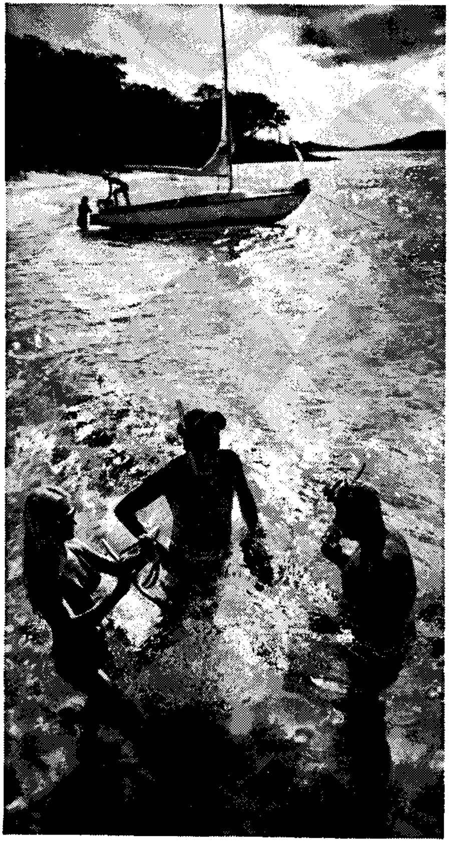
hundred pounds per square inch but the cooling system had a pressure more than twice that. The design division stated that a hundred valves of this inappropriate design had been installed in each of the three reactors; they had been in operation in Unit 1 for almost a year.

JUNE, 1975: The emergency core-cooling systems at the Maine Yankee Atomic Power Station, in Wiscasset, were found to be inoperative, because valves were in the wrong position. The system was designed with a fail-safe valve arrangement that would automatically discharge emergency cooling water into the reactor in the event of a major pipe rupture. The fail-safe design was negated when the discharge valves for all the emergency-cooling-water tanks were closed. The operator who completed the system's valve checkoff sheet noted the locked handwheels on these valves and mistakenly assumed that the valves were locked open when in fact they were locked closed.

SEPTEMBER, 1975: At Unit 2 of the Oconee Nuclear Station, the level of reactor-cooling water was accidentally altered while the reactor was operating at full power. Workers trying to shut off valves so that they could make repairs on a faucet in the plant's chemistry laboratory inadvertently closed valves controlling the air supply to two other valves. These other valves controlled the rate of water drainage from and addition to the reactor's primary cooling-water system. Before this error, the two flows balanced each other, but after the air supply was closed one valve failed in a closed position, preventing drainage, and the other valve failed in an open position, allowing an excess addition of cooling water.

DECEMBER, 1975: A plant operator at the Calvert Cliffs Nuclear Power Plant Unit 1, near Lusby, Maryland, discovered that a water-supply valve to the two emergency feedwater pumps was shut, leaving both pumps without a supply of water. The Baltimore Gas & Electric Company, which owned the plant, concluded that plant operators had "erred" about two weeks earlier, when the valve positions had been changed. The company report on this "occurrence" said that if the emergency feedwater pumps had been needed it was "highly probable" that the operator would have noticed the lack of water supply to the pumps



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March, 1976: At the Prairie Island Nuclear Generating Plant, in Welch, Minnesota, a valve was wrongly closed during maintenance on the cooling-water system for plant safety apparatus. This single valve in the wrong position disabled one of the two cooling systems for the two reactors at the plant.

July, 1976: A steam-driven emergency feedwater pump at Unit 2 of the Millstone Nuclear Power Station, in Waterford, Connecticut, failed, because the steam-supply valve would not open. An inspection showed that a steel piece of the operating mechanism had broken off. A subsequent investigation revealed multiple contributory failures. The switch that was used to control the motor that opened and closed the valve had failed. A backup switch had also failed. In addition, the valve had not been tested; it had initially been installed as hand-operated equipment, and had been returned to the manufacturer so that a motor could be put on to open and close it. The valve had been reinstalled without an adequate inspection or test.

Dr. Hanauer is still enlarging the Nugget File. "Yes, sir, it's still an open file. I just put an item in the other day," he said in a recent interview. Valves, he added, were "one of the continuing problems." Another item that deserves to be included in his collection of valve-related problems occurred at the Arkansas Nuclear One Station—Unit 1, in Russellville, which uses a Babcock & Wilcox reactor. During routine testing of valves on the plant's main feedwater system, technicians mistakenly disabled the automatic controls for the plant's emergency feedwater system—the same system that was rendered inoperative at Three Mile Island Unit 2 on March 28, 1979. In both instances, improper testing procedures were used. The Arkansas Unit 1 problem occurred on June 2, 1979—more than two months after the accident at Three Mile Island.

It is evident from the Nugget File that valve failures, many resulting from improper maintenance and sloppy operating procedures, are endemic to the commercial nuclear-power industry in this country. As disturbing as this finding may be, an even more

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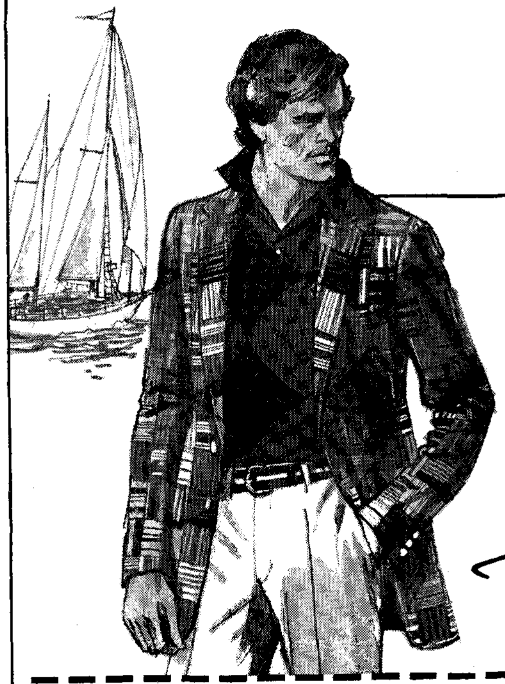

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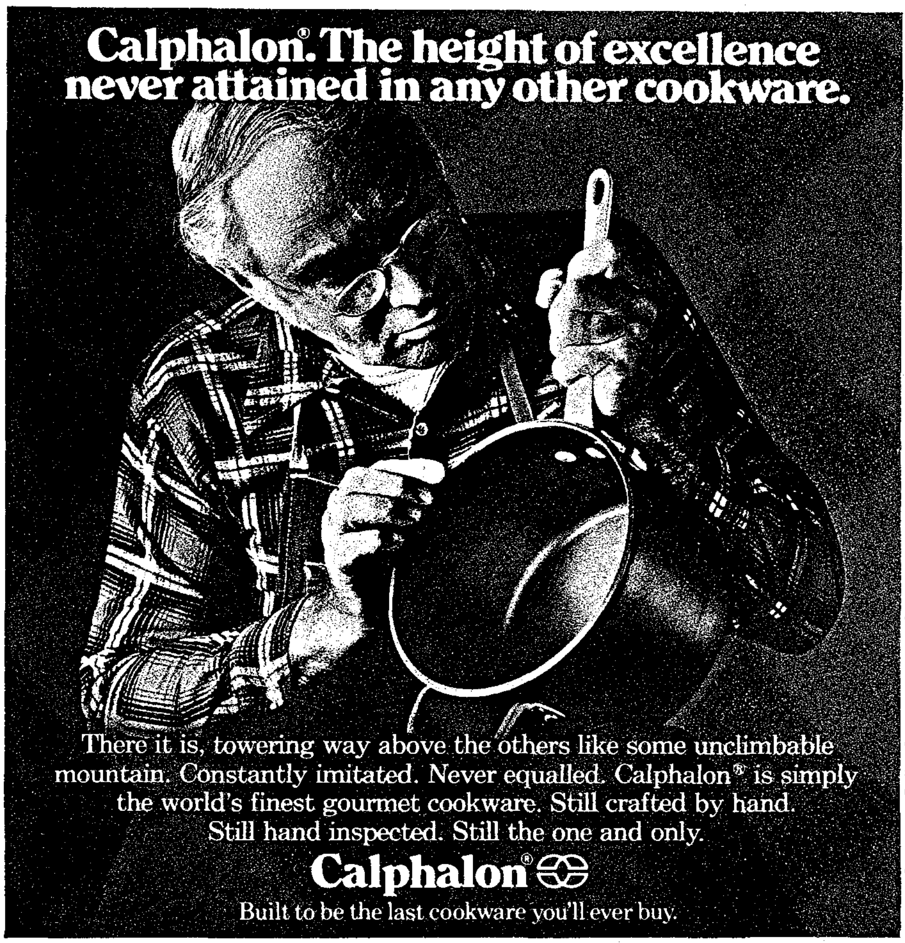
sobering conclusion emerges if one reads through the several hundred technical reports that are included in the file. What these reports reveal is that the same level of carelessness and management quality-assurance breakdowns which shows up in the records of valve failures apparently also infects every other major aspect of the design, construction, and operation of the seventy-one nuclear plants now in operation around the country. For example, it is not just maintenance on valves that leaves safety apparatus disabled. Electrical-system maintenance, which generally necessitates unplugging equipment or otherwise interrupting power-supply circuits, has a record parallel to that of valve maintenance in leaving safety apparatus inoperable; just as workers forget to reopen valves, they commonly forget to turn power supplies back on or to plug safety devices back in. Moreover, these blunders, according to the evidence in the Nugget File, extend far beyond maintenance and testing activities, and persistently occur in the design of equipment, in plant construction, in equipment installation, and at the operating consoles in control rooms. Thus, according to the Nugget File, key safety equipment is often rendered inoperative for want of fuses. Electrical relays fail because they are painted over or welded together or disconnected—or simply left out when the equipment is installed. Reactor control rods fail to work because their components are installed upside down or because their electronic-control systems pull them out of the reactor when the operator presses the button to put them in. Sensitive pieces of safety apparatus malfunction because they are frozen or burned or flooded or dirty or corroded, or have been bumped or dropped or overpressurized or unhinged or miscalibrated or miswired. In some cases, they are, to cite one of Dr. Hanauer's marginal notes in the Nugget File, "guaranteed not to work," because of bad initial design. This possibility was displayed quite dramatically in June of 1980, when the SCRAM system—a supposedly ultra-high-reliability safety feature that acts as the "emergency brake" that instantly shuts down a reactor—failed at the Browns Ferry Nuclear Plant Unit 3. The system failed repeatedly as the operators, over a period of fourteen minutes, kept trying to insert the control rods into the reactor. One industry newsletter, reporting the dismay in the industry over the failure of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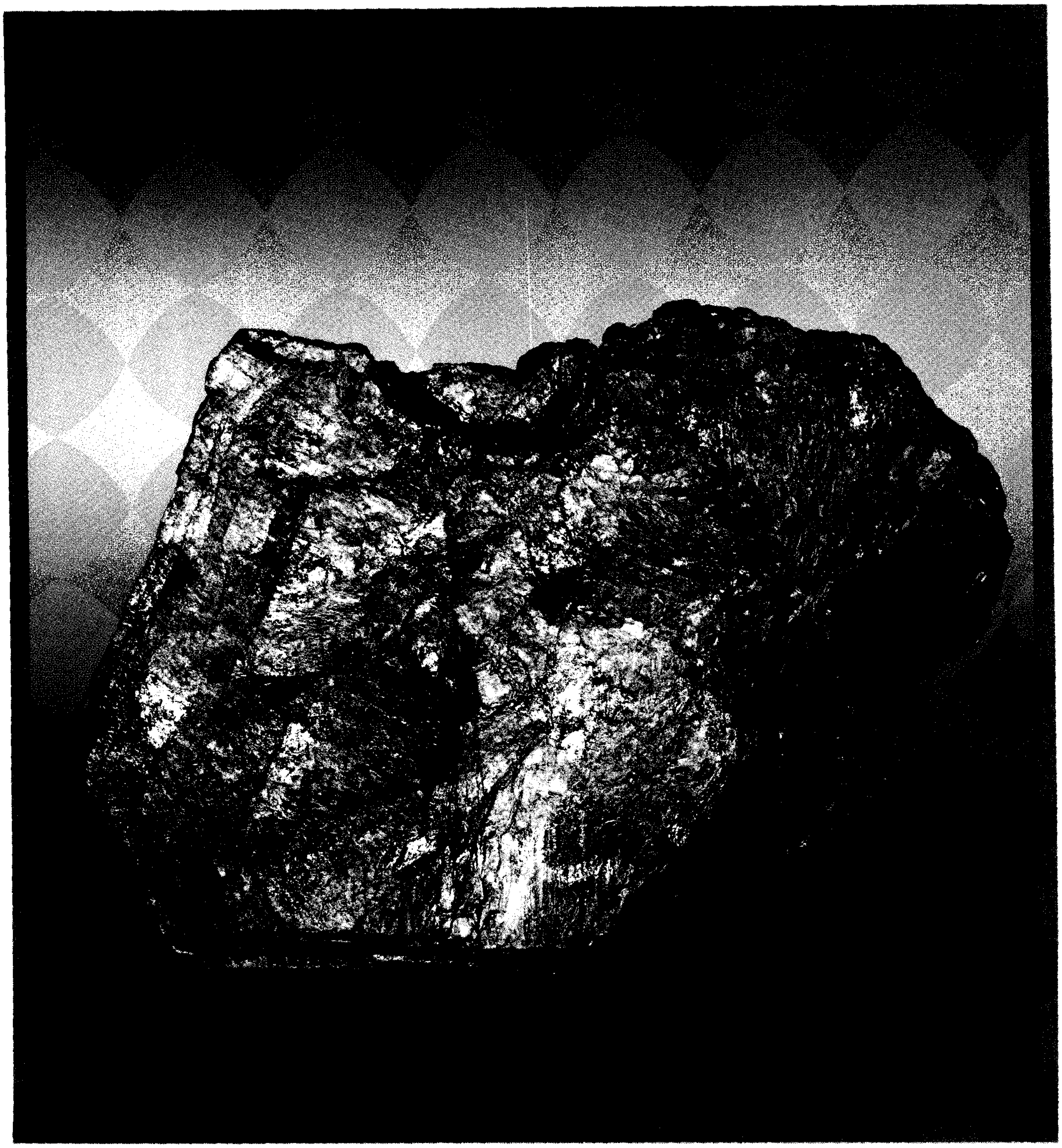

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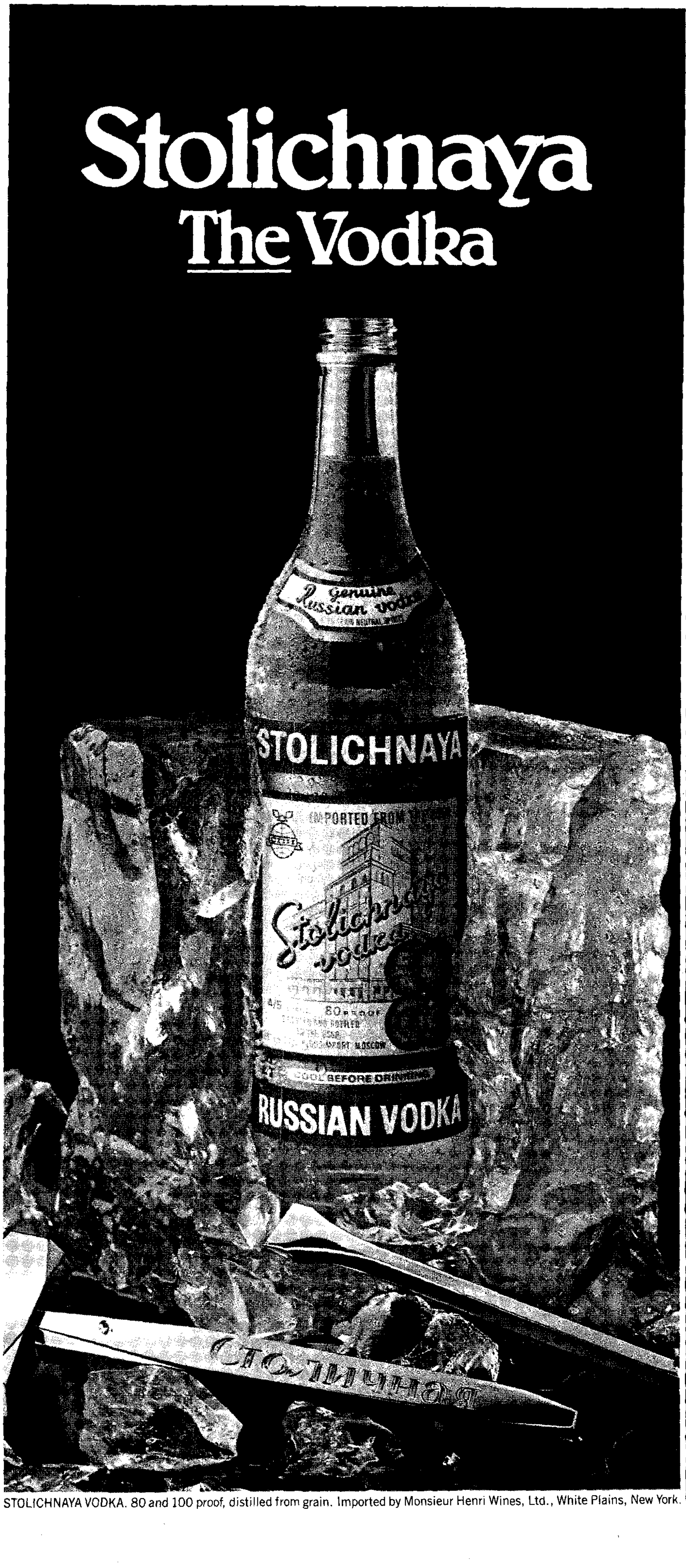
such a basic safety system, described the problem as "mysterious." Actually, what was involved was a simple design error that had been overlooked by federal safety authorities, despite the fact that the SCRAM system had been relied upon for two decades in some twenty-six plants. Of course, there have been other kinds of problems with SCRAM systems over the years, not all of which involved a failure to shut down the reactor. In some cases, the problems have involved the unintentional Scramming of the reactor when it should have been left operating. In one instance at a training reactor, the SCRAM system was activated because of a change in the water pressure in the reactor building—which happened when someone flushed a toilet.

Valve failures, in short, are merely one manifestation of the pervasive breakdown of the "honor system" that the N.R.C. has set up—the loose arrangement under which utility companies are expected to police the safety of their own nuclear plants. This honor system appears to have resulted, in an uncomfortably large number of cases, in little discipline at all being exercised over a wide range of plant activities important to public safety. That the relief valve should stick open and that two key valves in the emergency feedwater system of Three Mile Island Nuclear Station Unit 2 should happen to be in the wrong position on the morning of March 28, 1979, is no more surprising than it would have been if the company that operates the facility, Metropolitan Edison, had decided that day to apply for a rate increase to cover rising costs: such events occur in the nuclear-power business with what seems to be roughly the same frequency. There are "many indications," as Governor Babbitt, of the Nuclear Safety Oversight Committee, observed, "that Met Ed is not an aberration, and that there are other nuclear utilities that do not measure up to even minimal standards." The repeated instances of the disabling of sophisticated safety systems by crude human errors have led to the view, expressed by Henry Kendall, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, that the nuclear-power program may deserve to be described, like the Navy in "The Caine Mutiny," as a system designed by geniuses and run by idiots.

—DANIEL FORD

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)



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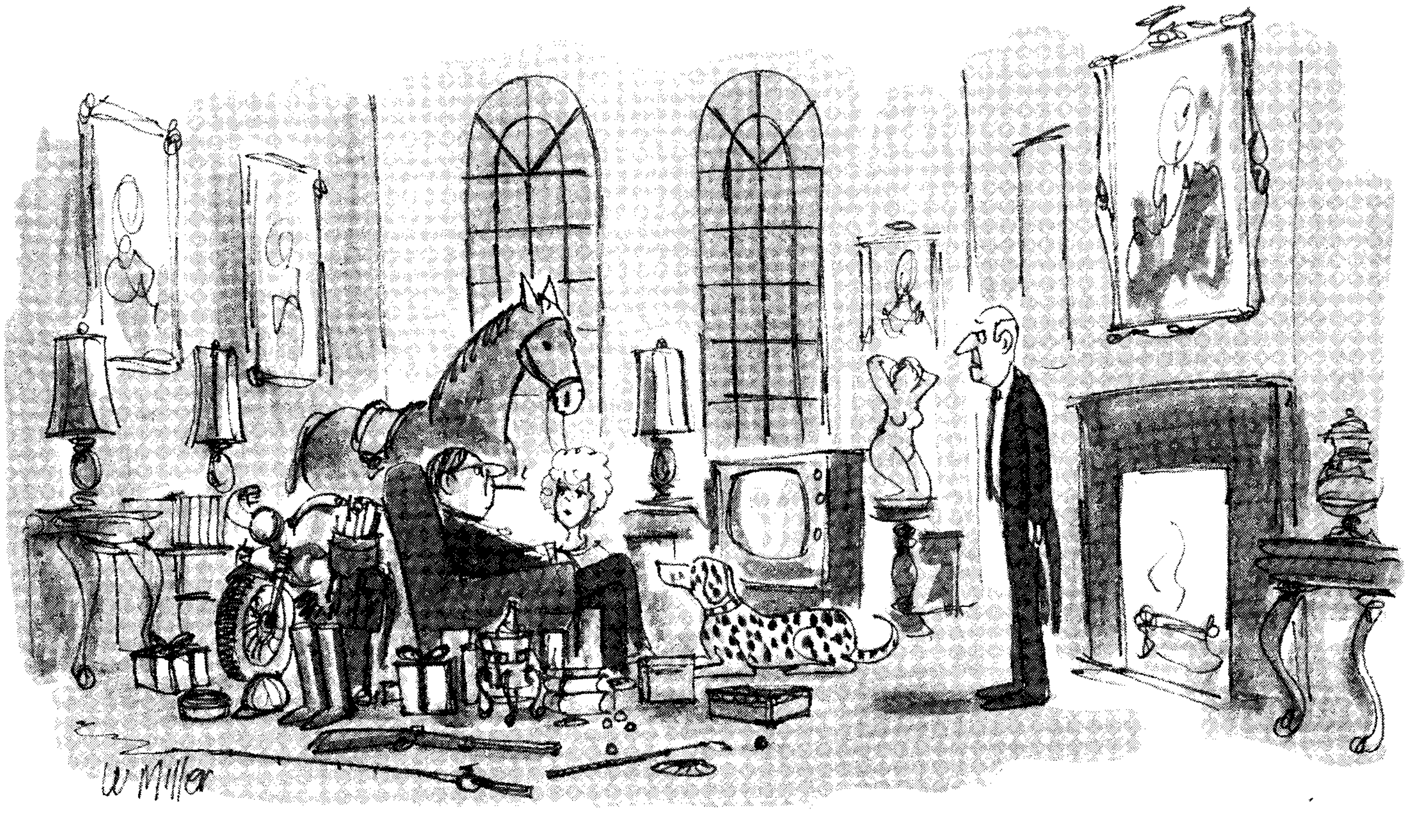
THE THEATRE

Pot Roast and Other Major Feminist Problems

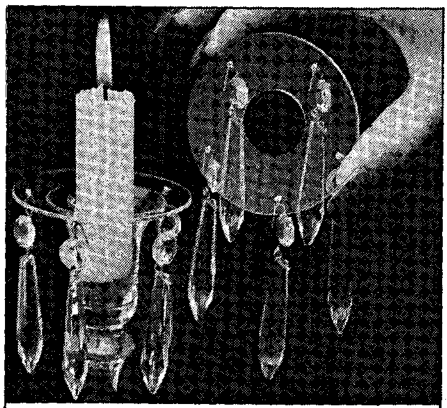
"Woman of the Year," at the Palace, is a well-designed and sturdily constructed musical, and not the least of its virtues is the old-fashioned one of being intended to serve as a vehicle for a particular performer at a particular moment in the performer's career. Since the performer in this case is Lauren Bacall, and since Miss Bacall is at the very top of her form, the vehicle serves admirably to carry her in triumph through the streets of Persepolis, to say nothing of Manhattan. (I seem to hear Miss Bacall's exquisite baritone inquiring, "Persepolis? Is that a slam or a rave?") The book, by Peter Stone, is based on a Hepburn movie of 1942, written by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. By now, the plot is so tired that it could easily fall asleep sitting up in a chair, but we forgive it most of its archaisms. Mr. Stone has brought the action forward in time to the seventies, if not quite to the eighties, and he has decorated it with the sort of glib quips that, rarely encountered in real life, are welcome enough onstage. (A confusion between the names Jan and Jane stitches much of the evening together.) What is ineradicably of the past and may prove offensive to many is the ideology that permeates the musical; it is blatantly, almost jubilantly, anti-feminist and strikes again and again a note that I would have thought had gone out with those hard-drinking middle-aged men who used to frequent the bar at Toots Shor's, slobbering over baseball and Mother Machree.

The central character, Tess Harding, is a TV commentator whose fierce energy and journalistic skills have made her an intimate of prime ministers all over the world; she is herself a celebrity on so grand a scale that Kissinger, telephoning her apartment, is grateful for a few words even with her maid. No doubt Tess's TV achievements amount to an indirect tribute to such contemporary figures as Barbara Walters, but Tess is simultaneously a throwback to the days when marriage and a career were incompatible. I certainly hadn't expected to hear on Broadway in 1981 an obviously brilliant and accomplished woman complaining that she was unable "to hold a man"—what a grisly phrase, except in the most literal sense!—and envying another woman (of course, a happily married one) for her clever way with a pot roast. The message of "Woman of the Year" is that success in the world is likely to destroy any prospect of personal success, especially in regard to sex and marriage. The last gesture in the show consists of Tess's estranged husband throwing a pitcherful of water into her face, and the last song they sing is not very hopefully entitled "We're Gonna Work It Out."

Despite my deploring nearly everything that "Woman of the Year" is bent on telling us, I'm obliged to admit that I enjoyed Miss Bacall's performance from first to last, in part because she recites her lines with humor—sometimes, indeed, with a smile that says of the very words she is uttering, "What blithering nonsense this is!" I also enjoyed the unfailingly clever songs (music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb); subversive as they are, they are full of wit and therefore irresistible. Harry Guardino plays Tess's husband with a rather rueful male gentility. (The gesture with the pitcher is entirely out of keeping with his character, but the show had to be brought to a climax somehow.) Roderick Cook is amusing as Tess's prissy secretary. Again, the message conveyed by the character he plays is that only a venomous homosexual could possibly stand up against the strength of a beautiful and disciplined woman. Marilyn Cooper plays the happily married woman—looking as ugly as possible in plastic hair curlers, and turning out not to be so happily married



"*Will you be needing anything else, sir?*"



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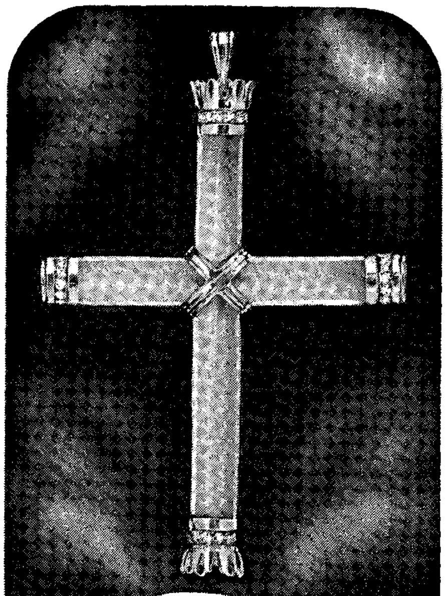

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after all—and Grace Keagy makes a superlatively malevolent German maid.

The peripatetic settings are by Tony Walton, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Marilyn Rennagel. Tony Charmoli appears to have done the choreography, with help from Ronald Melrose, and the entire production has been directed by Robert Moore, who is well aware that the most important attribute of any musical is a reckless expenditure of energy by everyone concerned. There are dances in "Woman of the Year" in which I reckon that something like four hundred and twenty-three thousand calories are burned up in a matter of two or three minutes. That is just as it should be.

JUST as it shouldn't be is "Rose," a sad comedy in which Glenda Jackson and Jessica Tandy demonstrate that they are among the most skillful actresses on earth. The playwright, Andrew Davies, is a marvel at writing dialogue but is evidently too impatient to be bothered with writing a true play. One scene follows another in a linear fashion, not unlike the bumping along of a bus that is determined to get from A to B, and perhaps even to C, but in the nature of things there is little accumulation of emotion between mere letters of the alphabet. For some reason, Miss Jackson has chosen to return to New York after an absence of many years with a haircut not unlike those imposed upon Frenchwomen who had collaborated—or were reputed to have collaborated—with Nazis during the Second World War. She is well-nigh uncoiffed, and it made me uneasy to look at her. The story of "Rose" concerns a schoolteacher in England and the guarded life that lies before her, but Miss Jackson, like Miss Bacall, is a superior being, sure to have her way; we find it difficult to accept her as a troubled survivor of the meagre promises of the Midlands. The director of "Rose" is Alan Dossor, the setting is by John Gunter, the costumes are by Linda Fisher, and the lighting

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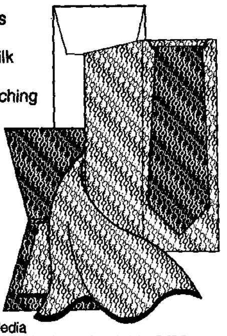

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is by Andy Phillips. Disappointing as I found the play, I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Davies was back next year with a crackerjack melodrama called "Hamlet" or "King Lear." He is a writer, and writers are invincible.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

THREE POEMS

BASICALLY

Without making any big step
basically a man thinks
maybe I am happy
a bird near me
beats its wings without singing
darkness coming on
the woman quiets down
but talks in her sleep
over the fawn stretches
branches rustle
footsteps echo
the knife thrown in anger
rusts by a beech tree
when will wars be over
a passerby asks
wispy with white hair
for a long time now
no one has answered.

FACES

In the backwashes of days
faces return
when one turns aside you see
the delicate curve of a shoulder
if the woman you are watching
is the beautiful blind one
the tree stays just as sunny
no shutters
in the domain of fields
the summer days there burn
old clothes are brought out
hands slip
on the polished rails
glances meet again there
on the burning curve
of the overgrown path.

EVENT

Everything is an event
for those who know how to tremble
the drop of water that falls
carrying reflections
of barns and stables
the sound of a pin
falling on marble
milk that boils
at the end of the day
the moments that drag
in colorless abodes
when the woman falls asleep.

—JEAN FOLLAIN

(Translated, from the French, by Heather McHugh.)

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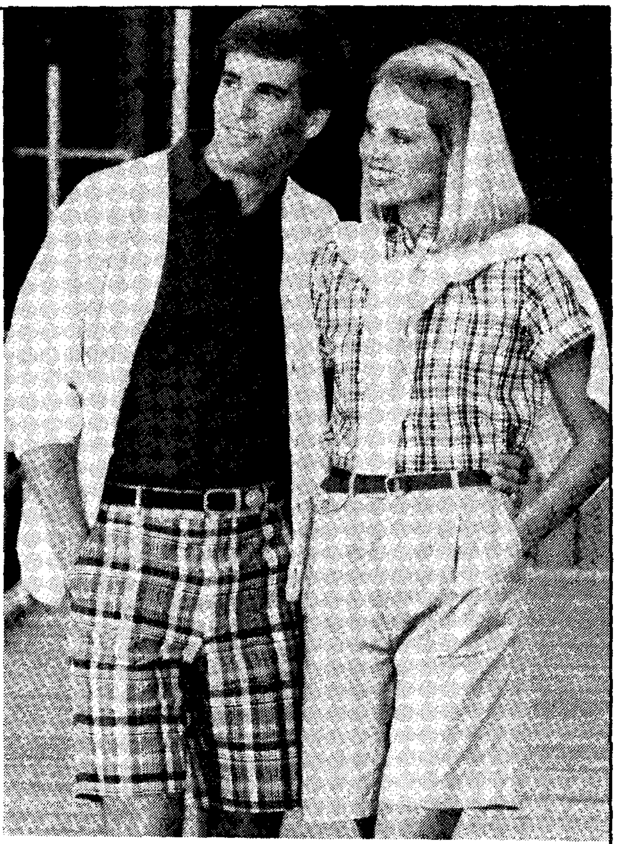

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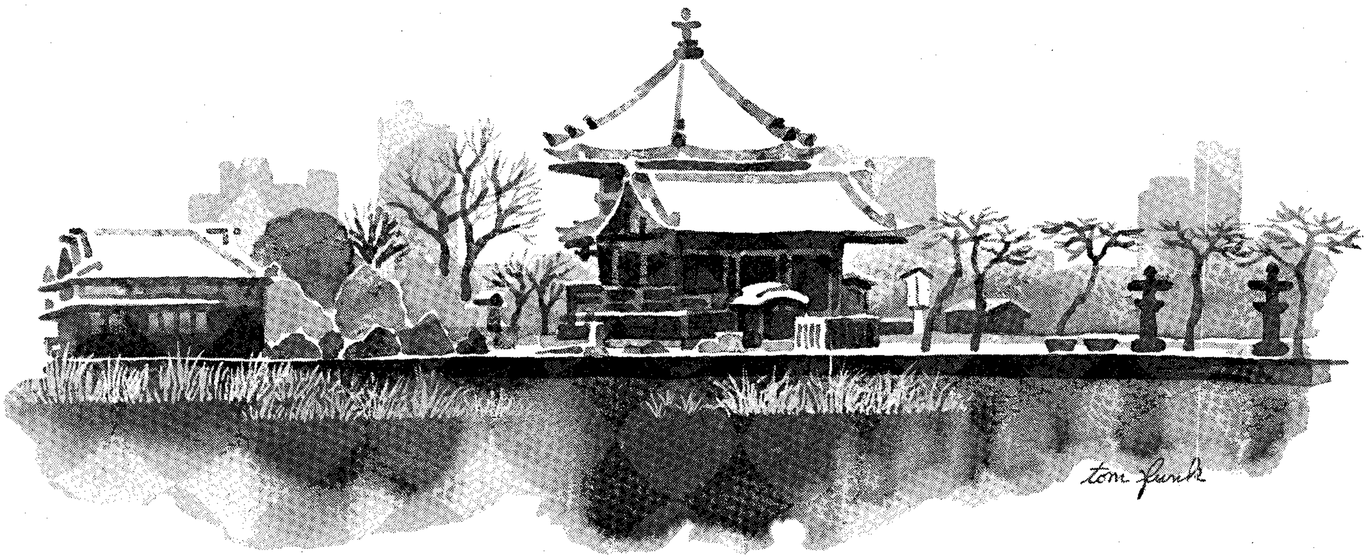

THE paradox of Japan, thirty-five years after it was left shattered and desolated by the Second World War, is that its swift emergence as an economic superpower has so overwhelmed it with plenty that it is not unlike some heir to sudden huge wealth who, rather than feeling elated, is embarrassed, bewildered, and somewhat lonely as he tries to adjust to the shock of affluence. Notwithstanding a recent slowdown in economic growth, the country promises to go on outstripping and outmaneuvering its competitors during the coming decade, but in other respects, including cultural and aesthetic ones, the Japanese are for the moment standing still. To some extent, the process of fast growth has caused Japan to lose not only its bearings but also a clear comprehension of its cherished traditions. In a recent book entitled "Japan As No. 1," by a Harvard professor named Ezra Vogel, of which nearly fifty thousand copies have been sold in America and ten times as many in Japan, the Japanese are depicted as having surpassed the United States economically and managerially in many fields—an assessment that is true only up to a point, the auto and steel industries being two of the more obvious examples—but the question of what price they have paid for their inordinate success is left unanswered. Besides the fact that the Japanese have many trading partners and some allies but only one real friend, the United States, with whom their relations remain sound but not always smooth, part of the national price of success is a new complacency that sometimes borders on smugness, or even arrogance, and a kind of dispirited hedonism, manifested by a passion for trying out everything new, from new foods to new gadgets, all of which make life easier but not necessarily more stimulating.

The contemporary paradox is compounded, or perhaps obscured, by the fact that Japan is beginning to be more confidently in touch with the world community, though still inhibited when it comes to promoting equality of trade and investment abroad rather than just increasing exports—the prime example and prime source of friction, of course, being automobiles. In many, if not most, respects its greater exposure to the world, as a corollary to its emergence as a major industrial power, has been accelerated as much by such negative factors as the energy and monetary crises, and by strategic and security concerns, as by any creative achievement or by self-awareness. Still, Japan has begun to assume some responsibilities that it would not have dared to undertake a few years ago. These include a decision to adopt (not without considerable doubt and trepidation) a gradually stronger posture of self-defense, partly under pressure from the United States but mostly in reaction to a sometimes exaggerated Soviet threat.

Despite these and other outward-looking signs, the Japanese today, in the opinion of longtime foreign and domestic social critics I know, have remained for the most part as isolated and apart—other-planetary, one might say—and as static in their psychological and emotional condition as they were during the Tokugawa Shogunate, which lasted from 1603 to 1868, and during which their rulers completely sealed them off from the rest of the world. Some observers are now drawing parallels between the feudal structure and operation of Tokugawa society and the forms and conduct of today's democratic society, which, though less stringent, is carefully controlled. There are valid comparisons to be made, based on the way people's lives during the Tokugawa era were organized and circumscribed by unwritten but universally accepted rules defining the relationships between the government and the population and among its various classes, such as merchants, soldiers, artisans, and farmers—rules that made clear both the opportunities for freedom and the limitations upon it. Today's society is certainly a lot looser and more open, but it still operates according to guidelines, acknowledged by all Japanese, that provide a framework into which they all neatly fit, thus enabling them to function efficiently. It is not surprising that, in attempting to redefine their identity while searching for new values or new affirmations of old ones, the Japanese are now extolling the virtues both of the Tokugawa years and of the Meiji period that followed, when they opened their country to the West and to industrial progress but retained their own carefully cushioned styles of language and etiquette, in relation not only to foreigners but to each other. Some of the most popular current shows on television (which is more of an addiction here than in the United States) are historical dramas about the heroic adventures, martial or otherwise, of famous samurai and court figures. (The American TV series "Shogun" was shown as a full-length film in Tokyo, and had a moderate success.) Such television entertainments serve as a sort of interim spiritual panacea—both hype and tranquilizer.

This periodic clamlike opening and shutting of the national shell, which the Japanese themselves do not altogether understand, but which fascinates them as much as it does others, contributes to making Japan a uniquely puzzling study in the world today. Richer and more variegated civilizations, such as those of the Chinese, the Greeks, and the Egyptians—and, in a somewhat different sense, the British, the Italians, the Russians, and even the Americans—are easier to come to grips with. This enigmatic quality may stem from the nature of recent change in Japan—the odd mixture of ways in which, over the past century, things have been adopted from outside and embellished, refined, and, on occasion, coarsened. At the same time, the Japanese have maintained their own style for dealing with everything, old and new, in tribal fashion, through conformity and loyalty, and only rarely on the basis of individual action and expression. In a societal climate based on consensus, competition is countenanced only if standards are established and respected; the ideal of mass responsibility—to the goals of the family, the group, the company, and the nation—takes precedence over individualism. Despite the move away from feudalism after the Meiji Restoration of 1868, the idea of equality remained a myth. Takeshi Ishida, a social scientist at the University of Tokyo, recently pointed out that "the myth was attractive enough to inspire the masses to enthusiastic participation in the competition for success." But, he added, "in a conformity-conscious society like Japan, competition takes the form of competition to prove one's loyalty, whether to the emperor or to the state, and thus embodies accommodation to the prevailing social order."

AFTER 1945, when the emperor's godlike role was abolished and he became, under the new constitution imposed by the Americans, simply "the symbol of the state and of the unity of the people," the implanted democratic formulas suggested a different approach to competition. But as the state, having been divested by the Occupation authorities of the national religion of Shintoism, lost its aura of divinity, secular groups and organizations, most notably some burgeoning new Japanese companies, soon claimed a near-religious fealty from workers

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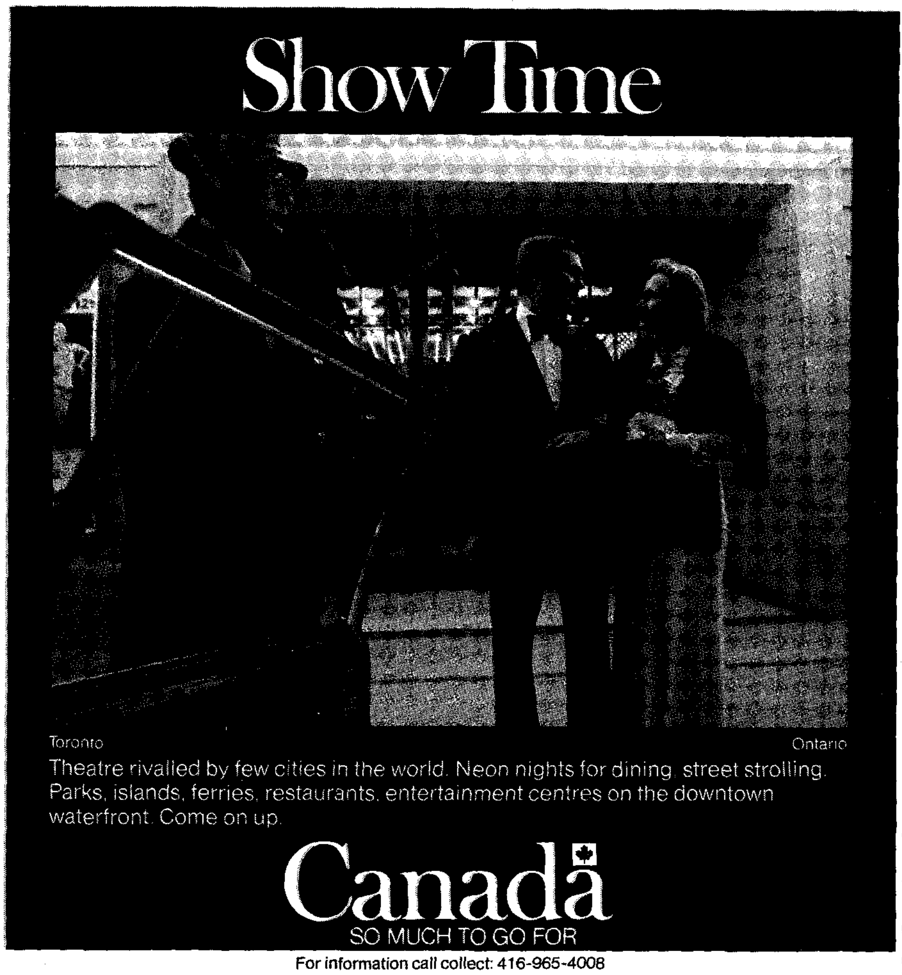
who dedicated entire careers to advancing them. There evolved a sense of devotion which corresponded to the loyalty that had earlier been given to emperors and shoguns and, during the Second World War, the military. Ishida cited the somewhat extreme but not unusual case of a sales officer of a large company who, as recently as 1979, committed suicide after being caught in a scandal over aircraft imports from the United States. He left a note that said, "The company is eternal. It is our duty to devote our lives to that eternity. Our employment may last for only twenty or thirty years, but the life of the company is eternal. I must be brave and act as a man to protect that eternal life." It is true that, as Ishida and others have pointed out, younger people in Japan nowadays are no longer quite so disposed to this kind of unquestioning devotion to the firms they work for, and there has been increased job mobility among them before they settle down to steady lifetime positions. It is also true that there has been some deterioration in the country's rigorous work habits and attitudes, because it has become easier to live well without strenuous endeavor. However, under the still predominant system of lifetime employment the interests of the *ie*—the household or family—while it is not as extended as it used to be but approaches the nuclear, are still closely identified with those of the company. The Japanese cannot comprehend the manner in which American business executives move from one corporation job to another—particularly, as in the automobile industry and in television, for example, to important posts with competing firms. One Japanese management expert has pointed out, "You can't have a system of loyalty and trust that way."

Significantly, since the mid-seventies, possibly as a result of what is called "the first oil shock"—the first OPEC price boost—and the forced reevaluation of the concept of unlimited growth, there has also been something of a religious revival in Japan, involving both Shintoism and Buddhism. More young people, especially, are attending traditional Shinto festivals, which are community affairs and express a common sharing of joyful celebration, not unlike a block party; and more people of all ages are visiting Shinto shrines or Buddhist temples, to pray or to obtain a talisman for anything from help in passing examinations or warding off auto accidents to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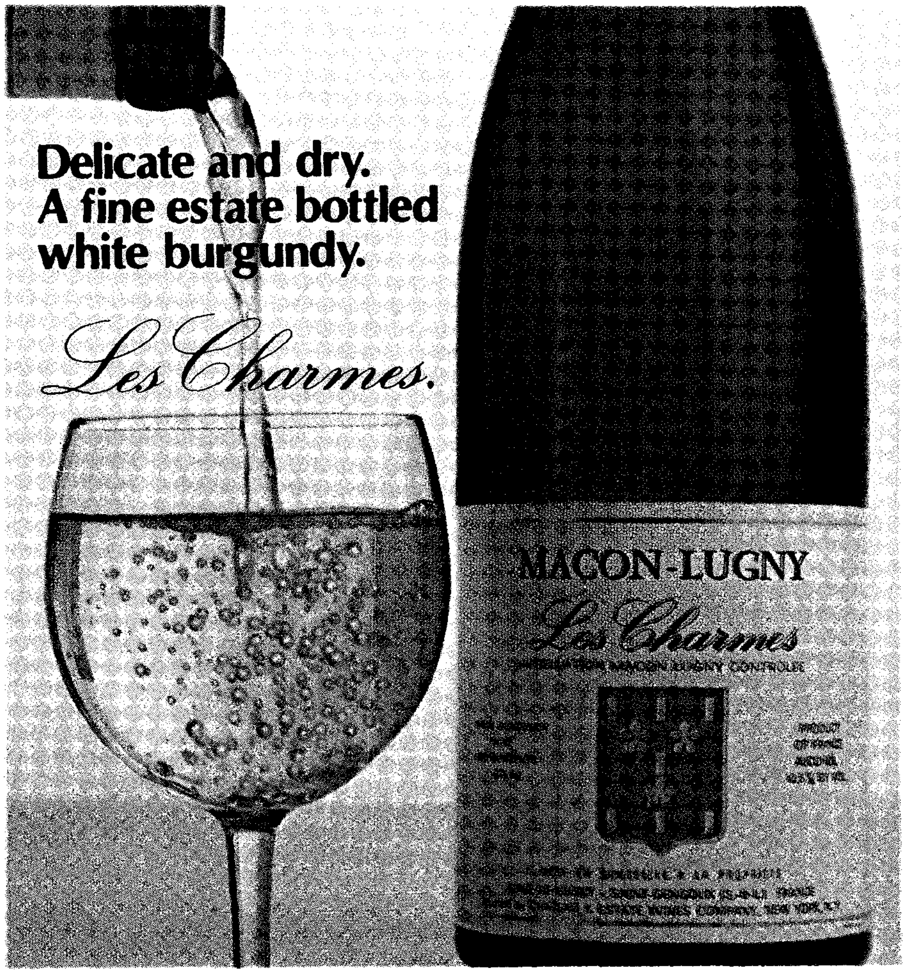
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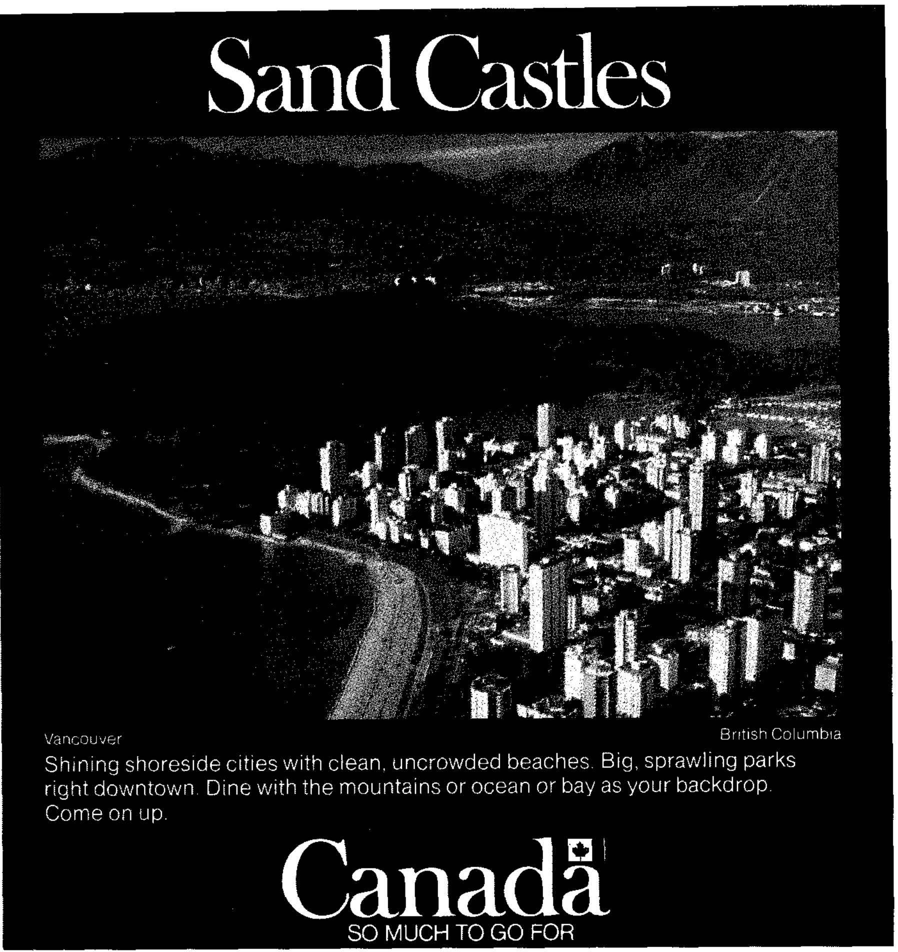
general prosperity. There is considerable debate in Japan about whether this reflects simply an urge to rediscover some fundamental roots or, as some assert, signals a return to potentially dangerous expressions of nationalism. More military songs are being heard these days, including songs of the Second World War, and while this sort of neo-nationalistic expression is upsetting to some people, particularly of the older generation, others regard it simply as a sentimental and healthy—or, at least, harmless—sign that Japan is looking both inward and backward at a time when the future is uncertain. Feelings of guilt about the war have never been prevalent among the Japanese, and more than half of the country's hundred and seventeen million people were born after 1945 and have no memories of it at all. But there is a rising debate about the new nationalism, and it crystallized last August 15th when Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki and most of the members of his Cabinet visited the Yasukuni Shinto shrine, where the two and a half million dead soldiers of the Second World War are memorialized—including fourteen major war criminals who were executed after the war and whose remains were transferred there in 1978. Suzuki's visit occurred on the anniversary of the Japanese surrender, and political opposition parties immediately took aim at him, claiming that he acted in violation of the constitution and of the postwar separation of state and religion, which was initiated by the Americans. The constitution itself—and specifically the question of whether it should be revised—is at the heart of this debate; the discussion has been going on for many months, mostly over the issue of defense and just how far Japan should go in rearming itself, particularly in view of Article 9, which sets limits on "self-defense" which are somewhat vague and have been variously interpreted. Having emerged as far as they have from their postwar cocoon without quite knowing yet in what direction they want to go, the Japanese are disturbed about the larger implications of this question.

HERE, probably more than in any other industrial society, the principles of conformity and loyalty sprang initially from rural communities, which were the backbone of the prewar society and, at least until recently, served as the conservative foundation stone of the somewhat mis-



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named Liberal Democratic Party, which has held power for three decades. As the major cities, including Tokyo, Nagoya, Kobe, and Osaka, grew in size, they acquired satellite communities that included company cities dominated by big steel, automobile producers, and other businesses; and as they did so rural values, including devotion to nature, began to diminish. The Japanese have traditionally had a deep aesthetic respect for nature. Nature was something with which they lived peacefully, warmly, and comfortably. But with modernization and affluence came superhighways, high-rise office buildings, bullet trains, and pollution (though the Japanese have done a better job than most industrial countries in controlling it), and nature—which may soon be a luxury of poor rather than rich nations—became a victim of wealth. Today, the Japanese, even more than the Americans, have not only a destructive but, some critics maintain, a rapacious attitude toward nature. They pile their garbage on mountaintops they have traditionally loved to scale, or dump it in their offshore bays, and they are covering whatever limited amount of open space is still left in this crowded, overpopulated country with supermarkets, tennis courts, and small golf ranges. But the myth that they revere nature endures, and they pay lip service to it, even though the traditional sites and scenes—with some exceptions, such as the beautiful waters and islands of the Inland Sea—have been sacrificed to modernization and progress.

The economic imperatives that obsessively motivate Japan, and that have created such an overweening consumer psychology, cannot be divorced from the many physical, social, and cultural changes that prosperity and growth have brought about. I was here at the start of the Occupation and remember clearly what a wasteland Tokyo was after the long months of constant fire bombing. Many parts of the city were flat rubble, without a house standing. People moved about like ghosts, searching for homes, clothes, and food, and large numbers of others had gone to the countryside to escape the bombs. It didn't take long before the country started to rebuild, and it has never stopped. Nowadays, the ride into downtown Tokyo from the new Narita Airport, which takes from an hour and a half to two hours and a half, depending on the traffic, is like an excursion through an endless industrial

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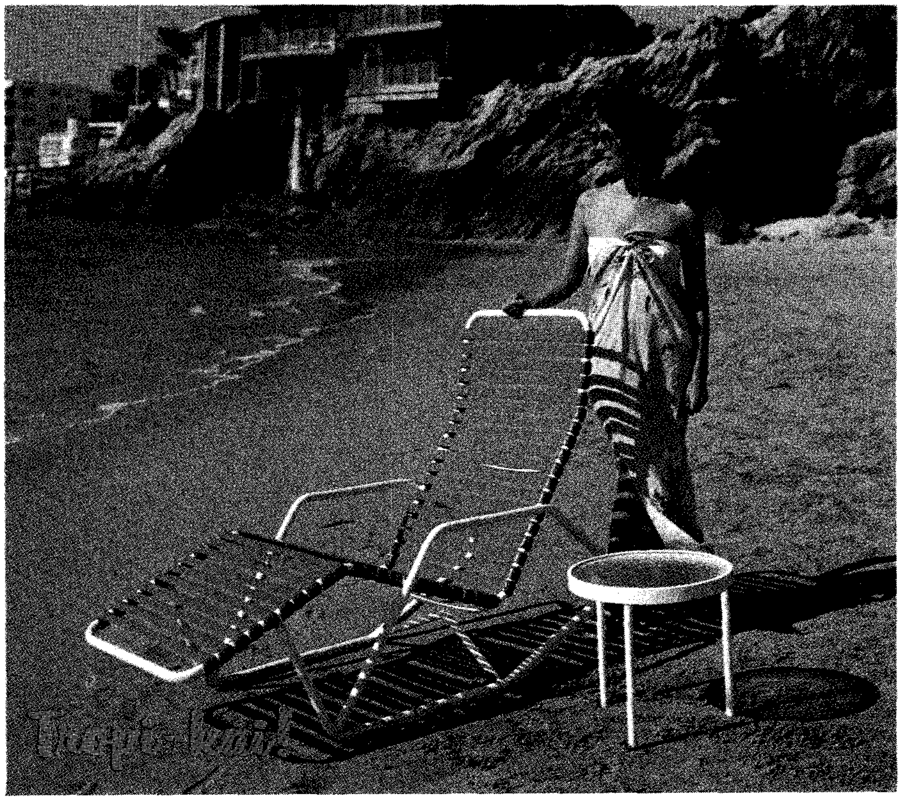

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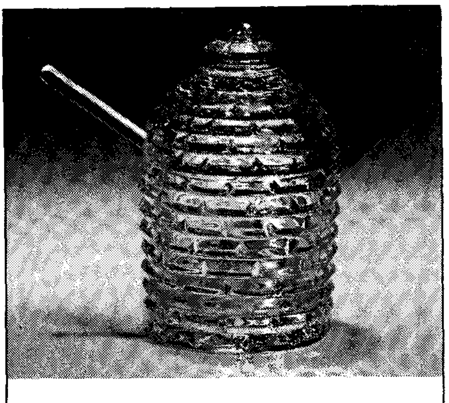
Disneyland. Every single foot of available space is utilized in one way or another for productive purposes—either occupied by a factory, a hotel, an office building, a highway, or, wherever a tiny plot of open ground remains, planted with a few vegetables. In the city itself, delightful old streets, alleys, and houses remain tucked away amid the neon lights and the concrete cosmopolitan sprawl, but they are isolated cells waging a losing battle against the dubious transfusions of progress. One marvels at the compact neatness of it all, at the wheels that mesh, at the robots that, instead of men, manufacture cars. Japan today owns sixty per cent of the world's supply of robotlike, reprogrammable, multifunctional machinery. The very air, less polluted than it once was but still often hazy and smoky, smells of efficiency, and the careful utilization of time is its essence; everything—trains and appointments, profits and pleasures—runs on schedule. Over the past decade, moving in and out of Japan fairly often, I have kept seeing new things, new evidences of growth, and I can only wonder not just whether it will ever stop but what the ultimate result will be—what brave new world, if any, will emerge.

IN a conversation I had recently with Donald Richie, an American friend who has lived in Japan for most of the last twenty-five years, he said, "Imagine the plight of a nation whose cultural values were always based upon want now suddenly overcome with plenty. If space was traditionally used with genius in Japan, it was partly because there was no furniture to put into the space; if the architecture so splendidly showed its structure, it was because façades cost too much. The earthen vase, so right for flowers, evolved at least partly because no material other than mud was at hand; the economy of the haiku, cause and effect in a small number of syllables, reflected a general efficiency in the face of poverty. But now the country has enough (or too much) money, and its people have enough (or too much) time. Spatially and temporally, none of the traditional assumptions are relevant. Japan is demoralized, in that it no longer has any aesthetic, any cultural morale." Richie, like others, believes that the desanctification of the emperor after 1945 cost the Japanese more than a god—it deprived them of "the assurance of Japaneseness," he says, because "all the structures between him and the ordinary Japanese disappeared." The Japanese, as a people, were forced thereafter to "live with a new atheism, with a black hole at its center—the absence of the god." They eventually "filled the hole with a materialistic model, American-style consumerism," and Japan became not a nation of shopkeepers but a nation of travelling salesmen and, soon, a leading member of the family of international traders. Foreign trade became, in effect, the new religion. It grew to dominate Japanese life as vast new trading companies and a multiplicity of entrepreneurs, encouraged by the government and supported by an ever higher rate of productivity in such fields as steel, automobiles, petrochemicals, electronics, and shipping, swarmed around the world signing export contracts and building up huge balances of trade in Japan's favor. All this dismayed not only other industrial nations but developing ones as well, which legitimately think in terms of aid and investment to build up their own economic base rather than of themselves as constituting sources of more and more raw materials for Japan's insatiable, round-the-clock factories. It was no wonder that Japan acquired a reputation as an ugly duckling, a voracious intruder that cared only about itself and its own appetites. But then, fairly recently, when, despite its dependence on outside sources of energy, particularly oil, it proved itself more capable than other nations of contending with economic crises brought on by repeated oil shocks and by world recession, Japan suddenly came to be envied and admired for its accomplishments. The ugly duckling was a swan after all, to be praised and emulated—or, at least, this was the somewhat exaggerated picture projected by the Vogel book, among other accounts.

That the Japanese, so immersed in themselves, should be so ready, not to say eager, to accept the judgments of others about them has often amazed me. At first glance, this trait might seem to imply a degree of vulnerability, but I have lately come to realize that it can also reflect self-adulation and pride. The Japanese play a game of bouncing rubber balls with the rest of the world; they throw out a ball, usually an economic one, and wait for the ball to bounce back, for the response that so often turns out to be angry: "Stop exporting so many cars. Use some restraint. Buy more from us. Invest more in our country." Then



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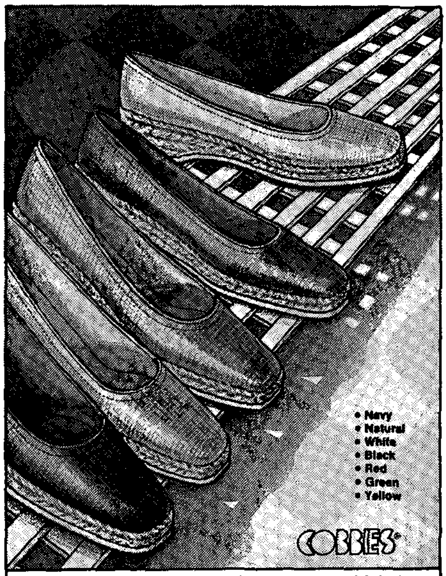

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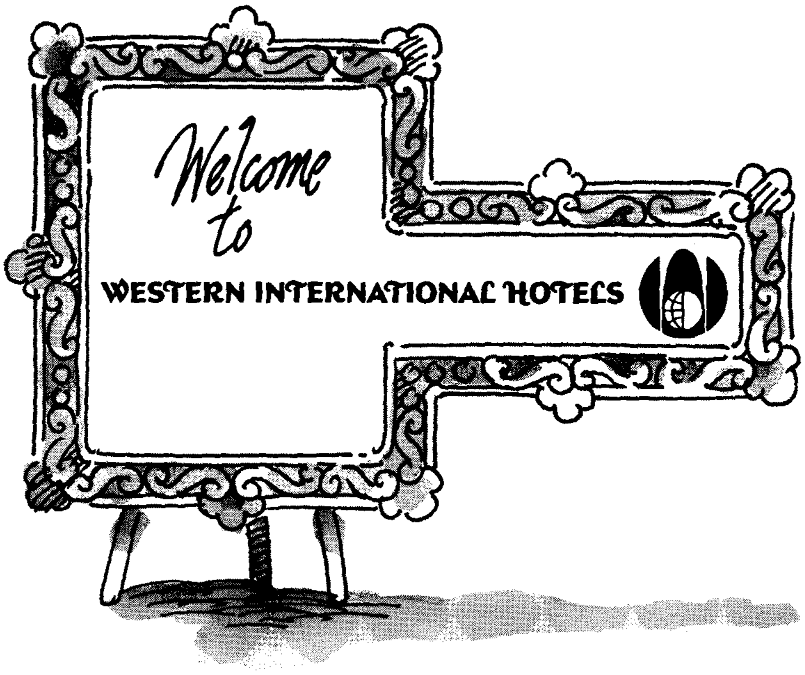
they readjust their sights, or pretend to, and engage in that peculiar form of Japanese introspection which demonstrates their predominant motivation to be self-interest and a determination to reassert their superiority as traders; at the same time, they reveal a gradually emerging willingness to compromise and make amends, and a desire to be better liked, though scarcely loved. In this respect, they are not altogether different from Americans, who, if perhaps more lovable, have never managed with complete success to convince the rest of the world that they are worth loving.

In another sense, the Japanese know full well that they are not as superior as Vogel says they are—in many areas of technology and innovation, though they are catching up quickly, they still lag behind the United States and West Germany—but they revel in the encomiums they receive. Doing so becomes a form of showmanship—almost a kind of national exhibitionism. They may know better than to believe it all, but it satisfies their busy mercantile egos. Yet while the passion to understand themselves, not only through their own eyes but through the eyes of others, continues, they remain forever willing to borrow and improve on foreign ideas, and to adopt fads and fancies, ranging from existentialism to exotic striptease techniques (which, incidentally, are a form of night-club entertainment they have carried to such extremes in the past two or three years that neither the strip nor the tease is left—only naked girls offering themselves to bored customers). Residents of a country subject to disasters, particularly earthquakes, the Japanese remain fascinated by doom as well as by hope. A couple of years before the Vogel book appeared, John Kenneth Galbraith's "Age of Uncertainty" was a best-seller in Japan, because it satisfied the penchant of the Japanese for gloomy prognostications. It also appealed to their forebodings following the first oil shock of 1973, which caused them to panic, and to go buzzing around the Middle East like angry bees on a rampage. The Japanese have a positive genius for turning things around to suit their own needs and their own rationale. In an essay that appeared not long ago in a magazine called *Voice*, Yuji Aida, a retired professor of history at Kyoto University, took note of the popularity of the Galbraith book and cited a passage from the "Tsurezuregusa" ("Essays in Idleness")—a Japanese classic written by Kenko Yoshida in the fourteenth century—in which appears the famous line "The most precious thing in life is its uncertainty." Professor Aida wrote:

> The active affirmation of transience, the way of thinking based on the idea that the essence and beauty of things are to be found precisely in their mutability—this is the true spirit of Japan. . . . Though we tend to think that we have been unconditionally pursuing modernization, following single-mindedly in the footsteps of the West, and though we tend to believe that we have been divesting ourselves of the characteristic Japanese mentality, in fact this is not so. Superficially, we have lost our Japanese quality, but essentially speaking there is, if anything, an ever-strengthening regression—for better or for worse—to Japaneseness. Though they do not actively espouse it, in their way of life today young people show a passive acceptance of the idea that "the most precious thing in life is its uncertainty."

Not all Japanese scholars—let alone ordinary citizens, young or old—would agree with Aida's analysis. Though it is true that in the mid- and late seventies there was an increase in apathy, and even in alienation, expressed in the attitude of many Japanese toward both politics and their jobs, there was scarcely a feeling that mutability and uncertainty were ends in themselves. Until the first oil shock, they had been intoxicated by the prospect of endless growth and prosperity, but then overconfidence gave way to shocked sobriety. After an initial period of panic and uncertainty, there was a new grasp of reality. Students, who here, as elsewhere, had rebelled in the sixties, returned to their classrooms. People under thirty-five who had lived only in an age of prosperity and had therefore been the most frightened by the spectre of instability responded the most sensitively to the challenge, and once they had readjusted their sights they recognized that their middle-class aspirations were still valid and attainable, and they regained not only their confidence but also their self-satisfaction: there were still more than enough television sets and automobiles, and all the other trinkets and comforts, to go around. Conservatism had seemed to be on the wane because the Liberal Democratic Party had kept declining, for the first time raising the possibility of a coalition government, but then, in last June's national elections, the Party won a major victory, its biggest in eleven years: conservatism had regained its momentum. Uncertainty was an important factor in the vote: the Russian invasion of Afghanistan,



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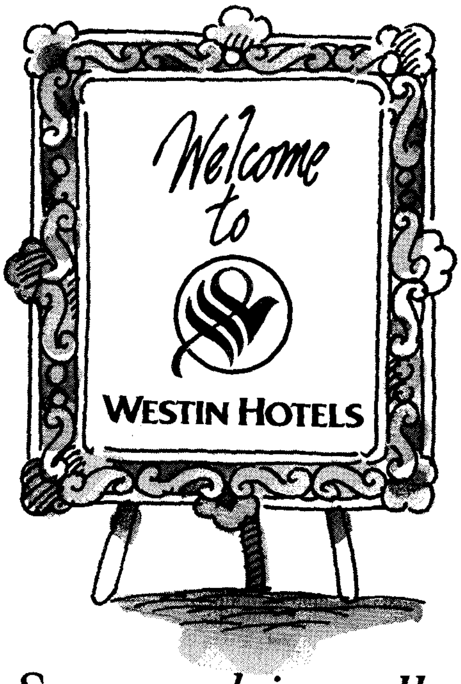

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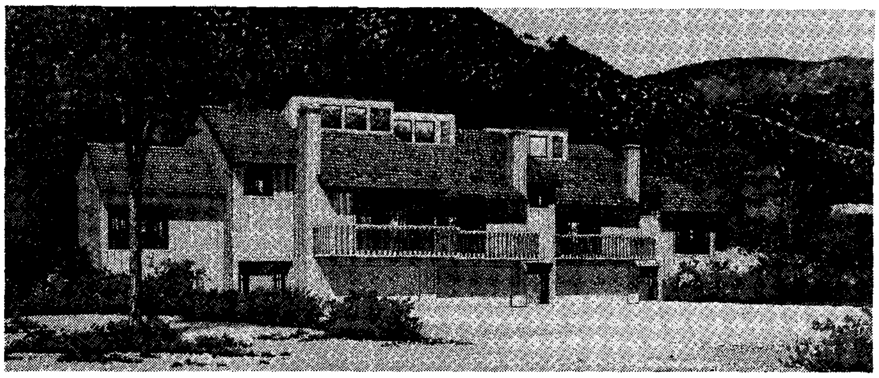
the increasing Soviet naval buildup in the north Pacific, and the dispatch of some twelve thousand Soviet troops to the so-called Northern Territories—four small islands of the Kuril chain, which the Russians had seized during the Second World War and have consistently refused to return. All these things, together with the revolution in Iran and the continued volatile situation in the Middle East, brought the voters back to the L.D.P., as the "safest" party to lead the country in a time of world instability.

ALTHOUGH the compass held steady and the traditionally conservative ship stayed on course, it is by no means clear whether the revivified L.D.P.—now likely to remain unchallenged until the mid-eighties—will be able to guide Japan on a bolder and more adventuresome course, as its leaders promised during the campaign. Of the many perplexing matters that lie ahead, the issue of Japanese self-defense—or, in a larger perspective, of Japan's strengthening its security role in the northern Pacific—epitomizes the conflict between pure self-interest and broader interests, embracing the country's relations with its friends and allies, particularly the United States. In the past two years, during which the Japanese have come steadily closer to accepting the necessity of improving their national defense structure, they have finally admitted the fact that they have been enjoying a free ride ever since the war by depending upon the Americans to protect them while they concentrated on marching ahead economically. But it takes the Japanese a long time not only to reach decisions but to act on them; and, quite apart and aside from the question of money, which they have in abundance but worry about as much as nations that have less, the defense question has deep psychological implications, reflecting something more than the country's fervent feelings of pacifism. According to Masao Kunihiro, a cultural and social anthropologist I have known for some years, the rejection of militarism at the end of the war was tied to an appraisal of death as something "unclean and lugubrious." Until the sixth century, when Buddhism made its appearance, there had been no theology and no philosophy of life and death, and death had not been dealt with as a rational phenomenon. Over the ensuing centuries, however, a variety of rituals, called *misogi*, such as bathing



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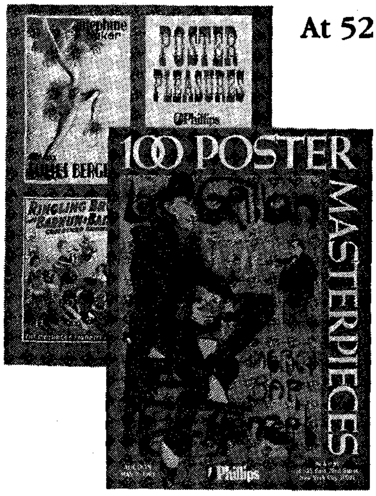

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in cold water to cleanse oneself, were adopted as a means of exorcising the very idea of death, at least subjectively. Kunihiro draws an analogy between this concept and the postwar feelings of disgust about war as "something horrible and dirty." As he puts it, "We were sick of the idea, and we wanted to stop thinking of it altogether, as we did of death, of all the unpleasant things it implied." For this reason, although the Japanese did not relish having to accept the hastily drafted "peace constitution" forced on them by the American Occupation authorities, which was aimed at making certain that they would never again have the military means to seek domination, they approved the celebrated Article 9, which declared, "The Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as a means of settling international disputes." The article added that, in order to achieve this aim, "land, sea, and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained," and "the right of belligerency of the state will not be recognized." Kunihiro regards the acceptance of Article 9 as a *misogi*—a sort of ritualistic legal hangover. In any event, it was bolstered both by the first security pact with the United States, in 1952, and by the second, in 1960, which was more specific—the Americans reiterating their promise to protect the Japanese in case they were attacked but agreeing to consult with them before dispatching American forces stationed here for any operations outside the country. Nothing was said even in the second treaty about the Japanese giving other than logistical support to the Americans in the event of war.

As the world's first and so far only victims of nuclear bombs, the Japanese have for thirty-five years been leaders in the campaign to abolish such weapons. The so-called "three non-nuclear principles"—not manufacturing, possessing, or permitting the entry of nuclear weapons—were espoused in 1971 by the L.D.P. as a national political doctrine. The majority of the people still support this policy, although over recent years the polls have shown an increasing number moving away from what is described here as "the nuclear allergy," and favoring some modifications of the principles. The modifications range from lifting the ban on nuclear weapons being stored here, presumably by the United States, to considering whether Japan should go

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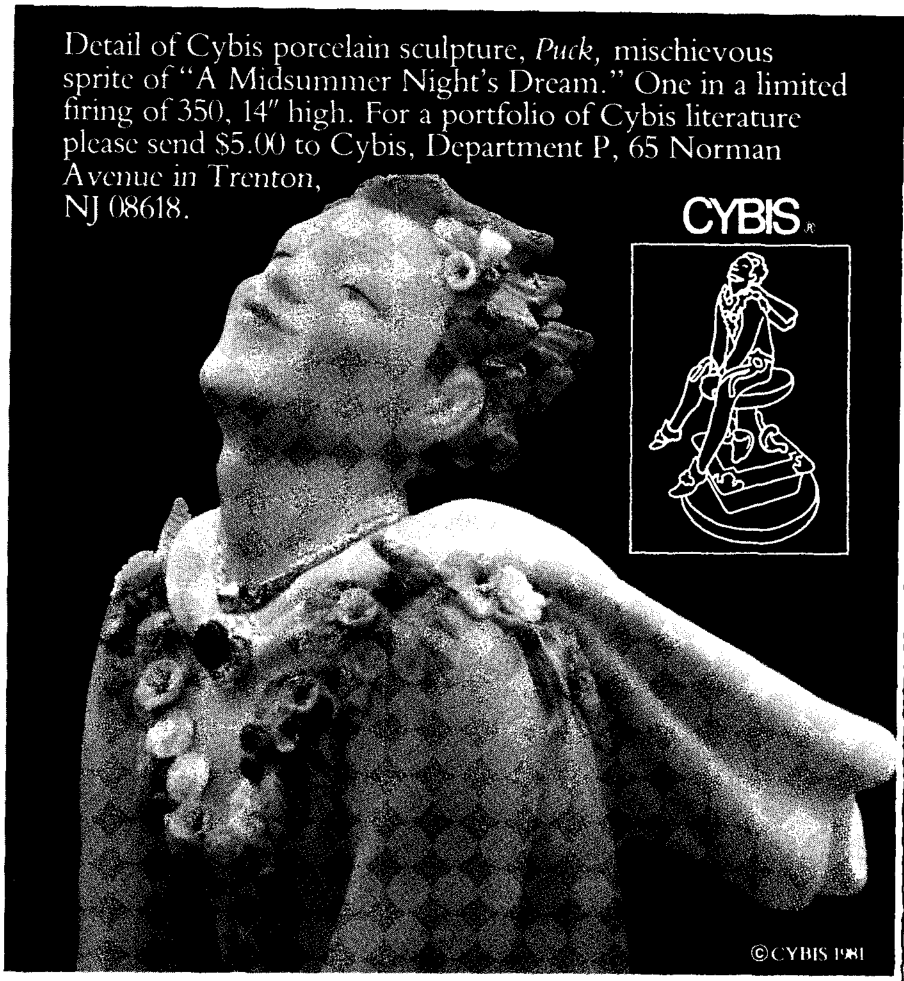

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nuclear itself—something it already has the basic capacity for. However, there is no immediate likelihood that any of these options will be adopted, nor does the United States favor their adoption, though it is possible that the situation might change in the coming decade. But starting at the time of the Korean War, when, at the urging of the United States—and despite Article 9—the Japanese began building up their Self-Defense Forces to support the internal police, the question of defense has gradually assumed new proportions. For many years, the S.D.F. ground troops, which now total a hundred and fifty-five thousand men, remained unpopular and were openly denounced by the opposition parties, with the Socialists and the Communists taking the lead, but since about 1977 the national mood has changed; today, more than three-quarters of the population, according to some opinion polls, approve of the S.D.F., and even the majority of Communists and Socialists have dropped their opposition. Although the question of whether the existence of armed forces violates the constitution is still occasionally raised, the courts, in a number of local rulings, have declared that it does not.

The main issue at present is how far and how fast Japan should move to strengthen its non-nuclear defense capacity in the surrounding seas, and whether its defenses should extend as far south as the Strait of Malacca, through which the ships that carry oil and other raw materials pass en route to Japan. By patrolling this far south, the argument goes, the Japanese would be reinforcing their own protection and also helping the United States Seventh Fleet, now stretched thin as it patrols the waters all the way from Japan and the Philippines to the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf. While the argument is strategically persuasive, the Japanese would probably not be willing even to consider what Americans now officially request —"a steady and significant increase" in Japan's military strength and capacity—were it not for their own belief in a deepening Soviet threat and in an ebbing of United States strength in the world. More than half the Japanese have indicated in polls that, despite treaty pledges, they no longer have implicit faith that the United States will rush to their help if they are attacked.

There is no doubt about the Soviet buildup in the Far East. Russian naval strength there today totals a million and a half tons, having increased by two hundred and seventy thousand tons in the past three years, and it includes the formidable new aircraft carrier Minsk and a large fleet of modern destroyers and submarines armed with the newest missiles. The Soviets have deployed SS-20 missiles and Backfire bombers in northern Asia to bolster their air contingent of two thousand planes. Among the planes are MiG-25s, one of which made a mysterious forced landing at Hakodate Airport, in northern Hokkaido, in September, 1976, not far from an S.D.F. barracks; the pilot, apparently a defector, had flown in under the Japanese radar. The incident caused panic and led to the calling of an alert in case the Russians should mount an attack to recover the plane; more than any other single recent event, it raised apprehensions in Japan and stimulated the debate over self-defense. The Russians, in addition to their air and naval strength, have about three hundred and fifty thousand troops stationed in the Far East—more than twice the number of the poorly prepared Japanese ground forces, and four times the number of American troops stationed in Japan (including Okinawa) and in South Korea. The tonnage of our Seventh Fleet, even counting the ships that shuttle between Japan and the Indian Ocean, is less than half that of the Russian Far Eastern fleet, which doesn't do so much roaming beyond the Pacific but has established naval and air bases as far south in Asia as Vietnam.

Though the Japanese, like the Americans, have moved closer to the Chinese in recent years, and the Chinese, reversing their earlier policy, now approve of the American military role in Japan and the Pacific, the Japanese attitude toward the Russians remains strangely ambivalent. Japan has never signed a treaty with Russia formally ending the Second World War—the Kuril Islands issue has been the principal stumbling block—and it rejected an offer made by Russia six years ago to sign what Moscow tagged a Friendship, Good Neighbor, and Coöperation Treaty, similar to one Afghanistan signed with Russia at the end of 1978, which was the alleged basis for Russia's invasion of that country in December, 1979. Primarily, the Russians want Japanese capital and technological coöperation for the development of their vast resources, which include steel, copper, and asbestos, and which the Japanese would like to share. Several joint projects have already been undertaken in Siberia, involving the development of port facilities on Wrangel Bay and exploration for and production of coal, oil, natural-gas, and forestry resources, but even before the invasion of Afghanistan the Japanese were reluctant to commit themselves to any further major schemes, and those already agreed upon have lagged, though Soviet-Japanese trade during the seventies increased in volume from less than a billion dollars annually to a little over four billion dollars. The Japanese remain wary of Russian overtures, citing both the somewhat tired bugaboo of "Finlandization" and threats to their ties with the United States and China. At the same time, they want to mollify the Russians, and the approach of the Foreign Ministry has on occasion verged on obsequiousness. In the fall of 1979, for example, Sunao Sonoda, then Japan's Foreign Minister, told Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko that Japan did not approve of the militarization of Shikotan Island, one of the four Kuril Islands that are in dispute, yet "it is understandable that the Soviet Union should reinforce its military force in the light of the Soviet position in the area," and he added, "Because of the present delicate United States-Soviet balance, the Soviet Union is presumably doing so to prevent war" and "I respect the efforts of President Brezhnev." Although the Japanese Foreign Ministry does not oppose rearmament, it has frequently sought to tone down the more hawkish Defense Agency. "It is not in the interests of Japan to make an uproar about the 'Soviet threat,' " Sonoda, who was a fighter pilot during the Second World War, said shortly after his talk with Gromyko. Particularly under the late Prime Minister Masayoshi Ohira, the pendulum seemed on occasion to be swinging toward a policy of neutralism and an effort to avoid antagonizing the Russians. "I do not believe that the Soviet Union is an aggressive nation," Ohira said in a television interview four days before the invasion of Afghanistan; he changed his mind soon thereafter. The ultimate statement of the neutralist position was made in a recent article by Professor Michio Morishima, a well-known economist at the University of London, in the influential magazine *Bungei Shunju:* "If the worst takes place . . . we have no other choice than to welcome the Soviet forces calmly with a white flag in one

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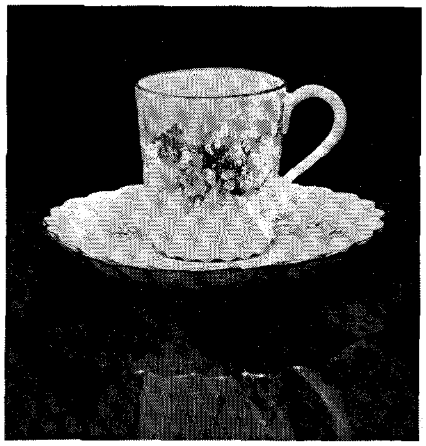

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hand and a red flag in the other, [since] even under Soviet domination we can build a socialist economy suitable to us."

Few Japanese would take this view seriously, but a national schizophrenia over rearmament still exists, and fear of the Russians is a part of it. There are also those who believe that even if the Japanese should improve their deterrent strength they could at best do little more than hold off a Russian attack for a few days, particularly since they have only about forty thousand men in their reserve force. Even this limited strength, military theory holds, would at least afford the United States time to come to their rescue. At bottom, even if additional steps are taken to strengthen the Self-Defense Forces during the coming decade, the debate over rearming will remain a troublesome one, with far more complicated philosophical aspects than marked the decision of the West Germans to start rearming in the early fifties, with the approval of their former enemies—except for the Russians. The Japanese, with their predilection for self-probing and their mixed feelings of pacifism and pride, their reascendant nationalism weighed against their increasing isolation, and their awareness that the realities of the world today demand that they assume a greater coöperative role, have on occasion defined the issue as the question of whether Japan should be a nation of merchants or a nation of warriors. This was most clearly set forth last spring in an article in *Bungei Shunju* by Naohiro Amaya, who is Vice-Minister for International Affairs in the Ministry of International Trade and Industry, the ministry that provides guidelines to Japanese business and functions at the center of the unique consensus system whereby Japan's politicians, businessmen, and bureaucrats chart and carry out the nation's economic policies. The article by Amaya was inspired by the Iranian seizure of the American hostages, which was followed by what the Americans criticized as "insensitive" actions by Japan: the rush of Japanese companies, despite the embargo imposed by the United States and European nations, to purchase twenty-two million barrels of Iranian crude oil at forty dollars a barrel, and, in addition, certain moves made at the time by Japanese banks which in effect cancelled out the United States freeze on Iranian assets. Although in his article Amaya defended the oil purchase in the light of Japan's heavy dependence on Middle Eastern oil, pointing out that the United States had made no effort to help out Japan by providing it with an alternative, such as Alaskan oil, he went on to note that he had made a trip to Washington and officially acknowledged the American grievance, pledging that his government would see to it that "Japanese companies behave themselves and never repeat such misbehavior, which would be detrimental to a successful solution of the hostage problem." Then, reflecting on Japan's predicament and on the fact that he had been criticized, on the one hand, for having apologized to the Americans and, on the other hand, for having previously travelled to a number of countries "begging" for oil, Amaya put the question "Which does the Japanese nation want, to live as a 'merchant' or as a 'warrior'?" and added, "I think the time has come for the Japanese to reflect thoroughly and deeply on this choice." Comparing Japan to a "plump hare" living in an "international society" that is like "a semi-jungle," he continued, "We should not delude ourselves into thinking that bears and wolves will say to us, 'My dear hare, we sympathize with you for not having claws and teeth.' For hares to multiply in the jungle, and for merchants to prosper in the warriors' society, it is necessary to have superb information-gathering ability, planning ability, diplomatic skill, and, at times, whining sycophancy." If Japan wants to go on being a mercantile nation, Amaya continued, "it must apply itself wholeheartedly to the merchant's trade," and that will on occasion require it to go "begging to the oil-producing nations" and on other occasions to "grovel before the military nations." However, many Japanese "adhere strongly to a value system rejecting the way of the merchant," and if such people prove to be a majority, "it follows that Japan must switch from the way of the merchant to the 'way of the warrior,' " in which event "Japan must expand its military even at the cost of a large tax increase." Moreover, he noted, "since swords are not worn as mere ornaments, Japan must be prepared to draw them if necessary"—by, for example, sharing in the task of guarding the sea lanes leading out of the Persian Gulf.

In a talk I had with Amaya, a prematurely white-haired intellectual who has a gnomelike look of mischievous wisdom, he did not put the ques-

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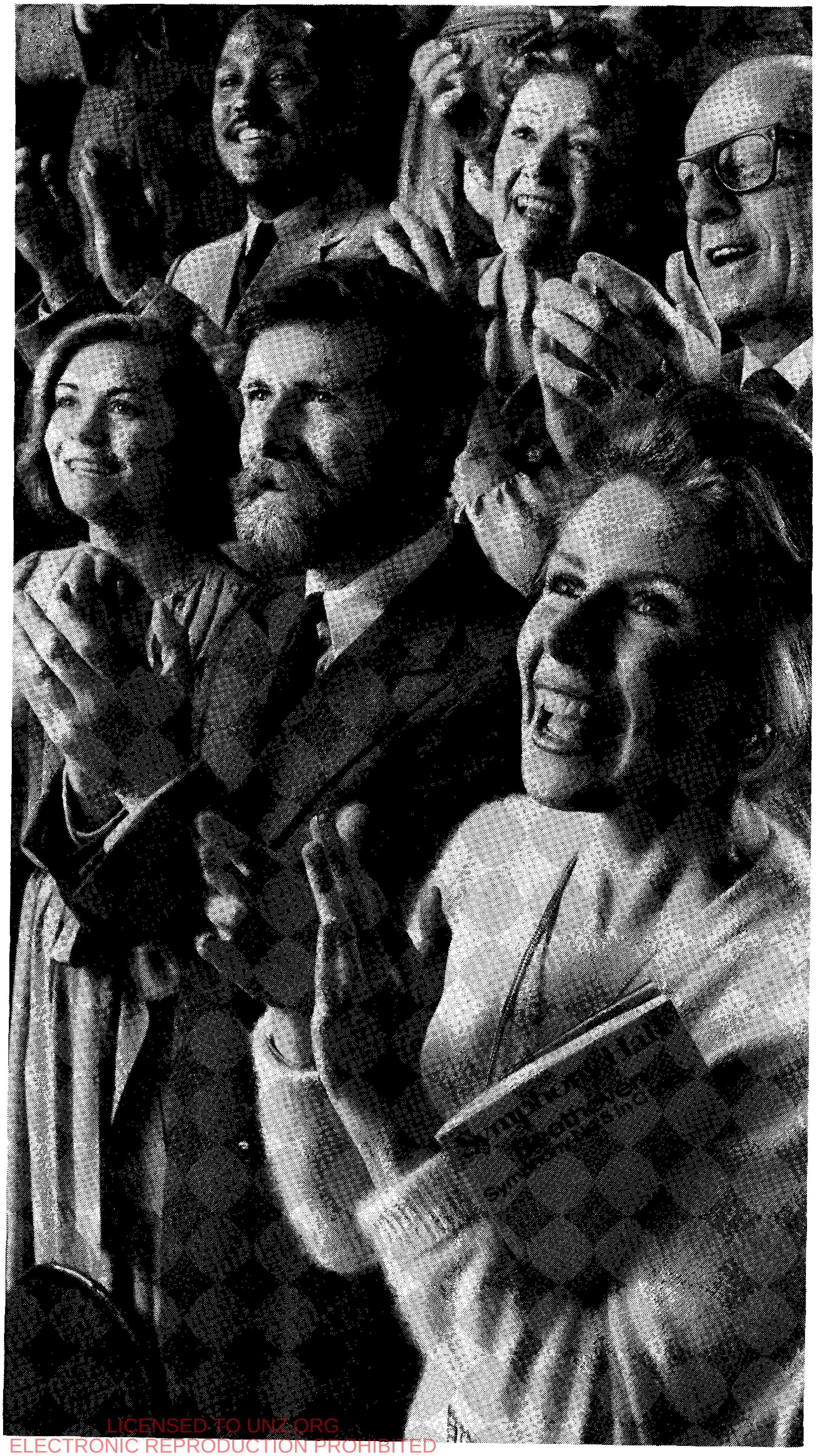

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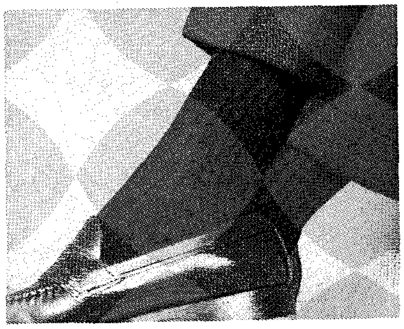

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tion in quite such black-and-white terms. He emphasized the need for a "prudent and discreet approach" to the question of rearming and also to economic bargaining over such things as automobile exports and the search for alternative energy sources, including more imported coal. He reiterated a point he had made in his article—that, instead of choosing between the two extremes he had set forth, Japan could adapt itself to "such intermediate forms as the armed mercantile nation and the commercial military nation."

In discussions I had with about a dozen members of the Diet, which last April, for the first time, established special committees on defense, and with a number of independent experts who favor more arms expenditures, I found on the whole balanced and flexible views on rearming. Now that it had become clear that, because of America's perceived weaknesses as much as Japan's very visible economic strength, Japan could no longer be regarded as an American protectorate—in accordance with the spirit, if not the letter, of the security treaties—the burden of moving from dependence to independence was felt to be on the Japanese. To put it another way, Japan's postwar noncommitment, which had for so many years excused her from defense and other obligations, had come to an end. Historically, the Japanese, in the process of their emergence from isolation, have consistently sought inspiration and guidance from others. During the Meiji period of industrialization they learned mostly from the Germans; later they turned to the British, their tutors in naval power; then, after the disastrous experiment that began in the thirties, the Americans became their models. It was not only in political terms, as the paragon of democracy, that the United States became the source of Japanese inspiration; everything American, from patents to pants, was copied or borrowed or bought. Even if the Japanese had not proved such willing and, ultimately, such rambunctious pupils, the parental relationship was bound to be altered in time. Nevertheless, even as their dependence diminished and they began to look elsewhere for resources—to Europe, to the Middle East, to Latin America and the Third World, and now to Australia and China—the value of the American connection endured, and one reason was that the Japanese became more aware of their inability to make other friends easily. What began to evolve, and is now being carefully evaluated by both countries, was the idea of partnership and alliance; and the new world crisis—particularly the international concern aroused by Soviet aggression—has hastened the evolutionary process. Two principal themes have emerged, and these came out in my discussions: the need to create, through dialogue and consensus, more public understanding in Japan of why the Japanese should accept new national and international obligations and responsibilities, and the need to redefine and broaden the key relationship with the United States, by such means as formulating joint defense strategies and exchanging information and technology on a complementary basis. In due time, this might extend to other areas besides defense, like scientific exploration and high technology in new industrial fields. (In this respect, Vogel is right: there are some things that the United States can learn from Japan.) Most of those I talked to agreed that eventually the 1960 security treaty should be replaced by a more equitable agreement, and the American-forged 1947 constitution should be replaced by a modern Japanese document that would relate to more of the nation's own needs and aspirations and its own uniquely evolved philosophy of government.

JAPAN today has close to a trillion-and-a-quarter-dollar economy—more than half the size of the United States economy, somewhat more than that of the Soviet Union, and about the same as the economies of England and France combined. But where the United States spends five per cent of its gross national product for defense, the Soviet Union about thirteen per cent, and the European members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization an average of four per cent, Japan spends only nine-tenths of one per cent. In the fiscal year 1980, which ended in Japan on March 31st, this came to about ten and a half billion dollars. The Japanese spend twice as much on education, three times as much on public works, and four times as much on welfare. Of last year's ten-and-a-half-billion-dollar defense budget, fifty per cent went to pay the salaries of troops and other personnel; ten per cent went for environmental expenses, such as noise-abatement programs, and for building roads and other installations; twenty per cent went for maintenance, including fuel, housing repairs, and

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travel; and only the remaining twenty per cent went for the improvement of military hardware. Under the budget for fiscal 1981, defense expenditures will be increased by seven and six-tenths per cent, to about eleven and a half billion dollars—approximately one-fifteenth of the United States defense budget for fiscal 1981, which began last October. The increase is roughly the same as that for welfare and between two and three per cent higher than the increases for each of the other departments and agencies. Japanese Defense Agency officials had hoped for an increase of nine and seven-tenths per cent, which they felt was the minimum necessary figure, but the Finance Ministry put up a successful fight to cut that. The new defense figure includes pay increases and other personnel costs that actually bring the 1981 increase down to five and four-tenths per cent. Last December, when the Japanese announced the 1981 budget figure, our then Defense Secretary, Harold Brown, described the figure as "so modest that it conveys a sense of complacency that is not justified by the facts," and President Carter's State Department said that the figure was "disappointing" measured against "the requirements of equity in distributing the burdens of mutual security among the advanced industrial democracies." The 1981 budget will thus continue to curtail the amounts available for new equipment and will keep the total allocated for defense within one per cent of the gross national product—a limit that was imposed by the Japanese Cabinet in 1976. Most Japanese arms experts believe that the country should spend up to two per cent of its annual G.N.P. for rearming, and early this year General Goro Takeda, the chairman of the Joint Staff Council, suggested a three per cent figure and also challenged the official doctrine that a national draft was unconstitutional; he was "cautioned" by his civilian superiors for his outspokenness and was told to "resubmit" his pending resignation so as to advance the date of his retirement. The Americans have urged Japan to forget the G.N.P. percentage as a measuring rod. Members of the Defense Agency in Tokyo with whom I spoke said that if the percentage were raised by only two-tenths of one per cent, and if that sum were spent for increases in weapons and equipment instead of going to pay higher personnel and environmental costs, a hundred-and-fifty-per-cent improvement in the vital area of hardware could be obtained—notably for such things as anti-submarine and anti-aircraft weapons. But the watchdogs of the Finance Ministry maintain that the budget is already operating at a deficit of about sixty-five billion dollars, or about a third of the current annual budget. The national debt is around three hundred and sixty-five billion dollars, in outstanding national bonds, a figure that many Japanese financial experts regard as excessive. More revenues, they now believe, will have to come from increases in taxes, including further direct or indirect taxation of personal income and heavier corporate taxes. Neither would be popular or easy to obtain, not only because of inflation but because the Japanese consistently put as much as they can—an average of about twenty per cent of their income—into personal savings, and because business concerns are eager to use their profits for expansion through domestic investment or for the development of new industrial projects, particularly in the field of high technology. But some form of increased taxation is now regarded as inevitable.

Virtually all Japanese and American defense experts agree that for at least four years the United States and its allies will have to run hard to keep up with the Russians. "We have to get the assets on our side together," a Pentagon official in Tokyo told me. "The Japanese need a credible self-defense capacity, and they don't have it. We're not asking them to assume new roles or missions but simply to accelerate their Five Year Mid-Range Plan for strengthening themselves, and get it done in four years. It's a tortuous procedure. We're trying to open the door slowly. If we push too gently, it won't open, and if we push too hard, it will slam shut. The political situation both here and at home is a subtle factor in all this. Congress has been annoyed at the Japanese over a number of issues, including auto exports, and it will be further annoyed if the Japanese continue to hold back on defense costs. The Japanese have been more forthcoming in sharing the costs of maintaining American forces stationed here. They will soon start producing F-15 fighter planes here in Japan. We're coöperating more closely on joint air and sea exercises, and eventually—though this has to be handled carefully—we'll have some kind of joint ground exercises. We're not urging the Japanese to increase their ground forces, but we want them

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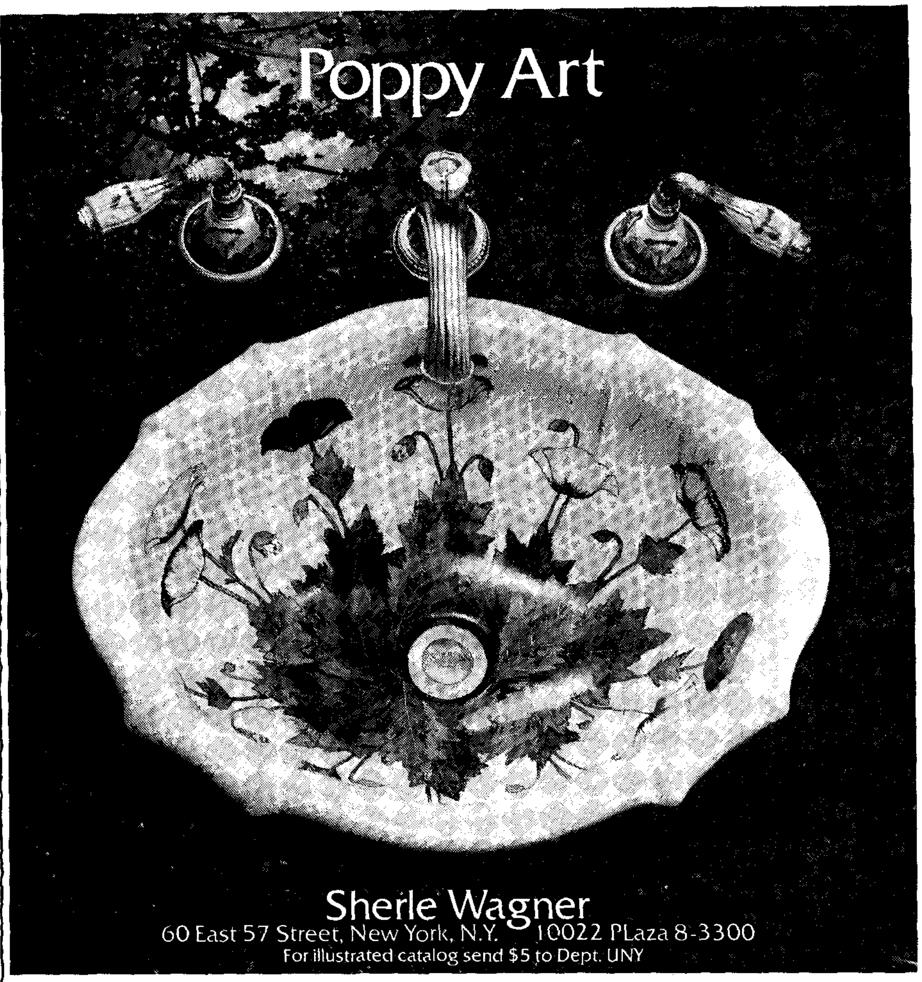
to improve their general war readiness, and that means improving their air defenses—including their early-warning system and protection of their bases—and building up their naval strength both by acquiring more mine-laying capability and by equipping their ships with missiles. They've known these things for years but they haven't done enough about them."

Private American defense analysts have been more outspoken. One such analyst, Garrett Scalera, who is a management consultant, said at a recent symposium in Japan that was attended by both Americans and Japanese, "A real rearmament program . . . would be one in which Japan would be spending at least ten per cent of G.N.P. on defense—in other words, a defense expenditure comparable to that of the United States or the Soviet Union. No responsible Japanese are recommending anything remotely like this—nor should America. What is being discussed by many senior policy analysts and businessmen in Japan is a rapid increase of defense expenditures in the next few years to at least two per cent of the G.N.P.—roughly twenty billion dollars. . . . An expenditure of four or five per cent of G.N.P. would not enable Japan to become a superpower, even in the long run. Japan would ultimately still have to rely on the United States for its defense. But an additional twenty to forty billion dollars spent by Japan on defense over the next few years—principally for equipment rather than personnel—could make a major, perhaps vital, difference to the Western alliance during this critical period."

Among the Japanese I spoke with, there was considerable difference of opinion not only about the timing of an increased defense program but also about its priorities. Though there was general agreement on the need for better equipment, especially for the air and naval forces—the Japanese have no strategic bombers, no nuclear submarines, and no long-range missiles, all of which are offensive weapons theoretically banned by the 1947 constitution—some of these people, such as Tetsuo Kondo, one of the more articulate members of the Diet, stressed the importance of increased spending for research and development, an area in which the Japanese, except for a few things such as computers and semiconductors, are still far behind the Americans. Only a little over one per cent of the defense budget is now devoted to research and devel-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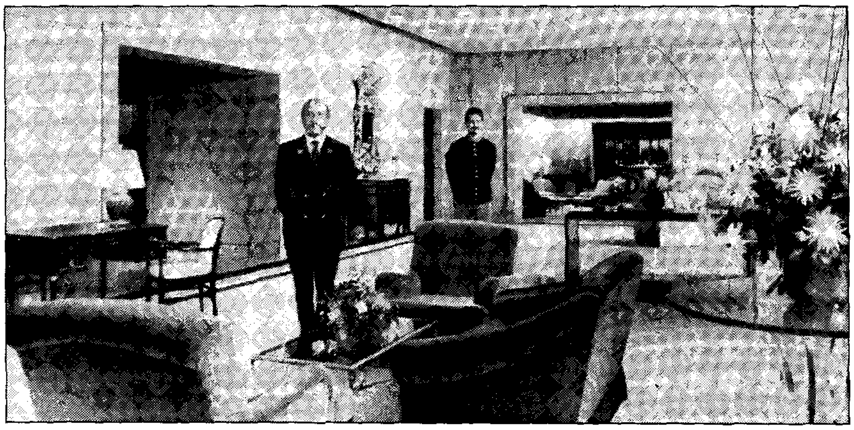
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opment, although the comparable figure for industrial purposes is six per cent. "Even advanced, sophisticated weapons become obsolete quickly, and unless we're faced with an immediate danger it's too dangerous and expensive to build up quickly," Kondo said. "I'd rather see us spend more to produce first-rate scientists and scientific data, so that we will have the capacity for making advanced weapons, without necessarily doing so. That in itself would be a deterrent factor." At the other end of the spectrum are the heads of some large corporations—such as Mitsubishi Heavy Industries and Kawasaki Heavy Industries—and some leaders of the Keidanren, the organization of top businessmen, who would like to see Japan produce enough arms both for its own needs and for export (something the government now forbids). However, they are in a minority, and there is no indication that Japan will either revert to the militaristic policies of the thirties and forties or, in more contemporary terms, create a military-industrial complex. On the contrary, since Japanese weapons manufacturers have to depend solely on government contracts and appropriations, of which there are not many, the profits in this field have been infinitesimal compared with those of manufacturers in the United States and Europe. Industrial activity related to defense comes to a total of less than four per cent of the nation's annual industrial output, and the amount of money spent in Japan on producing arms is about equal to what is spent on making ice cream. Even so, because its G.N.P. has grown so fast, Japan now ranks eighth in the world in defense expenditures. The country remains so successful in nonmilitary industrial fields, however, that there is no sign of its altering direction, and the demand for social improvements, including welfare and housing, is so great that even if defense costs do rise to two per cent of the G.N.P. in the next few years the continuing heavy requirements in these areas—to say nothing of what is needed for the development of new resources and for the improvement of the environment—render inconceivable any return to the days when everything was sacrificed to military production.

Thus, although the Japanese yen is not stretched as thin as the American dollar, Japan is faced with its own problems of balancing its financial options in the coming years. Unquestionably, the most detailed and authoritative discussion of defense in relation to other matters is contained in a "Report on Comprehensive National Security" that was issued last July by a study group of prominent bureaucrats and academicians, headed by Masamichi Inoki, the highly respected head of a private think tank called the Research Institute for Peace and Security. The report puts the problem unequivocally at the outset. As a result of "the termination of clear American supremacy in both military and economic spheres," it says, "United States military power is no longer able to provide its allies and friends with nearly full security," and consequently it has "become necessary for the allies and friends to strengthen their self-reliant efforts." Japan can no longer "pursue solely its own economic interests" but, given its growing wealth, must accept "commensurate international responsibilities and endeavor to protect the free political, economic, and social systems." While still depending on American help to resist large-scale aggression, the Japanese must be able to withstand small-scale and limited aggression on their own, but "the present Self-Defense Forces do not even possess the minimum necessary denial force." Citing the threat from the Soviet Union, the report says that Japan must avoid having itself regarded "as either a weak or a threatening country," and "the question is how to . . . maintain relations with the Soviet Union in a self-confident and at the same time unhostile manner." This is all the more difficult because the former policy of equidistance between the two major Communist powers is not feasible now that both the United States and Japan have moved toward friendship with China. Continuing tensions on the Korean peninsula and new confrontations in Southeast Asia have forced on Japan a responsibility "to perform a political role for the stabilization of these areas" and to "vigorously promote economic coöperation as an integral part of its comprehensive national security policy." Only when it accepts the fact that it can no longer remain an "economic giant/political dwarf," the report adds, can Japan develop the required political will "to take the initiative in arms control in the Asia-Pacific region or participate in the United Nations peace-keeping forces in the Middle East."

The report stresses the point that military measures are not enough. A

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country as vulnerable as Japan has to link its defense policy to its other needs, chiefly for energy and food. In formulating a broad security policy, it must "maintain friendly relations with oil-, coal-, and uranium-producing countries that are important to Japan" and can help it build up stockpiles of each, and at the same time the Japanese themselves should develop alternative energy sources from the sun, wind, and water. As for food, though Japan is self-sufficient in rice, vegetables, fruits, and marine products, it is "almost completely dependent on imports for its supply of wheat, soybeans, corn, and other raw materials" to satisfy new dietary demands for bread, noodles, livestock products, fats, and oils. It therefore has to conduct food diplomacy as well as energy diplomacy, dealing particularly with its major food-exporting allies, the United States, Australia, Canada, and Argentina, and meanwhile using its high level of food technology to help developing countries increase their production. The report concludes with a section on disaster control, with emphasis on the ways of coping with earthquakes, to which Japan is so highly subject. Small tremors take place frequently, and quakes of the magnitude of 7 on the Richter scale are felt on the average of once a year. One measuring 6.4 occurred in the Tokyo area last September. It took place early one morning, when most people were asleep, and though the damage was not great, scores of thousands awoke in fear and ran out of their houses and apartments, and transportation was disrupted when suburban trains were delayed because tracks had to be examined for damage. Articles and books are regularly written about earthquakes, many of them recalling the devastating quake in the central Kanto plain in 1923, when more than a hundred thousand persons were killed and tremendous fires levelled most of Tokyo and the adjacent port of Yokohama. Scientists say that another major quake is likely to take place soon in the area. Although most tall buildings are said to be earthquake-proof, extensive damage and loss of life may occur if a disaster of the magnitude of the 1923 earthquake strikes.

IF the possibility of physical earthquakes is a real and frightening part of the Japanese outlook, the condition of the nation's politics is now relatively stable, following the nearest thing to a political earthquake, which

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occurred late last spring—an internal upheaval in the Liberal Democratic Party that for the first time in three decades threatened it with the loss of its working majority in the Diet. The early tremors were felt in the fall of 1979, when Prime Minister Ohira, who had been in office for less than a year, decided to dissolve the House of Representatives and call for a new election, in the hope of shoring up the strength of his own party faction. But Ohira made the mistake of advocating a value-added tax, which would have hurt low- and middle-income workers the most, and this (even though he belatedly backed away from it), together with disunity throughout the ranks of the Party, resulted in the loss of one Diet seat in the election, which was held in October. This meant that the L.D.P. held only two hundred and forty-eight seats out of a total of five hundred and eleven, and only by wooing a few independent members was it able to maintain the necessary majority, of two hundred and fifty-six. The chief beneficiary of the 1979 election was the Communist Party, which more than doubled its strength. The L.D.P. had been dropping in popularity over a period of years, and many observers felt that its long period of supremacy was about to come to an end—that Japan would soon be run by a coalition government, in which the L.D.P. would remain dominant but would have to share power, including control of important Diet committees, with the middle-of-the-road opposition parties. Continuing factional fights within the L.D.P. made the outlook even grimmer. Ohira had managed to hang on to the Prime Ministership after October by narrowly defeating former Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda in intraparty Diet balloting for the L.D.P. presidency (the president of the ruling party automatically becomes Prime Minister), but personal rivalries were more bitter than ever.

Last May, as the Diet was ending its formal session, the Socialist Party moved a pro-forma vote of no confidence, which the L.D.P. majority would easily have defeated under ordinary circumstances; but on this occasion sixty-nine dissident members, led by factions headed by Fukuda and by another former Prime Minister, Takeo Miki, abstained, and the no-confidence vote passed. It was the first time in twenty-seven years that this had happened, and conservative Japan was shaken. Ohira was called on to resign, but instead he dissolved the lower house again and called for joint elections both for the House of Representatives and for half of the upper house, the House of Councillors, for which elections had already been scheduled to take place. This ploy caught both the other L.D.P. factions and the opposition off guard. In particular, the short notice made it difficult for the half-dozen minority parties to coöperate and compromise so as to present candidates for the two houses at the same time, and to agree on proposals for what seemed to be an imminent coalition Cabinet. Then, on June 12th—just ten days before the election—Ohira died of a heart attack, at the age of seventy. His death and the sympathy it generated; the new disarray among the opposition parties, whose differences had long been a factor in keeping the L.D.P. in power; and international events, including the Russian presence in Afghanistan and turbulence in the Middle East, all contributed to a surprising L.D.P. victory on June 22nd: the Party's majority soared as it won two hundred and eighty-four seats in the lower house—an increase of thirty-six over the previous October—and retained control of the upper house, with a hundred and thirty-five seats out of two hundred and fifty-two. The only one of the six opposition parties to gain from the vote was the New Liberal Club, a small, disaffected offshoot of the L.D.P. Several other elements contributed to this sudden reversal of the L.D.P.'s fortunes. Fortunes in the financial sense were a big factor. Conservative candidates—notably those close to Ohira and to former Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka, who had been his friend and supporter—were backed by big-business contributions and spent more than ever in the campaign; thus, despite legislation to curb it, the money-and-politics tie proved as powerful as ever. In addition, the L.D.P. wisely apportioned its candidates in the country's constituencies and reduced the factional competition among them while concentrating on defeating the opposition with only one or two candidates instead of the usual three or four in those constituencies where the contests were close. The L.D.P. also made an unusual effort to win more urban votes, having always relied heavily on its strength in the countryside. Another factor was a heavy turnout of voters, for which good weather on Election Day was partly responsible.

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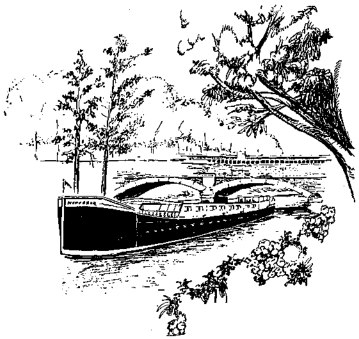

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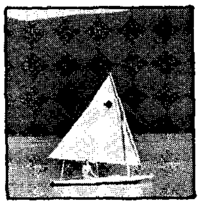
Many people between the ages of twenty and forty, who had usually supported the opposition parties, turned to the L.D.P., and so did nonpartisan voters of all ages. Together, they stimulated the national reflex that demonstrated the enduring conservatism of Japan.

The next step, the process of choosing a new Prime Minister, provided an object lesson in the workings of the Japanese consensus system. Factional struggles were put aside, at least for the time being, and compromise and harmony prevailed. The two leading candidates—Yasuhiro Nakasone, a hawkish former head of the Defense Agency, and Toshio Komoto, a wealthy retired businessman turned politician—were passed over, Nakasone because many Party members considered him opportunistic and erratic, and Komoto because he had refused to defend Ohira during the no-confidence showdown in May. Tanaka, whose trial for bribery in the Lockheed payoff scandal is now in its fifth year but who still sits in the Diet and controls the largest, richest, and most powerful faction, worked behind the scenes in behalf of his dead friend Ohira. With the help of a Party Council of Elders (which included another influential former Prime Minister, Nobusuke Kishi), Tanaka, Fukuda, and other leaders of factions agreed to select a virtually unknown sixty-nine-year-old administrator and coördinator of the L.D.P., Zenko Suzuki, as Prime Minister. Suzuki, who had just become the leader of the Ohira faction, had served nine terms as chairman of the Party's executive council, where he had demonstrated considerable talent as a moderator in factional disputes. He had also held three relatively unimportant Cabinet posts, his most significant contribution being the careful negotiation of fishing rights with the Russians when he was Minister of Agriculture; he also managed to conciliate fishermen who were angered when the Japanese nuclear-powered ship Mutsu anchored in their fishing grounds, with a suspected release of radiation. A quiet, bland, reserved man from the remote fishing district of Sanriku, he had begun his political career as a Socialist but had switched his affiliation after his first election to the Diet. His selection as Prime Minister prompted Japanese newspapers to react the way American papers had reacted when Jimmy Carter first appeared on the scene. "Zenko who?" they asked. If there seemed little to



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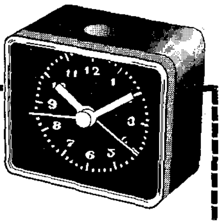

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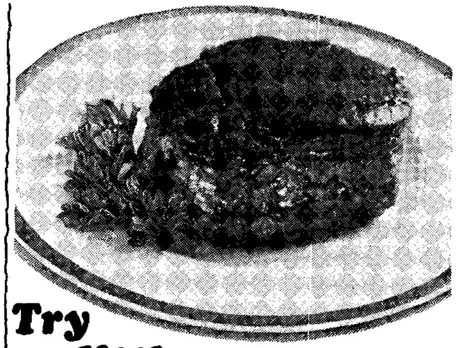
distinguish the stolid, unemotional Suzuki, who looks like a stereotype of all Japanese politicians, and who had always stayed out of the limelight, his greatest asset seemed to be the fact that he had a lot of friends in the Party and no enemies. In the relatively short time that he has been in office—he served out Ohira's term as Party president and then last November was reelected on his own; so, barring the unlikely event of another successful no-confidence vote, he will remain Prime Minister at least until the next L.D.P. conference, at the end of 1982—he has made no remarkable moves but has succeeded in maintaining the new harmony established after the factional disputes of last year. His views on defense seem to be moderate, but he has supported the Finance Ministry in efforts to keep all expenditures down, partly by reorganizing the government's administrative apparatus and eliminating unnecessary functions. He chose his Cabinet carefully, spreading the portfolios among the major factions, and has denied accusations that it is right-wing-oriented. When his Justice Minister, an ardent right-winger named Seisuke Okuno, who was in charge of political thought control during the war, spoke out in favor of revising the constitution, Suzuki made it clear that he was against any such revision now. The L.D.P. is already on record in its basic platform in favor of a constitution written by the Japanese themselves, but the present constitution requires a two-thirds Diet vote, followed by a national referendum approving it, before that could be done, and neither could be obtained now. A constitutional-research committee has been set up in the Diet to study the problem, and it is possible that future debates could lead to the introduction of some amendments, particularly of Article 9, but a complete airing of the constitutional question is unlikely to take place before the mid-eighties, if then. Continued discussions involving different interpretations of Article 9 are more likely: for example, if Middle East oil were blockaded or embargoed or cut off in other ways, whether Japanese naval ships could legally, as a form of national self-defense, join the United States in trying to keep the sea lanes open in non-Japanese waters.

Former Prime Minister Miki, who has been in the Diet longer than anyone else—his tenure dates back to prewar days—and who has always been something of a maverick, feels that the



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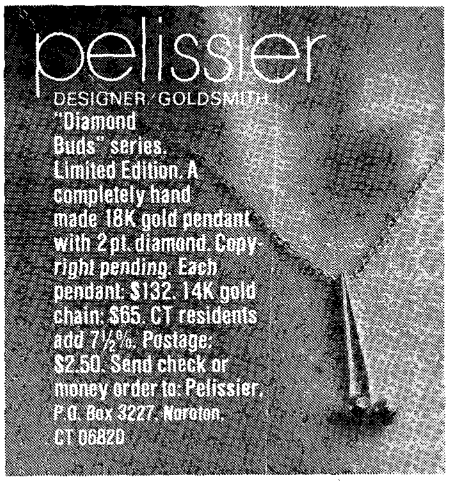

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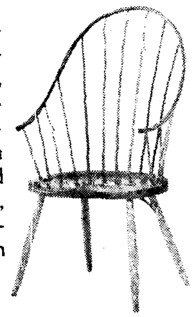
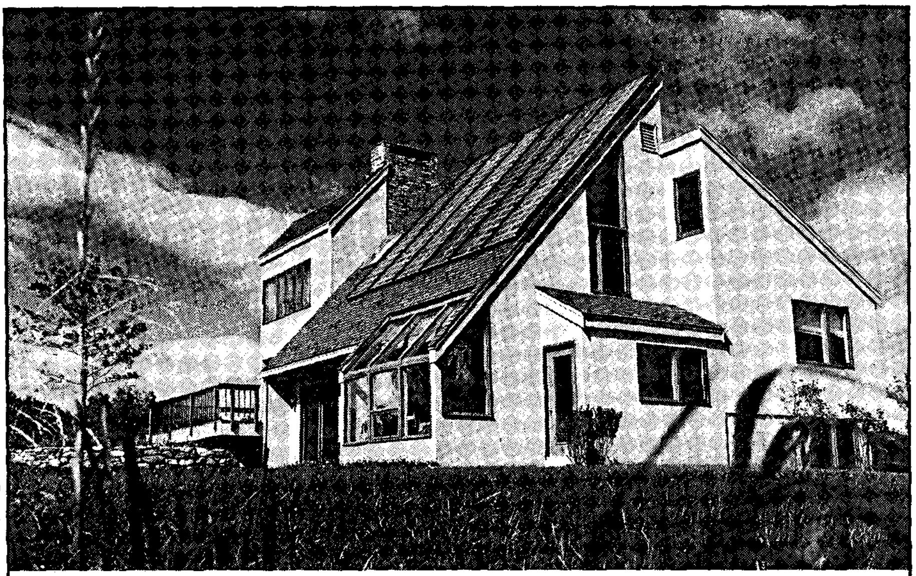


military issue "is bringing the constitutional question to a head dangerously and prematurely." Miki, who was responsible five years ago, when he was Prime Minister, for the arrest and indictment of Tanaka, his bitter rival, is reform-minded, as always, and is proud of his role as the conscience of the L.D.P. "I hold myself responsible for striking a match to the fire of public reform," he told me during a long talk I had with him. "I personally feel strongly that a nation whose constitution is treated as a major issue is an unhealthy and unstable nation. The constitution is the embodiment of the ideals we aspire to. In administering it, there may be some latitude, but the time is not ripe for amendments. We must first bring about political reforms; we must 'ethicalize' our politics. It boils down to money. Unless we can dispel the public skepticism about political conduct, we will suffer the consequences, and our government will be stultified and become more scandal-ridden. If the L.D.P. is void of the spirit of reform, it has no future, and the future of our democratic government is questionable." Miki expressed surprise and dismay over the fact that Tanaka is still powerful and continues to play the part of a kingmaker in the Party. "He is much stronger than I anticipated," Miki said. Some of the younger people in the Party, he added, were more reform-minded than the older Diet members, and he looked to them to help him in his campaign to restore a sense of political morality and to cut the nexus between politics and money.

In conversations with a number of these younger and middle-aged members, such as Kondo, I found most of them in agreement with Miki, but few were optimistic. There was some grandiose talk about the need for a "new conservatism"—for the L.D.P. to take advantage of the fresh lease on life given it by the voters in the last election and of the opportunity to formulate new economic as well as political plans and programs to meet the demands of the next decade, both nationally and internationally. But no one I spoke with had any concrete ideas about how and when to start, and the general attitude, which Suzuki expressed in his opening speech to the Diet, was one of business as usual—an attitude that others, including social critics and academics in general, bemoan as a return to complacency. Many of these critics predict that if this stand-pat attitude persists, the



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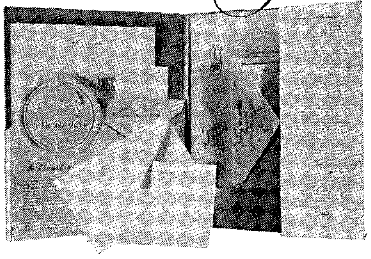

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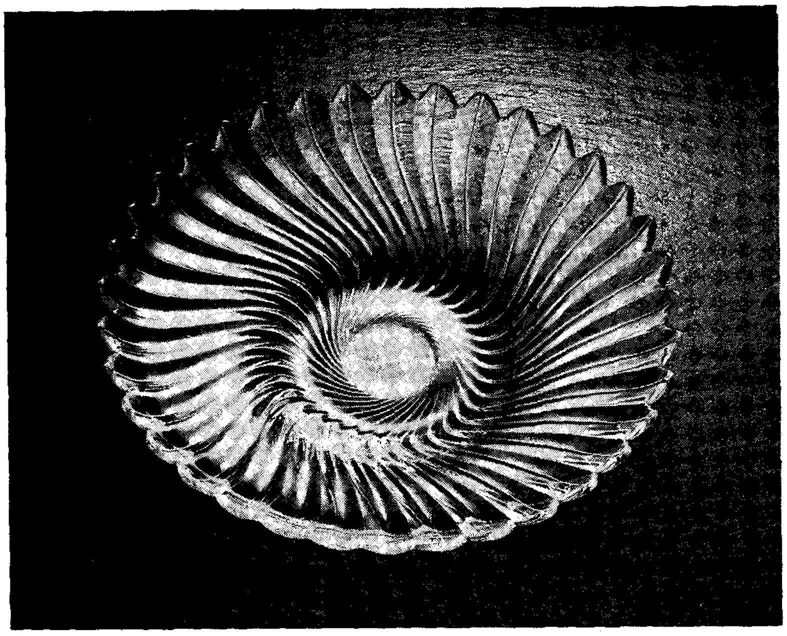
L.D.P. will face an even greater challenge by the mid-eighties than it did last year, either from the left or from the right, and that its long period of supremacy may really come to an end.

The area in which the L.D.P. and the established business community, with which it is so closely linked, should jointly expend their greatest efforts, the critics contend, is international trade, aid, and investment. In "Narrow Self-Interest: Japan's Ultimate Vulnerability?," a paper prepared two years ago for the Lehrman Foundation, James Abegglen, the president of the Japanese subsidiary of the Boston Consulting Group, who has spent many years here, emphasized the point that "the passive, receptive role Japan plays in world affairs is obsolete" and that it is justifiably regarded as "ungenerous and narrowly self-seeking." While the Japanese economy is in robust shape, with a strong currency and a relatively low rate of inflation, Abegglen maintained, "by defining national self-interest so selfishly and in such limited terms, and by refusing to undertake greater initiatives in international policy, Japan is in fact risking all that its narrow definition of self-interest has so far gained the country." Japan's traditionally large annual trade surpluses have been "a substantial cause of damage to the trade positions and hence currencies of [its] putative partners," including the United States. Last year, however, Japan suffered an over-all trade deficit of six billion dollars, primarily owing to the high cost of oil imports, though its trade balance with the United States was nearly ten billion dollars in its favor. At the same time, its direct foreign investment, while it has increased in the past few years and is likely to grow further in the next five, is still relatively small for a rich country, totalling about thirty-five billion dollars. Despite the strength of the yen against the dollar and the attraction of low American share prices, the Japanese, unlike the European countries—Germany most notably—have invested so far only minimally in the United States. In contrast, foreign investments in Japan are considerable and are steadily increasing; there has been a recent rising flow of petrodollars from the Middle East to the Tokyo market. Abegglen and other foreign critics, and many of the Japanese themselves as well, have been critical of the low volume of Japanese foreign aid, which, in 1980, totalled only one-third of one per cent of the G.N.P., a somewhat lower percentage than that of the Germans and the French and considerably lower than what the Americans, until recently, have been spending. (Under the Marshall Plan, after the close of the Second World War, the Americans spent two per cent of their G.N.P. for aid to Europe.) Though the Japanese have recently pledged to more than double their foreign aid by 1985, to about twenty-one and a half billion dollars, this will actually be an even smaller percentage of their projected G.N.P. for that year. Abegglen's earlier argument that "the discussion is rather like the trade discussions, leaving an impression of meanness and reluctance" still seems pertinent. However, the new Japanese approach has been hailed by American diplomats, no doubt with the new foreign aid cuts of the Reagan Administration in mind, as "a noble effort" and one that, in part at least, compensates for the lagging defense expenditures by exemplifying what Prime Minister Suzuki describes as "comprehensive security," an over-all program that combines more economic aid with a gradually increasing defense buildup. In another area, the attitude of the Japanese toward Vietnamese refugees has been ungenerous, in that they have accepted only a handful. However, they contributed a hundred million dollars to the United Nations High Commission for Refugees—about half its original post-Vietnam budget. Abegglen has argued that by defining its self-interest so narrowly Japan has been damaging itself, for when its trade surpluses are unused in investment or aid, they "must be seen as a tax on the Japanese public. . . . Goods are sold abroad rather than consumed in Japan in exchange for currencies that, given Japan's other policies, are not put to use." Real self-interest, he points out, requires that Japan actively support the health of its major markets in Europe and the United States, and "invest heavily on a global scale in the development of new raw material sources."

KNOWLEDGEABLE Japanese I know, such as Masataka Kosaka, a professor at Kyoto University—who agrees with much of what Abegglen says—feel that Japanese adjustment to the rest of the world is improving, but, as Kosaka puts it, "we are still subject to claustrophobia, and even though we've learned how to negotiate and no longer panic, we still don't have a wide enough perspective." The fear of increasing the budget too much, of allowing government expenditures to go beyond twenty-five per cent of the G.N.P.—which is ten or fifteen per cent less than what the Europeans spend—is at the bottom of what Kosaka calls "our national schizophrenia" about money and its uses, at home as well as abroad. The Japanese remain highly self-critical, and if they don't always react quickly enough to outside criticism to satisfy their detractors, they do listen and eventually do try to deal with whatever occasioned the complaint. On the touchy auto issue, for example, though the International Trade Commission of the United States ruled in November that Japanese auto exports were not causing serious damage to the American auto industry, and that the Americans themselves were in part to blame for not producing small cars sooner, Japan's auto industry has responded with some voluntary restraints, recommended as "prudent" by its Ministry of International Trade and Industry, and exports of vehicles to the United States in the last quarter of 1980 dropped about two per cent. After protracted discussions held here and in Japan over the past several weeks, the basic problem is still unsolved. The United States wants the Japanese to continue a program of voluntary restraints, without further prodding or protectionist threats, but the Japanese want a firmer American policy so they can hold more specific discussions with their auto manufacturers, who are highly independent-minded. Japan now sells nearly two million vehicles a year in the United States, or about a quarter of the total market here. Some members of the Reagan Administration have suggested that this figure be cut by three or four hundred thousand a year over the next three years to give the Detroit auto industry a chance to get back on its feet—particularly by manufacturing more small cars. Other officials in Washington are against any curbs and remain strong proponents of free trade—a position taken by the Japanese carmakers and backed by their government. Congress is also divided on the issue, some members being ready to adopt protectionist measures at once unless the Japanese cut back on their car exports. The matter will probably come to a head during the visit to Washington next month of Prime Minister Suzuki. Major Japanese car companies, including Toyota, Nissan, and Honda, have meanwhile complet-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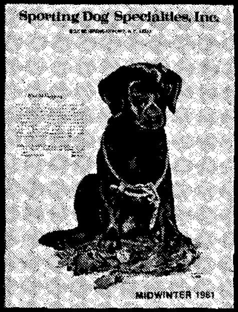

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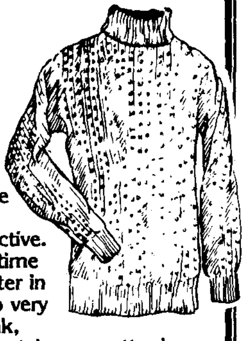

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ed or are engaged in negotiations to assemble or produce cars and trucks in America, either by themselves or in coöperation with the big American car companies—moves that will provide some, if not very much, relief for unemployed American auto workers.

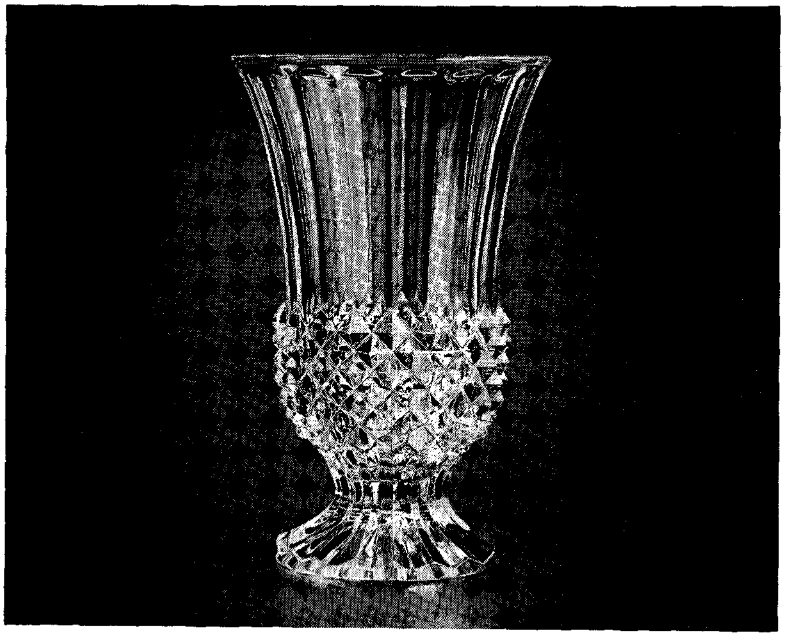
After complicated and protracted negotiations, an agreement was signed in December whereby the Japanese opened up a substantial proportion of their telecommunications procurement to American and other foreign suppliers. The United States had been seeking such broader access to Japanese markets in return for accepting imports of cars, television sets, and other products responsible for the Japanese trade surplus with America.

Domestically, more successfully than other nations, the Japanese continue to demonstrate an ability to deal with specific industrial problems in a rational way. In shipping, for instance, which suffered severely from the world recession and from the early oil shock, which cut back the demands for large tankers, manufacturers agreed among themselves to form a cartel that eliminated many outdated shipyards and cut production by a third, and, by concentrating on smaller carriers, saved the industry from collapse. In steel, by cutting back slightly on their high production and export levels, the leading companies have eliminated obsolescent plants and practices—more than American steel producers have done—and are concentrating on new technology and engineering, which will benefit both the domestic and the export markets. Japanese technology in some major fields—notably in the manufacture of semiconductors, computers, and the whole area of electronics, and in the production of new chemicals and wonder drugs through the application of "genetic engineering"—is likely to take the lead in the next decade. The nation's productivity rates as a whole and also its methods of quality control will probably continue to be the best in the world, owing largely to its highly disciplined work force and its unique combination of imaginative private initiative and government guidance, which draws careful lines between encouragement and interference. Those who commend Japan's self-interest rather than denounce it include *The Economist*, of London, which said:

> A key question for the nineteen-eighties is whether the world is going to benefit from continuing Japanese dynamism or whether Japan is more likely to catch other rich countries' beguiling sloth. . . . If Japanese dynamism can be maintained and copied in sensible countries for just a few more decades, Japan and its imitators could quickly lead the world into extraordinary freedoms, including the freedom to enjoy decent affluence without many people having to do boring sorts of work.

"Decent affluence" is a phrase that has almost indecent overtones, but it fits the middle-class aspirations of ninety per cent of today's Japanese. The phrase has a special meaning for Japanese workers, who live in a country where economic disparities are less than those in many other industrial nations. They are probably the best-trained and best-treated workers in the world, but they could not be so without the peculiar regimen whereby their labor-union orientation and activity are closely geared to the well-being of the national economy and to the profit-and-loss statements of their familial companies. The labor-union system, like everything else in Japan, is vertically rather than horizontally organized, and almost all unions are, in effect, company unions, though they may belong to umbrella labor federations, including some left-wing ones. Annual labor contracts are negotiated between workers and employers on a percentage basis, much as a family pie at dinner is apportioned—usually without much dispute—and handsome bonuses, equivalent to between four and six months' pay, are handed out annually, in accordance with schemes consensually arrived at. Incomes go up in ratio to gross profit and to gross-national-income figures—the whole neatly packaged with consumer and wholesale price indexes and with such important emoluments as low-cost housing, free medical service, and generous welfare and retirement benefits. All this is one reason the Japanese are so successfully competitive, and adapt so easily to, among other things, technological change. These qualities were evident when I visited the vast Zama plant of the Nissan Motor Company, twenty-two miles southwest of Tokyo, where thirty-six thousand Datsun vehicles are produced and assembled each month with the help of a force of a hundred exemplary robots, each of which bears the name of a popular female actress or singer and is considered an integral part of the happy Nissan family. "We regard them as colleagues, not machines," one worker told me. The robots do twice the work of manual workers, since they can operate both day and night shifts, but none of the workers who were replaced by the robots lost their jobs as a result of the installation of the automatons: all were either assigned to tasks of overseeing an automated process or given other jobs at the factory, which is the second largest of the five major Nissan plants in the country. The plant turns out several models of sedans, and computerized robots do practically all the assembling, including dangerous underbody welding, which is performed more precisely and more efficiently than it ever was by human labor. The robots are overhauled every four or five years and are "retired" after seven or eight years. Darting on and off the assembly-line platform, employing horizontal and vertical and sidewise motions, and emitting large sparks, they look like huge mechanical beetles or lightning bugs as they weld away in unison, doing everything but sing company songs, as Japanese workers do. The human labor force still emplaces and adjusts engines, wheels, and steering wheels, and conducts final road tests and other tests, but otherwise the robots rule the roost, and in due time, I was told, they can be taught further tasks, such as driving along charted courses.

As I left the Zama plant and headed back to Tokyo through the crowded, drab countryside, I was again filled with admiration for the remarkable way in which the Japanese are able to adopt and improve upon such technology as that of the robots and utilize it to maintain their industrial momentum; last year, for the first time, they produced more cars and trucks than the United States—about eleven million, compared to our eight million. Their ability to keep moving ahead toward their objectives, like well-ordered ants, is unequalled in the world; only the Germans come close to them in this respect. While the Japanese, like anyone else, make mistakes, their future route remains well mapped, and among the industrial nations they are in the best position to meet the challenges of the eighties. By the end of the decade, they will have gone a long way toward ameliorating, though perhaps not actually resolving, the difficult energy crisis. Through the use of more coal, nuclear power, and other alternative sources, they will have reduced their dependence on oil for energy from seventy-five per cent to an anticipated fifty. By moving into areas of high technology and into less labor-intensive fields, while continu-



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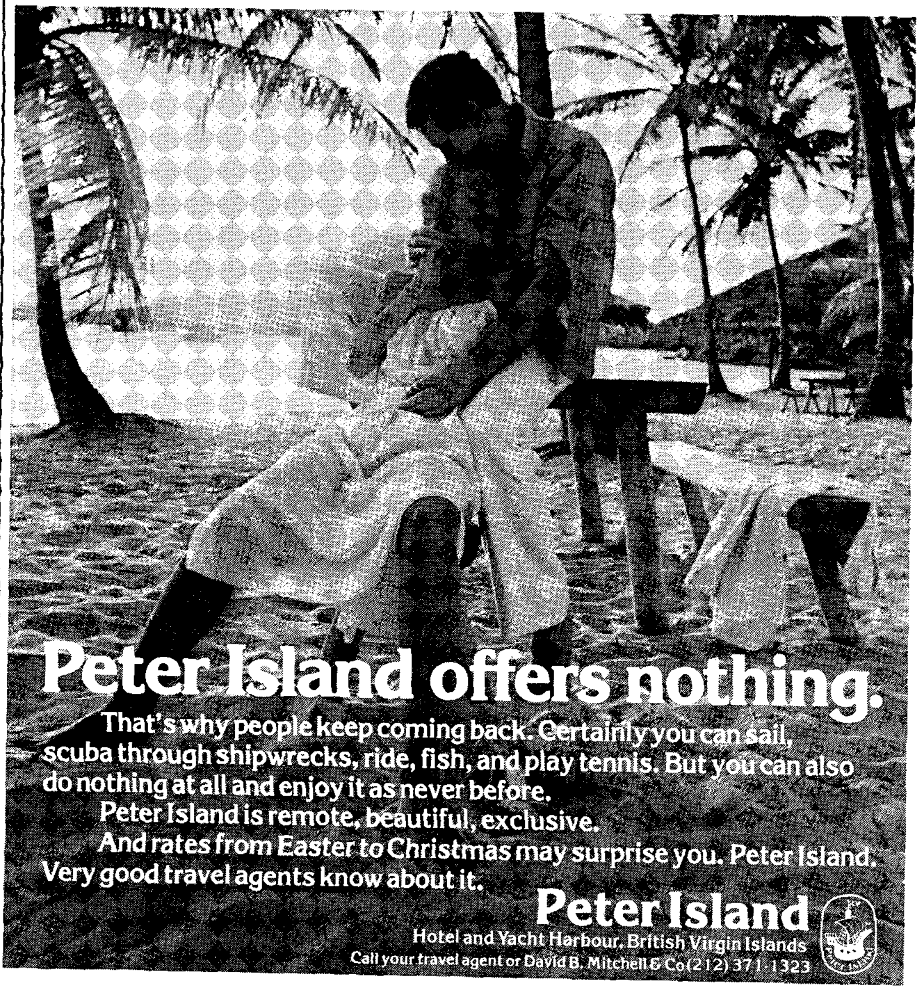

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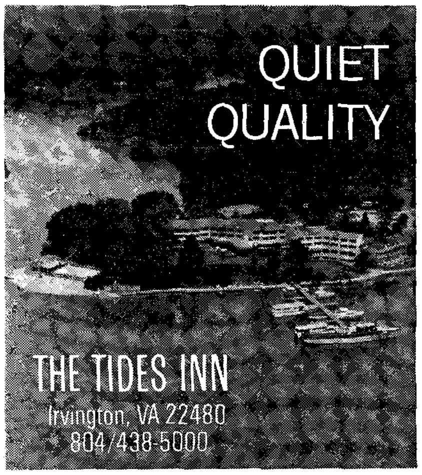

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ing to concentrate on those industries in which they have already achieved supremacy, such as automobiles, and by rationalizing their goals and maintaining financial stability, they should have little difficulty in sustaining the latest rates of growth they have set for themselves—a somewhat reduced but still impressive average annual rate of about five per cent over the next five to ten years. But if their anxieties have diminished as they have gained self-confidence, their vulnerability is still an important factor. Trouble anywhere, and especially in the Middle East or in North Asia, or a failure to strengthen and sustain their broad alliance with the United States could throw them off track. If their self-interest should remain overriding, because they proved still unable to adjust to the world, they could face further difficulties, and even revert to tight insularity.

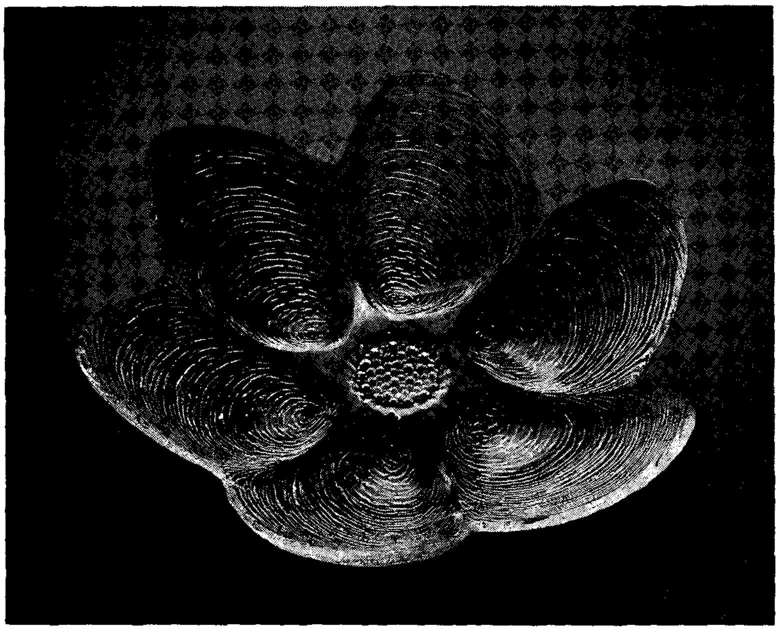
UNDER the circumstances, affluence remains a double-edged sword, engendering both confidence and doubt. Not long ago, one of Japan's incessant public-opinion surveys reported on how much young resident workers, students, and housewives like Tokyo. More than eighty per cent said that the city was "filled with vigor" but was also a "restless" place. The restlessness is reflected in the constant movement about town of its millions of inhabitants, who roll back and forth in its shiningly splendid subway and train systems from their outlying or metropolitan homes to crowded department stores and smaller shops in the downtown Ginza, and pack the coffeehouses, fast-food shops, restaurants, and places of entertainment in other busy districts of the far-spread city, such as Akasaka, Shibuya, and Shinjuku. Tokyo is alive with sound and movement twenty-four hours a day, and, despite the energy shortage, is ablaze with gaudy neon lights from dusk to dawn. In many ways, the city is starting to look more like Los Angeles, but, unlike either Los Angeles or New York, it remains one of the safest cities in the world. Homicides, except for occasional crimes of passion, are rare, and one can walk anywhere at night without fear of being mugged or robbed at gunpoint. Juvenile delinquency, especially in the schools, is on the rise, however, and motorcycle gangs called *bosozoku* are more of a menace than ever to traffic and pedestrians. Seven large organized racket groups, known as *boryokudan*, which engage in extortion, gambling, narcotics peddling, and prostitution in Tokyo and other major cities, have an estimated combined membership of more than a hundred thousand. Fraud, embezzlement, and other "intellectual" crimes are not uncommon, and the Japanese have their share of titillating scandals, such as the recent case of an unlicensed doctor who ran a fancy hospital full of the most modern equipment for performing unnecessary operations on his female patients, and that of a judge who was accused of making out-of-court advances to female defendants.

What fascinate the Japanese most are sexual and political scandal and gossip and environmental issues. Countless newspaper columns were written about the return to Japan, after an absence of twenty-nine years, of Ritsu Ito, the former No. 2 man in the Japanese Communist Party; Ito was reported to have defected and given information that led to the arrest in 1941 and execution in 1944 of Richard Sorge, the famous secret Comintern agent posing as a Nazi newspaper correspondent, who was accused of supplying the Soviet Union with information on Japanese politics and military affairs. Much space was also devoted to the compromise settlements of two suits, one brought by irate citizens of Nagoya complaining about the noise and vibrations caused by the famous Shinkansen, or bullet trains, which travel at speeds of more than a hundred miles an hour, and the other by residents of Osaka who objected to nighttime landings and takeoffs at the city's airport. In the Osaka case, the public's demands were upheld to a certain extent—no takeoffs or landings would be allowed after 9 P.M.—but in the Nagoya case the court ruled that the advantages of fast and efficient transportation were too important to warrant their curtailment, although compensation for past annoyance would be paid. Japan is probably the only country in the world where readers could be aroused by newspaper sketches of deformed fish, such as teratoid mackerel, caught in an offshore bay in sardine nets, that were ostensibly victims of local pollution. Just as oddly, perhaps, when electricity and gas rates were increased by nearly fifty per cent in Tokyo last year there were no organized complaints—only a few letters from disgruntled housewives. This once again demonstrates that whereas discrimination against a single small segment of the population results in opposition, as at Nagoya and Osaka, if everyone is adversely affected no protest ensues; conformity and consensus based on common acceptance of hardship take over. Individual responses are still taboo, in accordance with the ancient aphorism "The nail that stands up is hammered down."

There are those who believe that family responsibility is diminishing sharply in Japan—that, despite the television picture of the happy family which is constantly on display in soap operas here, the family system is in fact breaking down. Father still stays out most evenings, drinking or otherwise diverting himself with his office companions, while Mother stays at home with the fretful children. The burden of caring for the aged, whose numbers are increasing at an even more rapid rate here than elsewhere, is being passed on from the family to the government or to the corporations, and older people, rebelling against their "cold" children, are no longer willing to leave whatever money they have to inconsiderate sons and daughters. Nowadays, more and more young people, until they get married, are living alone and liking it. How much of all this stems from a new independence and affluence (the two go together) is hard to say, but certainly some of it does, and it makes one wonder what direction Japan will take in the new decade. The comments of a number of friends on the eve of my departure from Japan raised some of the key questions. A psychiatrist and author said, "The Japanese know they've been lucky, and as a result they're more aware of tragedies in the world. They're still infatuated with change, and the speed of it is accelerating. They could become satiated with it, and perhaps become more arrogant, but they could also return to serenity, which is not the same as complacency."

"Things are fine at the moment," a social scientist remarked, "but if Japan faces a real depression or a serious crisis, I don't know how we'll maintain our stability. The American boat won't overturn, but the Japanese one might."

A somewhat cynical literary critic, who is particularly dismayed by what he sees as the current cultural flatness and lack of new ideas, said, "The Japanese have learned how to cope with ordinary emergencies, but they have an absolute inability to cope with prosperity." —ROBERT SHAPLEN



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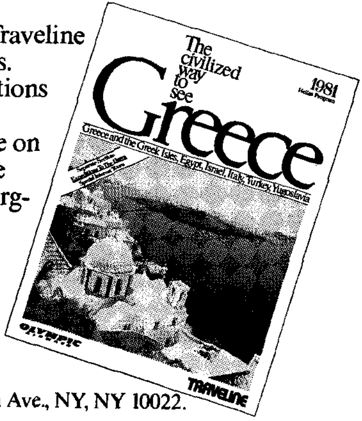
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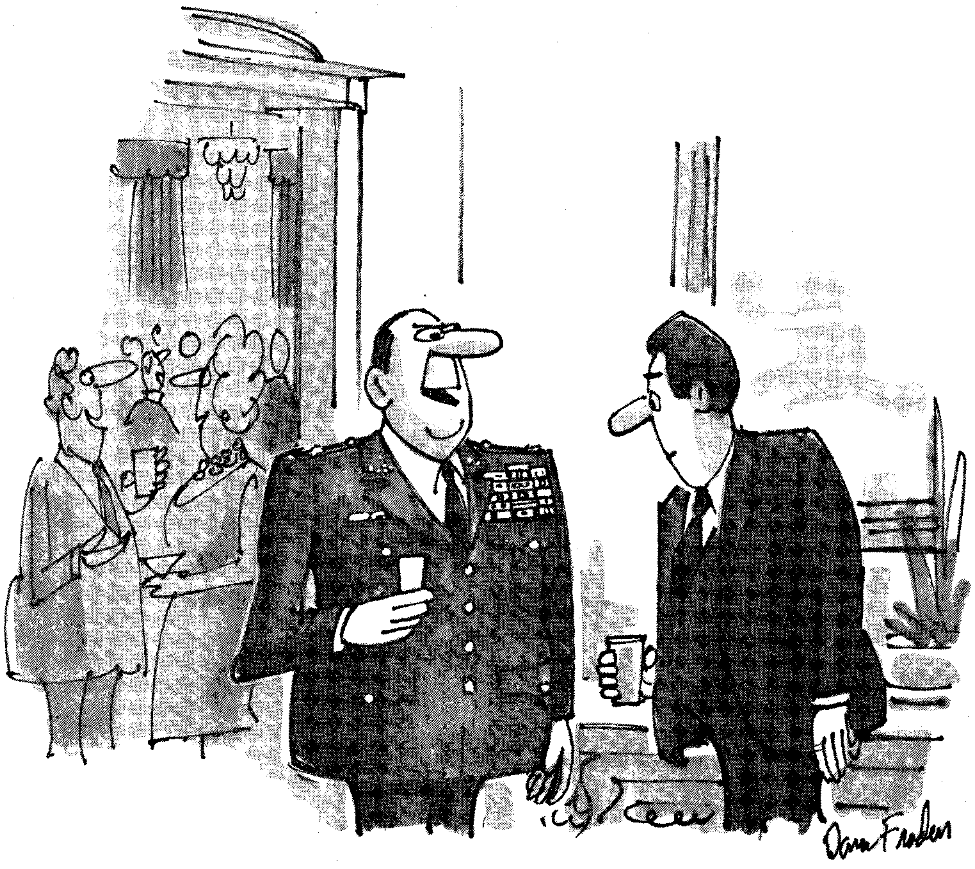
Chance / Fate

Burt Lancaster started out, back in the 1946 "The Killers," as a great specimen of hunkus Americanus. In Louis Malle's new comedy, "Atlantic City," from a script by John Guare, Lancaster uses his big, strong body so expressively that if this were a stage performance the audience would probably give him a standing ovation. I don't see how he could be any better. He plays Lou, an old-timer who tries to keep up appearances; he irons his one good silk tie before going outside. Still dreaming of the good old days, when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Lou scrounges for a living as a numbers runner, making his rounds of Atlantic City's black slums and picking up bets of fifty cents or a dollar. He also takes handouts—and abuse—from Grace (Kate Reid), the widow of a mobster he used to work for. She has an apartment in the same building where he has a small, seedy room; she stays in bed, pampering herself, while he shops and cooks for her and walks her dog—a tiny poodle, which he hates. Grace is a hypochondriac and complainer, and she razzes him mercilessly; he accepts her reproaches, though he snarls to himself in weary resentment. You sense that he barely hears her anymore; Lou's thoughts are elsewhere. When he's in his room and looks out the window, across the airshaft, he can see into the apartment where Sally (Susan Sarandon) lives; hiding to the side, he watches her nightly ablutions when she comes home from her waitress work at the Oyster Bar in the Resorts International casino. She puts a tape of "Norma" on her cassette-player, cuts lemons in half, and rubs the juice onto her upper body. Excited, Lou hurries down to Grace's apartment, puts a record on, and crawls into bed with her.

Lancaster's acting in "The Killers" wasn't at all bad, but his physical presence was so powerful in the busy years that followed that he became a caricature of an action star. Sometimes he was a satiric caricature (as in the 1952 "The Crimson Pirate"), and sometimes he was an impressive, highly sexual man of action (as in the 1953 "From Here to Eternity"), but in his many attempts to extend his range beyond action roles—in "Come Back, Little Sheba" (1952), "The Rose Tattoo" (1955), "The Rainmaker" (1956), "Separate Tables" (1958), "The Devil's Disciple" (1959), "The Young Savages" (1961), "Judgment at Nuremberg" (1961), "Birdman of Alcatraz" (1962), "A Child Is Waiting" (1963), and, most notably, in "Sweet Smell of Success" (1956)—you could often see him straining for seriousness, and it shrivelled him. (When Lancaster put on a pair of specs, he looked as if he'd been bled by leeches.) Probably no other major star took so many chances, and a couple of times—as the prince in Visconti's "The Leopard" (1963), and as the patriarch in Bertolucci's "1900" (1976)—he came through with a new weight of emotion. In those pictures, he seemed able to use his bull-like physicality with a new dignity and awareness. He was more physical than ever, but physical in the way that Anna Magnani (with whom he was teamed in "The Rose Tattoo") was—battered, larger than life, vain, naked. In shallow action roles, he played bloody but unbowed; when he was working with Visconti or Bertolucci, he wasn't afraid to be bloody and bowed. And that's how he is here, but more so, because this time he isn't playing a strong man brought down by age and social changes: he's a man who was never anything much—he was always a little too soft inside—and Grace won't let him forget it.



"I'll tell you one thing. I didn't get them looking for political solutions!"

Though I have a better time in the theatre at John Guare's plays than I do at the plays of any other contemporary American, I would not have guessed that his charmed, warped world and his dialogue, which is full of imagery, could be so successfully brought to the screen. In a Guare play, the structure isn't articulated. There's nothing to hold the bright pieces together but his nerve and his instincts; when they're in high gear, the play has the excitement of discovery—which you don't get in "well-crafted" plays. You're not stuck with the usual dramatic apparatus—the expository dialogue and the wire-pulling to get the characters into the planned situations. Instead, you get gags, which prove to be the explanations. *Anything* may turn up in a Guare play. In Joseph Papp's Public Theatre production of Guare's "Marco Polo Sings a Solo," set on an Arctic island in 1999, Anne Jackson, who played

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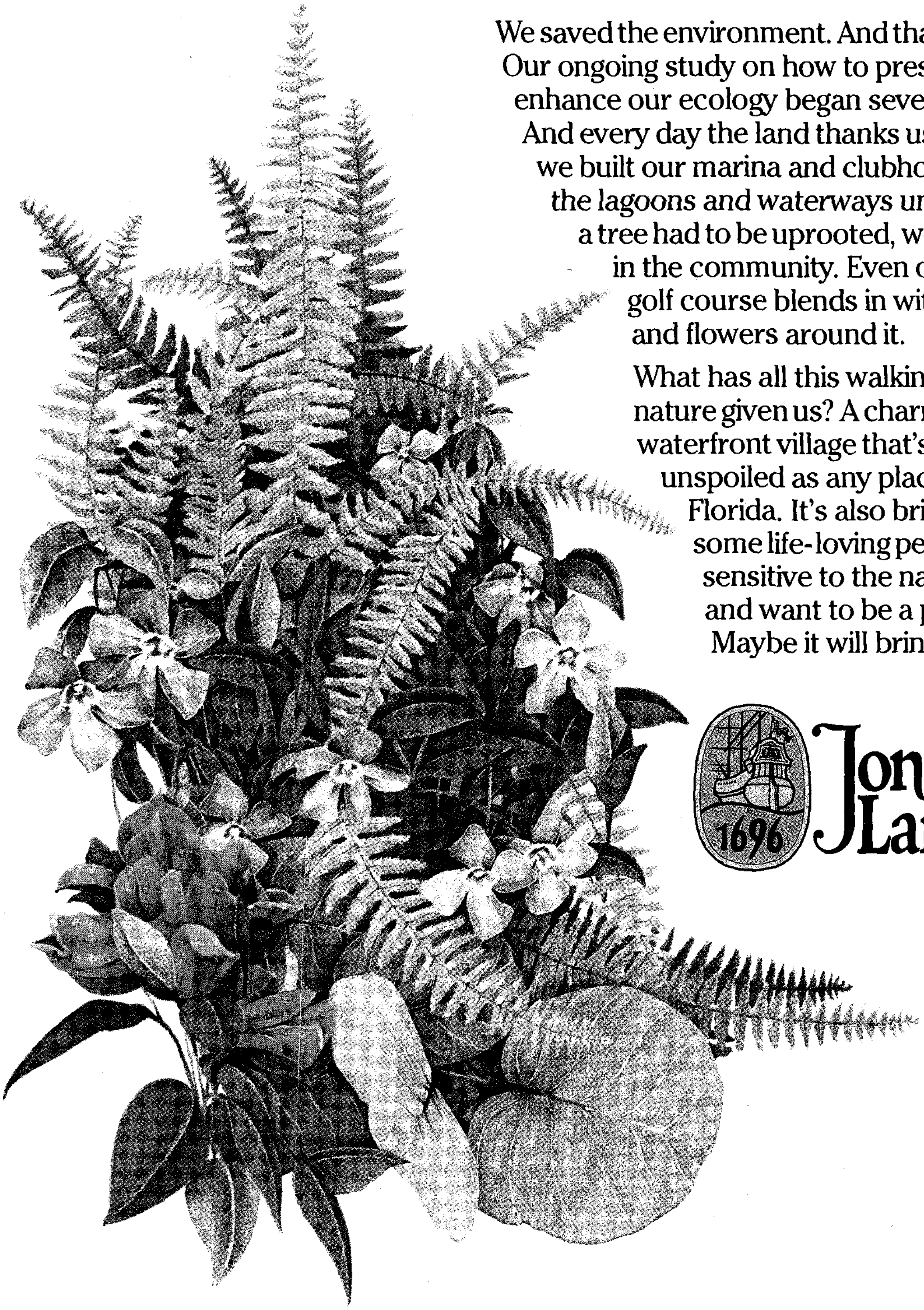

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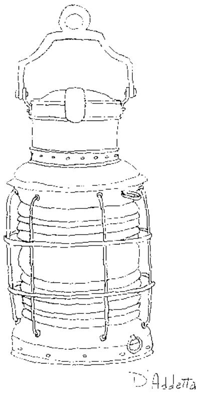
Joel Grey's mother, revealed that her son was the first person in history to have only one parent: she was a transsexual, she explained, and had conceived him with semen saved from before her sex-change operation. In the same play, another character talked about Chekhov's "The Three Sisters": "Those poor girls, all the time trying to get to Moscow. The town they lived in was only forty-eight miles from Moscow. In 1999 that town is probably part of greater downtown Moscow. They were in Moscow all the time." Guare's vaudeville jokes subvert traditional conceptions of drama. Anyone who has ever been embarrassed for the actors who had to fling a prop dead bird around the stage in "The Sea Gull" or "The Wild Duck" would have appreciated Anne Jackson's aside to the audience apropos of some similar props: "I don't know much about symbols, but I'd say that when frozen flamingos fall out of the sky, good times are not in store." In a foreword to the published version of his play "The House of Blue Leaves," Guare wrote that what had got him out of a creative cul-de-sac was watching Olivier perform on successive nights in Strindberg's "The Dance of Death" and Feydeau's "A Flea in Her Ear." In his imagination, they blended, he said, and became one play, and he asked himself why Strindberg and Feydeau shouldn't get married, or at least live together.



I have resorted to quoting from "Marco Polo" because I would like to suggest Guare's comic style without uncorking "Atlantic City." Let me just indicate how the jokes function: Lou reminisces about the glories of this resort town in the days when there were real songs, like "Flat Foot Floogie with the Floy Floy," and he adds, "The Atlantic Ocean was something then." You laugh in recognition that for him life has lost its savor. Guare's one-liners are more deeply zany than we're accustomed to. His characters sound as if they had all invented themselves and their life histories right on the spot. And Guare has a way of shaping a funny line of dialogue so it goes loop-the-loop into pathos. Sometimes I think that his is the only kind of theatrical pathos that's really enjoyable; it erupts suddenly, when a character's invention can't go any further and he's left with truth. But it's still part of a gag. Kate Reid's Grace, lying amid boxes of chocolate and rose satin quilted covers, may remind the lucky few who saw Guare's most intense and macabre play, "Bosoms and Neglect," of her performance as the bedridden, blind, and cancerous old Irish mother, Henny. (When Henny is in the hospital for surgery, her son visits a woman he picked up in Rizzoli's—a blond bibliophile who tries to seduce him with her first editions. He describes his mother's torments, and she cries, "I suddenly have this image of being blind. Oh God. Never to be able to browse.") Guare was one of the three writers who worked with Miloš Forman on the 1971 "Taking Off," but the film's sensibility was Forman's. "Atlantic City" is a collaboration much like that of Elia Kazan and Tennessee Williams on, say, "Baby Doll." Louis Malle has entered into Guare's way of seeing—a mixture of observation, flights of invention, satire, perversity, anecdote, fable. And depth of feeling—what Lancaster, in the finest performance he has ever given (with the possible exception of his work in "1900"), brings to the film. And he brings it to the jokes.

Near the beginning of the film, one of the vast, curvy old Baghdad-by-the-sea buildings that date from Atlantic City's days as a resort community is dynamited; this rock-candy relic is making way for the new hotel-casinos, which have been shooting up since New Jersey legalized gambling there, in 1976. (It was chosen partly because it's on an island and can be closed off from the mainland.) Malle's Atlantic City is very different from the seedy, decrepit one in which Bob Rafelson shot "The King of Marvin Gardens," in 1972. The destruction and construction that go on in all cities are accelerated in the new Atlantic City; it suggests a giant movie lot, where sets are built and struck. This spa that became a racketeers' paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place; it gives a hallucinatory texture to the characters' lives. And it's the ideal real place for a Guare comedy—everything arriving and departing in one fell swoop. Atlantic City is the film's controlling metaphor. Malle and Guare must have let the city itself set the motifs: demoli-

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tion and construction; decay and renewal; water, baths, ablutions; luck. The city says so much on its own that the moviemakers don't have to press down for meanings; if anything, they need to hold back (and they do).

When the rambling pleasure palace crumbles, the film takes up the story of another relic—Lou. The movie is a lyric farce, in which Lou and Sally, and Grace also, realize their dreams, through a series of accidents and several varieties of chicanery. Sally has been training to become a croupier, under the tutelage of the Frenchman (Michel Piccoli) who gave her the Elizabeth Harwood tape of "Norma." Her plans are disrupted when her wormy husband (Robert Joy) hitchhikes into town with her pale, sweetly zonked younger sister, Chrissie (Hollis McLaren), who is hugely pregnant by him. They turn up, scuzzy from the road and with their packs on their backs, at the sleek casino where Sally works. Sally's husband expects her to let them crash at her place until he can dispose of a bundle of cocaine that he stole in Philadelphia. Once he arrives, nobody in the movie seems to have any principles or to have heard of honesty. (Chrissie doesn't even believe in gravity.) Lou—through a fluke—gets hold of the money from the cocaine, and starts behaving like the sport he has always wanted to be. He spreads the wealth around and squires Sally to an expensive restaurant; she's eager to learn more about the world, and, little as he knows, he's a fount of knowledge compared with her.

BAKERY
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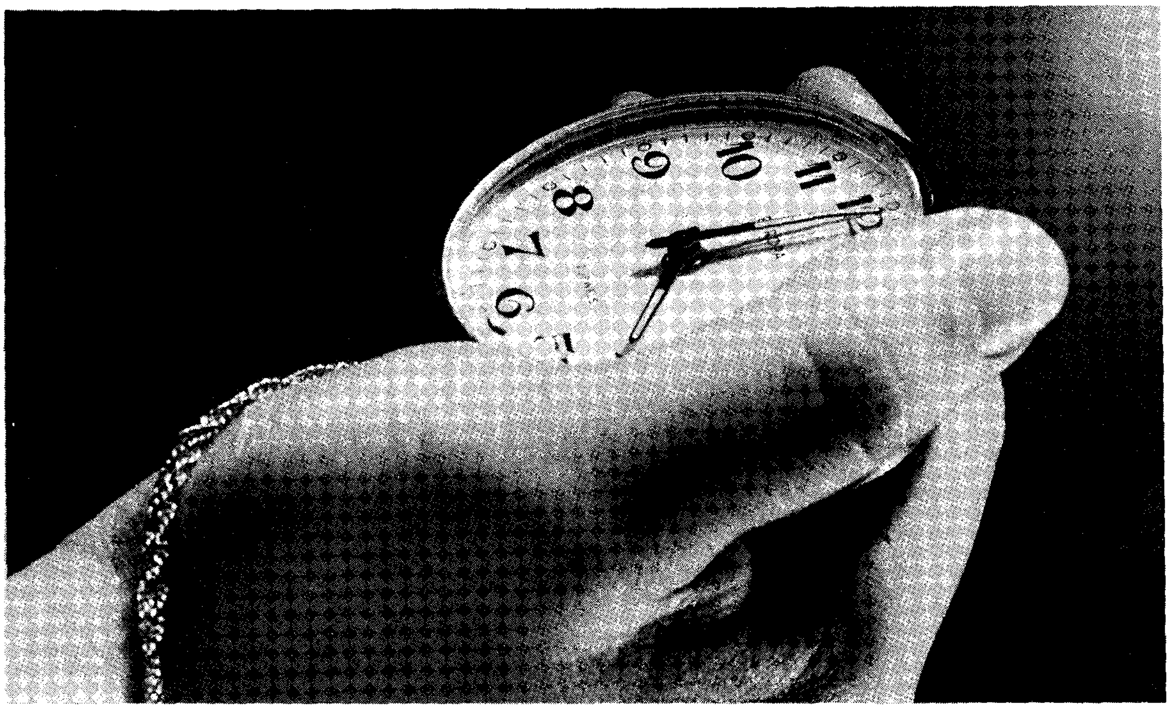
The role of the ignorant Sally, a backcountry girl from Saskatchewan who hopes to work her way to Monte Carlo, is essentially that of Gabrielle in "The Petrified Forest," and, for once, Susan Sarandon's googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. She doesn't rattle off her lines in her usual manner; she seems to respond to the freshness and lilt of the dialogue. In Malle's last film, "Pretty Baby," she was mysteriously beautiful when she was posing nude for photographs, but she gave an inexplicably petulant and vapid performance; she did so much ruminating she was cowlike. Susan Sarandon has sometimes come through in strange circumstances, though; the permutations of her rattle provided the sprightliest moments of "The Other Side of Midnight." Maybe she seems so skillful here because this is the best part she's ever had on the screen. Her double takes are very delicate; she keeps you tuned in to her feelings all the time. Sally's expression is frazzled yet affectionate when she looks at her Hare Krishna-ite little sister. Hollis McLaren (she was the half-mad girl in "Outrageous") brings a winsome dippiness to the role of gullible Chrissie, a flower child born into the wrong era. Simplicity like Chrissie's seems almost soothing, but not if you're her sister and don't know what to do with her. What can you do with a pregnant angel?

When I see a Guare play, I almost always feel astonished; I never know where he's going until he gets there. Then everything ties together. He seems to have an intuitive game plan. That's how this film works, too. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the ten or twelve major characters, but once he does you can begin to respond to the interior, poetic logic that holds this movie together. By the second half, "Atlantic City" is operating by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. It's no accident that Guare said Feydeau had helped him out of a cul-de-sac. We get the pleasure of seeing everything sorted out, as it is in a classic farce, except that the perfect pairings, the slippers that fit, the kindnesses rewarded have the dadaist quality of having been plucked out of the air.

The casting is superb, and each time a performer reappears you look forward to what he's going to do this time. There are just a few minor disappointments. Acting in English, Piccoli doesn't have his usual nuanced control (he overemphasizes his lines), but he certainly knows how to play a practiced European lecher; in one scene he circles around Sally, like a weary dancer. A murder sequence in a hydraulic parking structure is perhaps too tricky; it looks as if it was a bitch to shoot and edit. But there are almost constant small pleasures, such as Lou's meeting an old pal, Buddy (Sean Sullivan), who has become a washroom attendant, and swapping stories, and a hospital sequence, in which Robert Goulet, on behalf of Resorts International, presents the casino's check for a

GOING TO THE ORIENT?



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quarter of a million dollars to the Atlantic City Medical Center, the Frank Sinatra Wing, and sings to an audience of patients brought down to the lobby to make the presentation a media event. (It's like an epic-size Bill Murray routine.) One sequence appears to drift, but then has a great conclusion: Sally and Lou go to the house that she plans to share with nine other croupiers-in-training. (Each of the ten is studying to deal a different game—baccarat, blackjack, and so on.) Sally takes Lou to the room she needs to paint, and when they're alone he tells her that he watches her at night. She is moved and he can see that she is going to let him make love to her. He pushes her blouse down from her shoulders and looks at her ripe young flesh, and his watery eyes are full of reverence and regret.

This picture has just about everything that "Pretty Baby," which was also made in this country, and in English, lacked. Every line of dialogue in "Pretty Baby" was stiff. It was clear that the person who made the film was a director, but it was hard to believe that he'd ever worked with actors before. In "Atlantic City," Louis Malle is in full control and at his ease, and his collaboration with John Guare produces a rich, original comic tone. Sometimes the most pleasurable movies seem very slight, because they don't wham you on the noggin. Malle's skill shows in the way he keeps this picture in its frame of reference, and gives it its own look. Visually, it's extraordinary, though in a way that doesn't hit you on the noggin, either. The lighting is vivid but muted and indirect. A whole room may be in focus, yet with very little light—no more than the modulated light you see on cloudy days. The cinematographer, Richard Ciupka, is a young Québécois (the film was financed partly by Canadian funds); his work here suggests Storaro—it's like studio lighting but softer. The whole city seems to be in deep focus; you're sharply aware of old and new, age and youth. The ocean breezes are chilling to Lou; he's bundled up as he makes his rounds. But by the end he enjoys looking at the ocean again. The movie is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity: what it does to cities, what it can do for people. There's a closing image of a massive building—the wrecking ball keeps pounding it, and it keeps refusing to yield. When you leave the theatre, you may feel light-headed, as if there were no problems in the world that couldn't be solved.

In James M. Cain's novel "The Postman Always Rings Twice," Cora and Frank take her husband, the greasy Nick, who likes to sing opera, up into the mountains, where they plan to kill him and send the car crashing down with him inside. Nick, who has had too much to drink, gets out of the car to be sick, discovers that there's a fine echo, and lets out some high notes. Frank, the narrator of the novel, who is sitting in the back seat, tells him it's time to get going. Nick climbs into the car but shoves his face out the window and lets go with one last note. And Frank reports, "I braced my feet, and while he still had his chin on the window sill I brought down the wrench. His head cracked, and I felt it crush. He crumpled up and curled on the seat like a cat on a sofa. It seemed a year before he was still. Then Cora, she gave a funny kind of gulp that ended in a moan. Because here came the echo of his voice. It took the high note, like he did, and swelled, and stopped, and waited." The new version of the story, directed by Bob Rafelson, from David Mamet's adaptation, re-creates this murder scene faithfully but leaves out Nick's echo. That's a pretty fair indication of Rafelson's and Mamet's judgment.

Cain (who was briefly the managing editor of this magazine) is more famous for two short passages of dialogue in this novel—his first—than for anything else. The reader knows all that is necessary about Frank when Frank describes Cora: "She had a sulky look to her, and her lips stuck out in a way that made me want to mash them in for her." A few pages later, he does, and her response is "Bite me! Bite me!" He reports, "I bit her. I sunk my teeth into her lips so deep I could feel the blood spurt into my mouth. It was running down her neck when I carried her upstairs." The second passage comes just after they've killed Nick, when they're preparing the "accident." Frank reports, "I began to fool with her blouse, to bust the buttons, so she would look banged up. She was looking at me, and her eyes didn't look blue, they looked black. I could feel her breath coming fast. Then it stopped, and she leaned real close to me." She says, "Rip me! Rip me!" and he obligingly tears her clothes open, punches her to make her look bruised, and they're both so ex-

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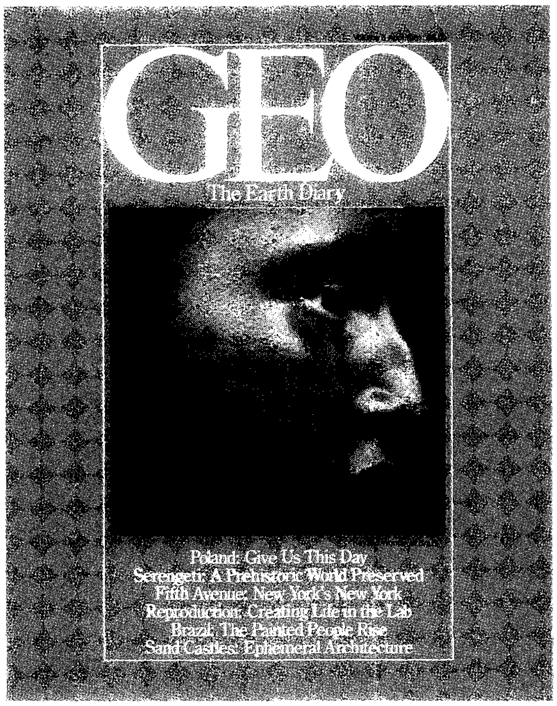
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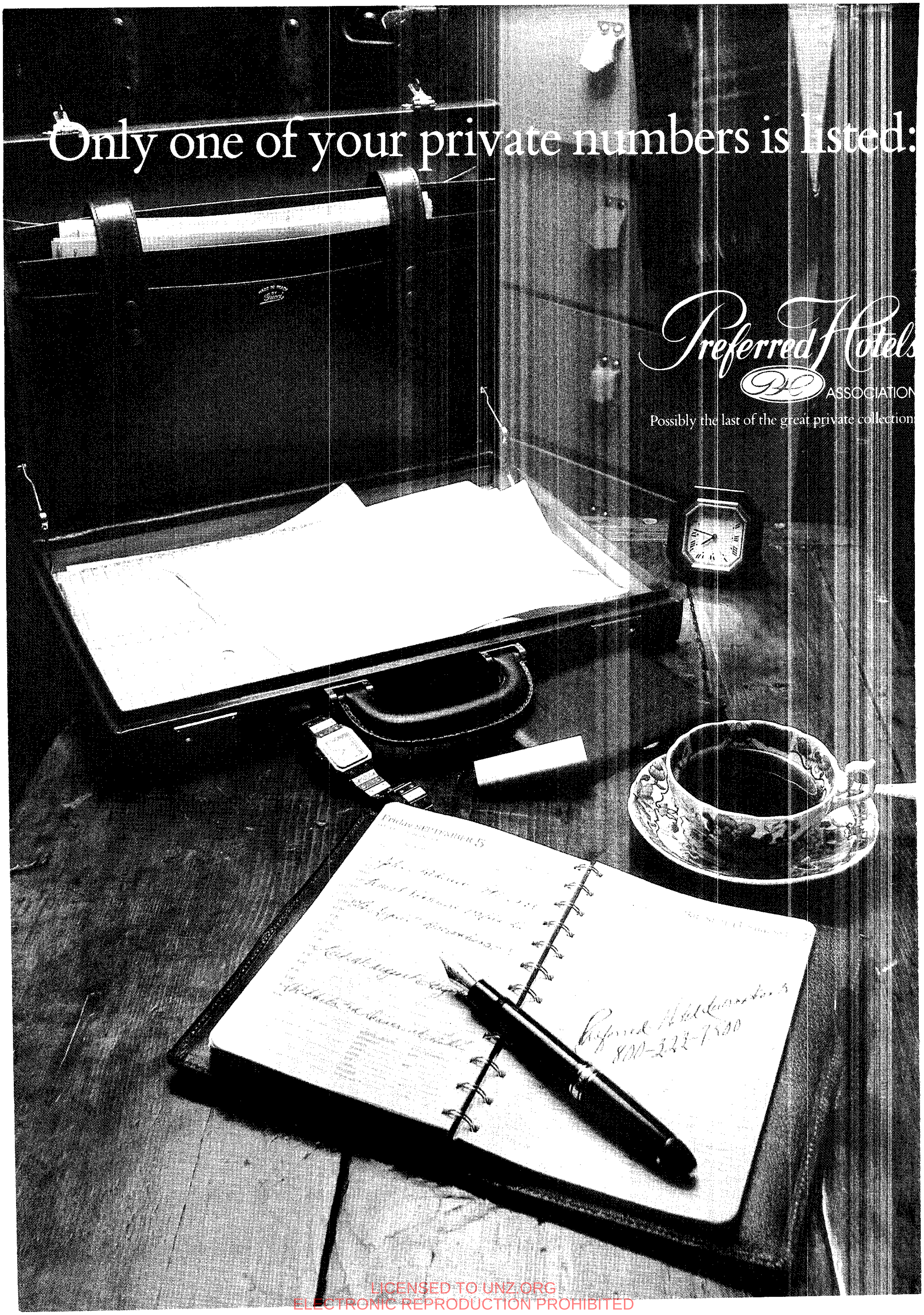
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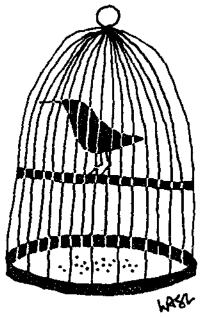
cited that they have sex, a few feet from Nick's corpse. The movie recreates these incidents also but omits "Bite me! Bite me!" and "Rip me! Rip me!"

There's almost a death wish about this adaptation: Rafelson takes the granddaddy of hot tabloid novels and treats it with dedication and concern —even going to all the trouble and expense of setting it in 1934, the year that the book was published—but he leaves out the most memorable parts. Was he afraid that people would laugh at them now? I don't think they would —not if the director made the scenes tense and tawdry. And if he can't "The Postman" isn't the right property for him. Were Rafelson and Mamet scared off by Edmund Wilson's derision of the dead man's echo as "Hollywood"? Maybe Mamet—a Pinterite who pares away and wants austerity—considered it "shtick." But Cain's raw flamboyance is the essence of this story; take it out and "The Postman" is flabby, third-rate Hemingway or just a variation on Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Wilson also said, of Cain's novels, "They are a kind of Devil's parody of the movies. Mr. Cain is the *âme damnée* of Hollywood. All the things that have been excluded by the Catholic censorship: sex, debauchery, unpunished crime, sacrilege against the Church—Mr. Cain has let them loose in these stories with a gusto as of pent-up ferocity that the reader cannot but share. What a pity that it is impossible for such a writer to create and produce his own pictures!" If even Edmund Wilson admitted that he shared the excitement, I think Rafelson might have trusted that movie audiences wouldn't be too sophisticated for it.



This picture isn't a cloddish disgrace; you can see the taste and craftsmanship that have gone into it. It's overcontrolled, though, and methodical in its pacing. It's wrongheaded. Rafelson seems drawn to make art; the images are overscaled, and he has too much at stake in each frame. This story didn't need to be set back in time: the period detail makes it look studied and accurate, when what's wanted is impulsiveness and haste. The book is written in the American tough-guy vernacular ("I had to have her, if I hung for it. I had her"). Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from this vernacular as you can get. The camera stays at a chilling distance and never heats up. The cinematographer was Sven Nykvist, and the dark-blue tones and the lighting make the South California setting look Swedish; the atmosphere is damp and rainy. The words that would describe this movie are at the opposite pole from how anyone would describe the book. There's a stunningly beautiful opening shot of Frank (Jack Nicholson) hitchhiking at night; the tony visuals outclass the characters right from the start.

Nicholson appears to be working very seriously, yet he doesn't come up with anything fresh, and he doesn't seem to know how to do anything simply. As Frank, he does a run-through of his overdeliberate sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" while still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." He's even still doing that crazy thing with his eyes—looking up into the lids as if he were trying to locate his brains. (His performance could have been given by a Nicholson impersonator.) Nicholson's face is becoming a Kabuki mask: it's those triangular eyebrows and the hair receding on both sides of his head and the stylized, leeringly evil expressions. At times, he recalls Elisha Cook, Jr.,'s blank-faced criminals, and there's something about the way he holds his upper lip open that is startlingly like Arthur Kennedy. Nicholson has a difficult and underwritten role: the Frank of the book is a twenty-four-year-old kid, a stud who has been bumming around; he had never been in any serious trouble until he developed this passionate hunger for Cora, and she likes him because he is young (like her) and clean. Nicholson, who's going on forty-four and looks older, has to account for what he's been doing, and the movie's solution is to make Frank an ex-convict. But he looks so mean and burned-out that we don't fear for him when Cora suggests that he can have her only by killing her husband. Actually, Frank, with his surly cock-of-the-walk virility, seems almost as sexually repellent as the genial slob Nick (John Colicos, who gives a very shrewd, unsentimental performance as an Old World Greek). The kind of rough banging that Cora (Jessica Lange) gets from Frank doesn't seem that different from what she probably gets from Nick. Frank never bothers to shave for her,

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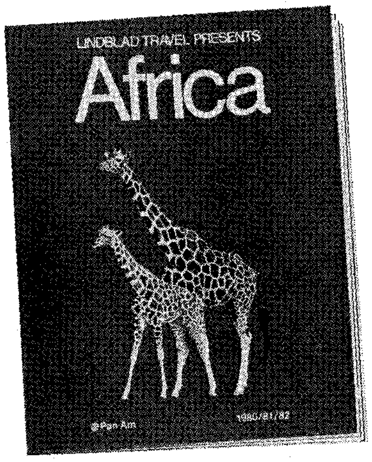

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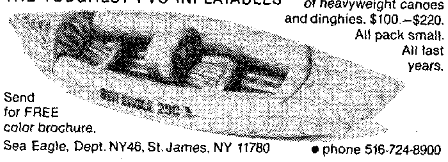

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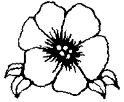
and he's almost as greasy as Nick. (She doesn't get much of a break.) Nicholson's Frank sets a nasty mood; he's such a scowling son of Satan that you wonder why Nick would ever trust him enough to hire him to work in the service station next to the roadside café that he and Cora run.

Jessica Lange has a beautiful camera face that is still relatively new to the public; she has been in only three pictures—"King Kong," "How to Beat the High Cost of Living," and "All That Jazz," where she was swathed in gauze. (She seemed to be playing Our Lady of the Oxygen Tent.) Rafelson and Mamet don't develop Cora's character—they put her through changes instead. And, whether it's lack of training or of feeling, there are times when you can almost read in Jessica Lange's eyes, "Am I getting by with this? Is it all right?" But she's still the best reason for seeing this "Postman." She has a great, expressive body. Though she seemed slender and willowy in "King Kong" and "The High Cost of Living," here she looks good-sized—muscular but rounded, and with strong flanks. She stands and walks with her rump out proudly, and it dominates the movie. You have no trouble believing that Frank has to grab her. With her short, curly blond hair, a Japanese silk wrapper pulled tight, and a lewd, speculative smile, she's both seraphic and steamy. Her closeups are sometimes unusually revealing when she's almost still, but she also has startling moments—like her agonized expression when she hears the crunch of Nick's skull. Rafelson directs Jessica Lange very skillfully in many scenes; she's wonderful when she tries to fight off Frank's first assault and then snarls, "All right, c'mon," challenging him to show her what he can do. If there's something missing—if she never quite catches fire—it's probably because of the way the film has been distanced.

The story is about how Frank and Cora's animal passion turns into love, and the movie needs to be propelled by a growing intensity in their sex scenes and then by the jeopardy these lovers are in. But the first sex, on the table in the café kitchen, is the hottest, so things go downhill. What should be the high point—sex by the corpse—is just a few flashes. And even in the kitchen the lust is empty. There's a lot of grappling, but the sex doesn't make much sense—Cora seems to have a terrific orgasm as soon as Frank's dirty



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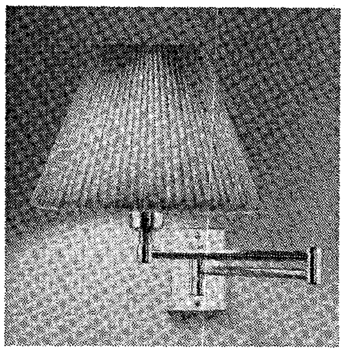

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hand starts crawling up her thigh. There was a lot of pre-release publicity about how the film was going to show what had to be left out of the 1946 version, with John Garfield and Lana Turner, but there were also strange statements by Rafelson that he was going to shoot the film as an X and then cut it as an R. Why? For his own diversion? If he did it that way, he probably couldn't compensate for what he had to take out: these sex scenes are a mess—quick cuts with no erotic feeling.

The film never develops momentum, because pivotal scenes aren't clear. Cora makes an early, abortive attempt to kill Nick by hitting him on the head while he's in the bathtub, but a cat steps in the fuse box, the lights go out, and Cora panics. We don't understand (except from the book) that the lights went out before she could drown him; we're given no clue that that was what she was going to do, so we're not keyed up—we're just confused. After Nick's death, the courthouse scenes are too abrupt, the dialogue deteriorates, and the movie becomes aimless. One episode is completely off in tone: Anjelica Huston, in dominatrix bangs, turns up as a lion tamer with a Ruritanian accent; she plays odalisque to Nicholson, who, dropping the character of Frank altogether, plays pasha. During this second half, we lose confidence that the moviemakers know where they're going. Cain's story has the reader in a state of apprehensive excitement; it just keeps coming. But Rafelson tries to purify the material, to essentialize it. Why else hire Mamet to provide sparse, Pinteresque dialogue that leaves out the juice? (Mamet's silences are really silent.) Rafelson lays on effects that are supposed to stand for the characters' erotic heat; all that happens is that the atmosphere becomes dissociated from the action. With all that elegant cinematography, the film has no images that stay in the mind the way Cain's descriptions do.

There is one change that I think betrays the whole scheme of the story, and is offensive to boot. In the book, when Cora and Frank are arrested for murder (nobody is fooled by their accident story) their lawyer is a man named Katz. This is Frank's description of him: "He was a little guy, about forty years old, with a leathery face and a black moustache, and the first thing he did when he came in was take out a bag of Bull Durham smoking tobacco and a pack of brown pa-

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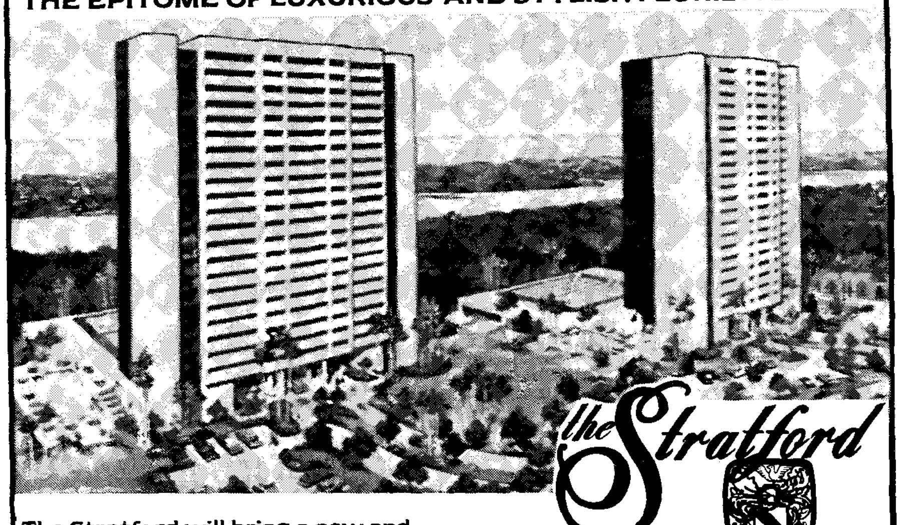

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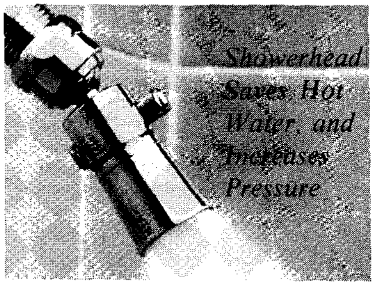

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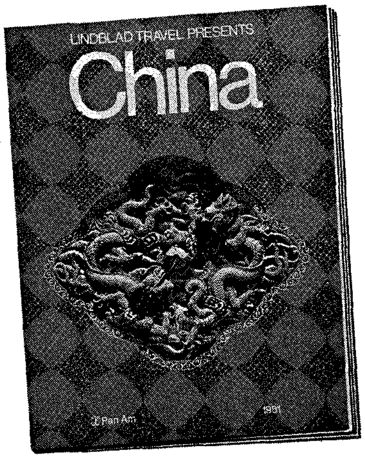

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pers and roll himself a cigarette." Katz makes a hundred-dollar bet with the prosecutor that he can get Cora and Frank off, and he does, by working out a deal with the two insurance companies involved in the case. Cora and Frank are freed and collect ten thousand dollars in insurance. And Katz gets his trophy—a check for a hundred dollars, which he has no intention of cashing. He plans to frame it and put it up over his desk. In the movie, Katz is played by Michael Lerner, who livens things up by his finely shaded performance, but he's a big, heavyset man who also has a great hooked nose, and there's no bet—he gets Cora and Frank off and takes the ten thousand as his fee. He's a smart Jew who is interested only in the money. Rafelson and Mamet don't seem to know a good story when it's right in their hands, so they cheapen it. The whole point of Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice" is that Cora and Frank are doomed; they're small fry who, in the long run, can't get away with anything. They're so small they can be saved—for the moment—by a wager, a jest. Katz knows what they are: greedy killers. He probably understands even the sexual insanity that drove them to murder. (Everybody who looks at them understands.) He doesn't want their dirty money; he won something that means more to him. Rafelson and Mamet's alteration puts Katz on the same level as Cora and Frank. The moviemakers use Cain's story to carry meanings that are far less gallant than his.

Everything about the picture suggests that Rafelson and Mamet disdain James M. Cain's sleazy primitivism as a storyteller: they don't want "doom" hovering over their characters, they don't want their picture to have a vulgar charge. To paraphrase Orwell, it takes intellectuals to be this dumb. The movie seems twice the length of the novel, yet it never gets to the point. Rafelson and Mamet leave out the final twist of fate that the dead man's echo prefigured: in this version, the postman only rings once.

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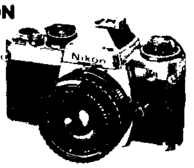

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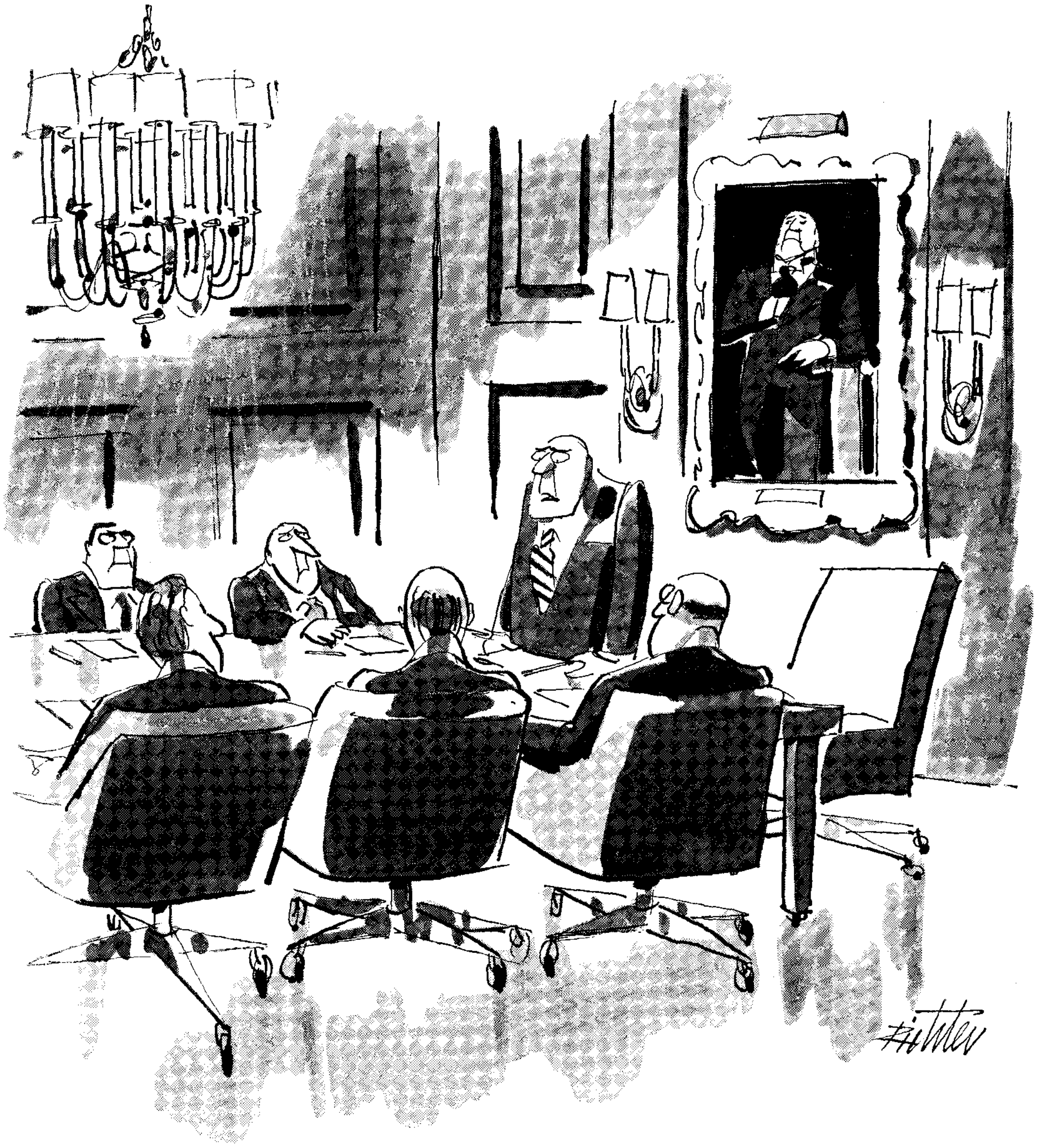
Oman is indisputably the star of this show, and she seems to have been



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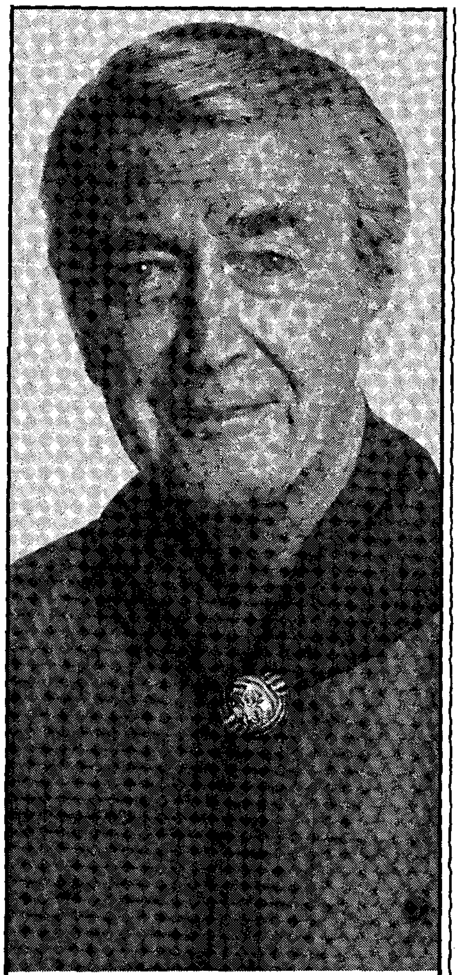

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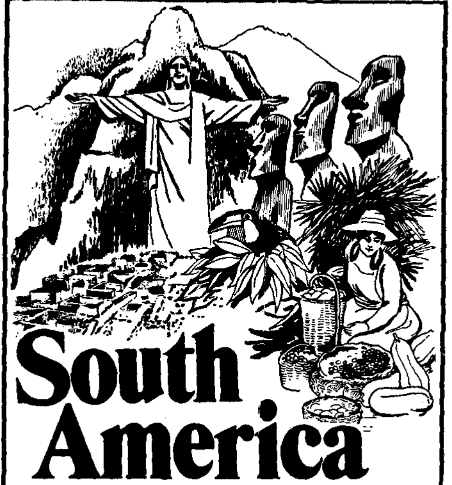
given carte blanche. The traditional setting of "Swan Lake" is medieval-fabulous. Oman's is the seventies and eighties of the last century—the period of the music. The fabulous dimension that is so clearly requested by the music is replaced by an unseemly gentility. The palace and its grounds suggest any old stately mansion one might buy a ticket to tour, and one would have to be awfully starry-eyed to see magic in women in bustles being escorted by men in gold braid. Oman's flair for middle and late Victoriana is known to us through her two Ashton ballets, "Enigma Variations" and "A Month in the Country," her "Fledermaus" for Covent Garden, which has been seen here on satellite relay, and her art direction for the movie "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Her historical sense is always, in anything she dresses, independently impressive, though her sense of place seems to be unveeringly British. "A Month in the Country," adapted from Turgenev's play, is as pretty as an English breakfast, and she clothes her dancers in "Swan Lake" as if she thought Tchaikovsky were Tennyson, or maybe Arthur Conan Doyle. Her hunting party sets out in tweeds and deerstalker caps and confronts the swans with rifles. Historical-geographical sense is really not that important in ballet anyway; what matters is a sense of fantasy or of fantastic reality. Oman uses a decorative swan motif for the proscenium borders and for the panels and niches inside the palace. This is an old designers' device in "Swan Lake;" while Oman doesn't overdo it, or, worse, attach any psychological significance to it, it struck me the way it always does—as doodling. More pertinent to the mood—to the *mind*—of "Swan Lake" was her palace interior, with its painted backdrop showing two double colonnades extended to infinity. The lake scenes are sepia glens with vistas of Rhineland peaks and crags framed by thin autumn foliage in Act II and bare winter branches in Act IV. The sets get progressively better until with the Act IV drop, its stark branches traced in snow, we really are half in one world, half in another. Without a constant tension between the natural and the supernatural, "Swan Lake" doesn't work. It was a conscious attempt by its makers to recapture the dualism of the Romantic ballet at its peak. Oman doesn't succeed with her costumes, as she eventually does with her sets, in creating two planes of meaning. She's



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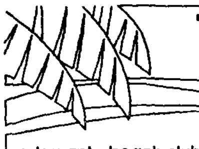

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distressingly, even ludicrously literal. In the white acts, von Rothbart is a giant befeathered owl, with a huge round head, staring glass eyes, and a beak. In the ballroom scene, he's a deranged-looking bald-headed diplomat out of "The Green Table." The worst costume of all is Prince Siegfried's in Act I: an Eton collar, a vest with a red ribbon across it, and a pair of white tights. Compared with this getup, the "swan" tutus, with their suggestion of plumage, hardly register. Siegfried is a more betwixt-and-between creature than Odette, but somehow it's not the same.

Some years ago, a "Sleeping Beauty" designed by Desmond Heeley for the Stuttgart Ballet placed the hird act in the court of Czar Alexan- ler III—another attempt to glorify he composer's own epoch at the ex- ense of the one he envisioned in his core. Egon Madsen, as the Prince, ppeared at court in his underwear. Then, there was Nicholas Georgiadis' 'Beauty" for the National Ballet of Canada, in which Nureyev entered vearing boots like the other men and ook up a conspicuous amount of time emoving them in order to be able to lance. More recently, we had Roland etit's "Coppélia," in which Frantz vas the only male dressed as a dancer. There's something wrong with a roduction that makes the male lead ook as if he'd left off his pants, and isually what's wrong is the attempt to ress the ballet in a new period. Do hese inventive designers never ponder he fact that every ballet that has come own to us from the nineteenth cen- ury is one in which the setting allows nen to wear tights plausibly? If it's ot the Middle Ages, it's the seven- enth or the eighteenth century. Knee reeches easily become a dancer's cos- ume. "La Fille Mal Gardée" and 'Coppélia," with their rebellious bumpkins, are sans-culotte ballets. ("Fille" ctually had its première in the year of ne French Revolution.) "La Syl- hide" is, of course, in kilts, and the ther Bournonville ballets are dressed a variety of national costumes and niforms, none of a period later than ne early nineteenth century. Siegfried nd von Rothbart in "Swan Lake" are nights. Their landscape is the leg- ndary Rhineland of "Lohengrin" nd of "Undine," the opera that Tchaikovsky discarded unfinished, re- ining only a duet that he then re- rote as the second-act adagio in Swan Lake." Miss Oman could have ansferred Tchaikovsky's ballet to

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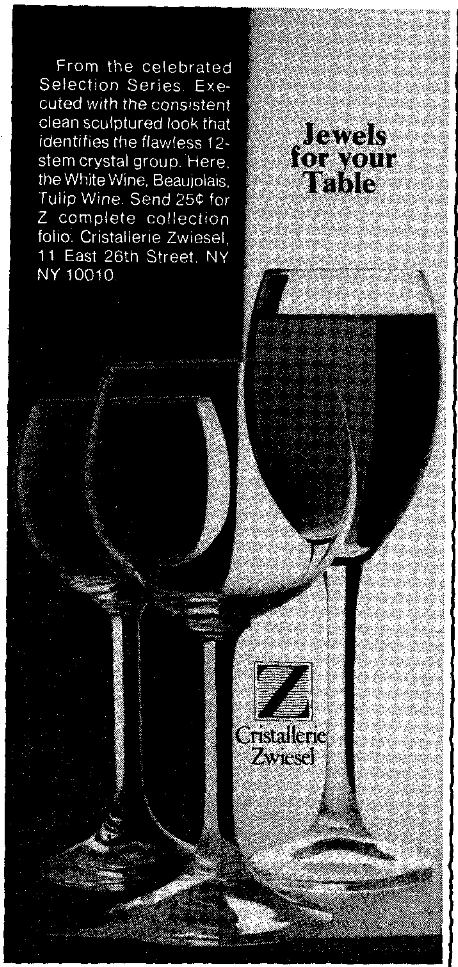

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Arthurian England; it would have been a clean substitution. What she's actually done is "Idylls of the King" in knickers.

The Prince's birthday party in Act I includes no female guests of his rank. Though his male friends consort with the peasant girls, he never does, and when the Princess Mother suggests that he marry, the thought seems to cross his mind for the first time. By placing what we know as the Black Swan music in Act I, Tchaikovsky may have intended a Rosaline for this Romeo. Without that music—which, as John Warrack points out in his "Tchaikovsky Ballet Music," is related to the big waltz in Act I—or a reasonable substitute, the staging must contrive to suggest what the Prince's experiences with women have been up to now, and from that we can infer what's on his mind when he broods. Bruce Wells' staging places the Prince in an unusually warm filial relationship to Wolfgang, his tutor, but we've no idea what his thoughts are when he "confesses" in his solo, and his isolation has no bearing on the events of the next act. We don't even think of Odette until the end of Act I, when the swans are sighted. A virgin prince is not the best company in the love scenes of Act II. And from the way Wells stages and Donn Edwards behaves in the Black Swan episode in Act III (the music and most of the steps are traditional), I got the impression that Siegfried knew that Odile was not Odette and decided to pledge himself to her anyway. Wells brings the pleading vision of Odette far downstage, as if to show us that it's a different girl—which makes nonsense of the fact that Odette in Act II and Odile in Act III are danced by the same ballerina (in the performances I saw, Elaine Bauer).

In the fourth act, Verdy manages to avoid the melodramatic frenzy of Siegfried's traditional entrance to that gusher of a crescendo. She *does* it by having the swans toss en masse from side to side of the stage, then freeze as he enters in ronds de jambe renversés. We see him projected against a commotion that answers the music—quite a different effect from seeing him rush headlong into a vacuum. The music that follows this—that must always follow this, even though Tchaikovsky placed it in Act III—is that strange andante con moto that builds in another crescendo, this one with the tread of Fate in it. Odette comes to the Prince, who supports her in a penchée embrace. There is no hint of hope or aspiration in their brief adagio; at the end she shakes her head "no." The pas d'action is tastefully done: no comic-book struggle with the Sorcerer, no thrashings as he dies—the flock surrounds him and he's crushed unseen. In the Apotheosis, the lovers, who have rushed off together, presumably to commit suicide, appear in their boat irradiated. At the last moment—the seconds tick away in the music—the staging and the setting collaborate in an image of real power: the swans fold themselves down to sleep, and, as the boat passes on, snow starts to fall. Michel Sasson's conducting was at its firmest in building and sustaining the long numbers that characterize this act—numbers that, Warrack says, have "a close thematic argument and a symphonic development unprecedented in ballet music." In other parts of the score, Sasson's tempos were inclined to slacken or speed up arbitrarily. A dragging beat made a moment like Benno's passing down the line of swans look more important than it is.

The music sounded bright and clea in the Metropolitan Center, a palatia old theatre with an auditorium something like the Mark Hellinger's bu more than twice as big, and wit several banks' worth of marble in it lobby and foyers. This "Swan Lake' was two years in the works, and it i one of a series of multi-act grand-scal productions planned by the Bosto Ballet with the Metropolitan Cente in mind; "Cinderella" is next; the maybe "Giselle;" and then and then The Boston Ballet is thinking bi these days, and perhaps that's necessary to build community support an to attract funding. As artistic policy though, it is defensible only so long a big does not mean big and hollow The dazzling façade provided by Juli Trevelyan Oman did not quite concea the fact that the company wasn't putting on much of a *dance* show. Onl Nicolas Pacana, in the Polish mazurka, seemed to dance as well as h performed. The danger in mountin the big box-office classics is that dancers won't be challenged to improve they can hide behind a couple of star wear costumes, walk around, act a bi dance now and then—nothing to strenuous. Technical standards i modern ballet have advanced to a poin where "the classics" may actually retard a company's development—unless, of course, they're done with disc pline and style. (The Bruce Wells solution—make the steps more difficult—is really an evasion of the problem of style.) It is dispiriting to think what Boston's "Swan Lake" would have been like without the cohesive force of Oman's ideas, batty though some of them are. Not until the fourth act, with Tchaikovsky looking forward to modern ballet, with Verdy's logical and fluid groupings and unequivocal sense of tragic gesture, with Sasson's conducting, did the Boston dancers rise to the challenge of dance drama. It was also Oman's finest moment. Audiences filing out between the marble walls could carry home with them a glimpse of the ballet they hadn't seen.

DANCERS can't hide from the exposure of modern choreography, though they can sure enough run. The Oakland Ballet, in its brief stand at Brooklyn College, did a program of original ballets to modern music associated with masterpiece choreography. Not Nijinsky's "Rite of Spring" but John Pasqualetti's was presented; not Nijinska's or even Florence Rogge's "Bolero" but Marc Wilde's; not Ashton's "Monotones" but Ronn Guidi's "Trois Gymnopédies." I agree with whoever it was who said that the real text of "Swan Lake" lies not in its choreography but in its music. The power of music to color visual experience makes it possible for there to be many different choreographies for "Swan Lake" (though not all of them nay be masterpieces). And Stravinsky's music has carried many a disreputable "Sacre." But the bunching of so many of these famous pieces by he Oakland Ballet made me wonder if here wasn't an element of con in all his—quite innocent, of course. A dance company hoping only to lure an audience can plant expectations hat it can never fulfill. Pasqualetti's "Rite," for example, didn't even fulfill he promise its first few minutes held out of becoming a centerfold "Sacre." Wilde's "Bolero" consisted of dancers n a studio setting casually spelling one nother in variations to the successive instrumental entrées, and they were ariations, as the musical ones so amously aren't, without a theme. The ances, amusing enough to watch unil they became repetitious in the wrong way, were so marginal to the music that one wondered why Wilde ad chosen it. And what were we to make of "Trois Gymnopédies"—two as de deux and one pas de trois, in

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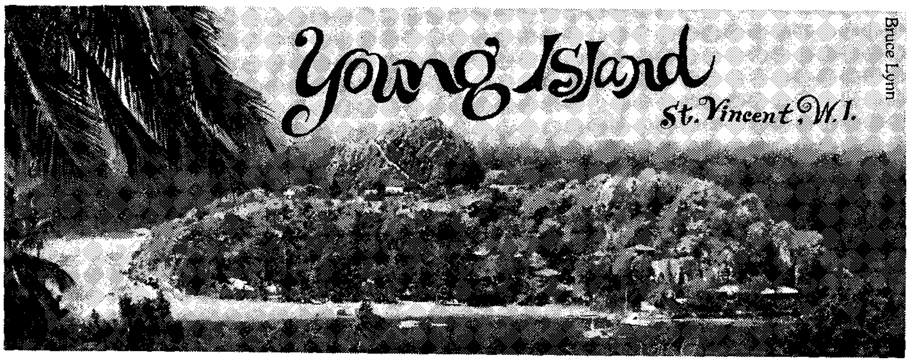

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white unitards? Anyone suspecting Guidi of plagiarism was swiftly disabused; the work was done in 1961 and Ashton's in 1965. Had I been Guidi, on seeing Ashton's version I'd have suppressed my own or altered it to look as much like the Ashton as possible. Guidi has obviously done neither, so again I say, Why? How come these "Gymnopédies"?

The fourth work on the program did not remind me of anything I had seen or heard of. Sadly, it did not even remind me of the work of Eugene Loring, who choreographed it in 1980. "Time Unto Time," to a Bartók score, is a sprawling work for sixteen dancers, arranged in an anonymous, professional manner, and very tired-looking. Like the evening's other ballets, it made dancing the subject, and though the dancers didn't have to try to live up to a legend, they still couldn't sustain the scrutiny invited by the choreography.

Watching the Ohio Ballet in "Schubert Waltzes," at the Brooklyn Academy, I thought for a moment or two that I'd seen it all before. Then I began to think that the choreographer, Heinz Poll, had found a way of making original work without putting the dancers on the spot. The Oakland choreographers left too much up to their dancers. Poll seemed to be helping his along with fairly simple but effective choreographic patterns. "Schubert Waltzes" *is* a lot like Eliot Feld's "Intermezzo" (which is a lot like Balanchine's "Liebeslieder Waltzes" and Robbins' "Dances at a Gathering"), but the resemblance mattered less than the way the material held together with no virtuosity on the part of the dancers. This pleasantness didn't persist in the other numbers, which were also by Poll. In fact, it turned into something of a reductio. Poll's work is modestly scaled; he calls it "chamber ballet," and he habitually uses piano or the smallest orchestral forces as accompaniment. This permits live music on the many tours that the Ohio Ballet undertakes, and it also seems to encourage a kind of musical pedantry in Poll's method of constructing a piece. His simplifications finally have less to do with the dancers than with the way he hears music. The one piece that didn't mind its musical manners was "Images." This was set to selections from Debussy's "Images" and seemed to be trying to blend phantasmagoria and low comedy. It baffled me completely.

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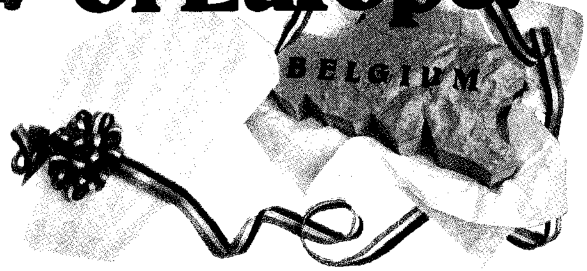

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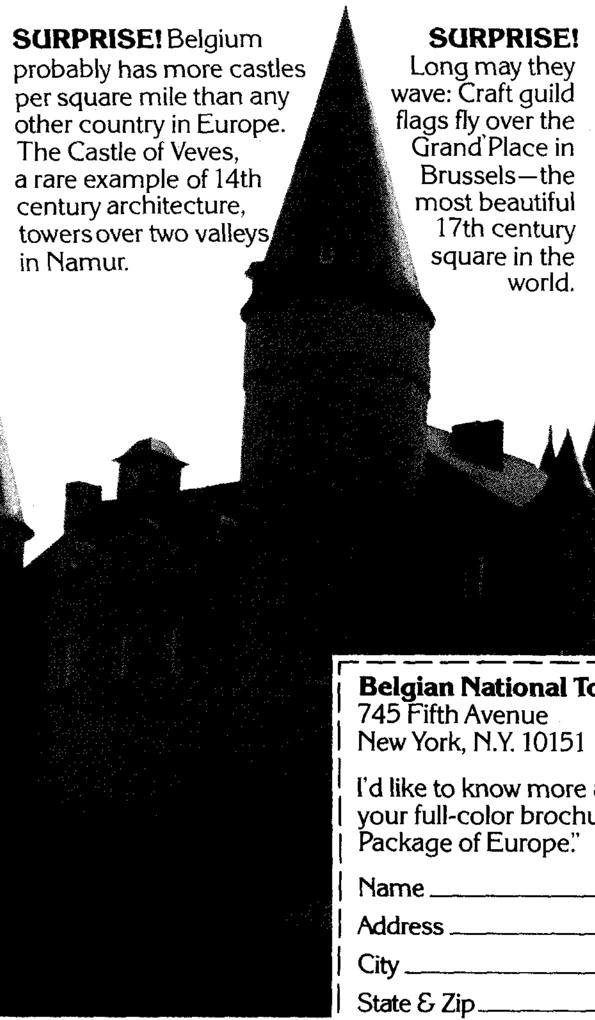

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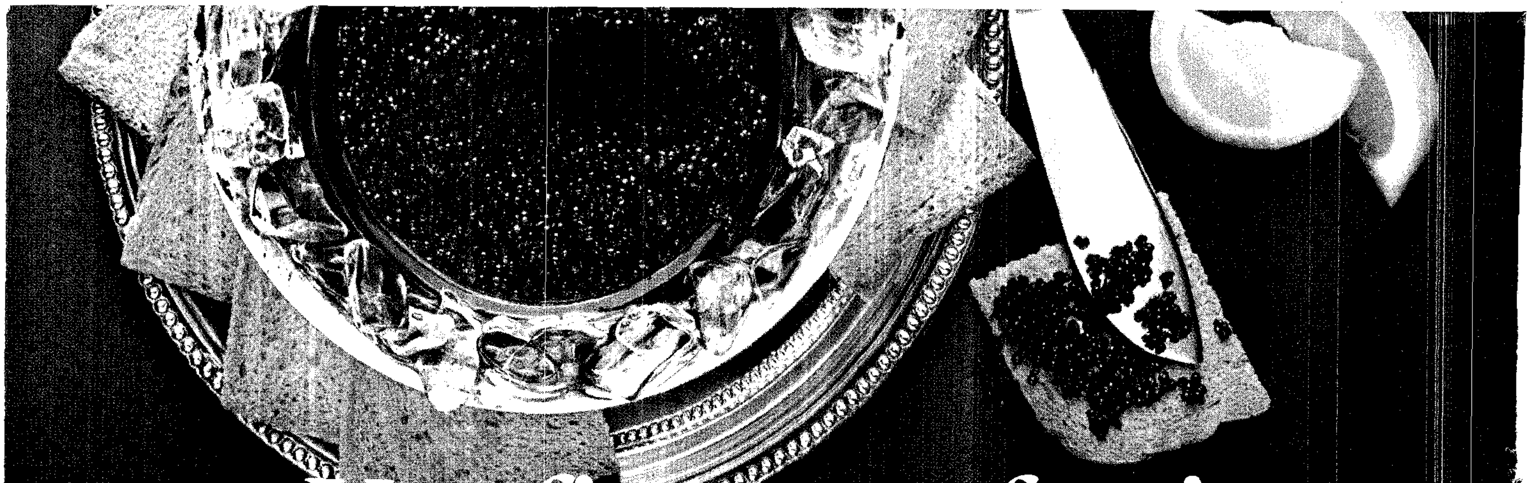

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BOOKS

No Medium

MORALITY and womanhood are the topics addressed by Mary Gordon in her two novels, "Final Payments" (1978) and "The Company of Women" (Random House; $12.95): morality posed as a question—is self-sacrifice a form of self-indulgence?—and womanhood as a physical and mental plight. In "Final Payments," the particulars of plot and character favor urgent pursuit of these matters, account for the earnest, self-critical tone of the book, and limit the scope of Gordon's verbal enterprise, which is notable. The central character and narrator is Isabel Moore, who, raised as an orthodox Roman Catholic by her father, and having in turn nursed him for eleven years, is eaving home for the first time, at the age of thirty. The book opens with a recollection of his funeral and ends, during Easter week, with Isabel's figuraive resurrection. "Do not think," she says at he start, "that because I did not weep . . . I atach to my father's xistence less than a murderous imporance," adding, "I gave up my life for him." The words offer more than a hint of the emperamental extremism with which Isael faces her journey nto the world, and which makes its ritualstic shape inevitable. he is a punctilious character, with a trong sense of the rama of her life, and igh standards of litrature as well as of onduct.

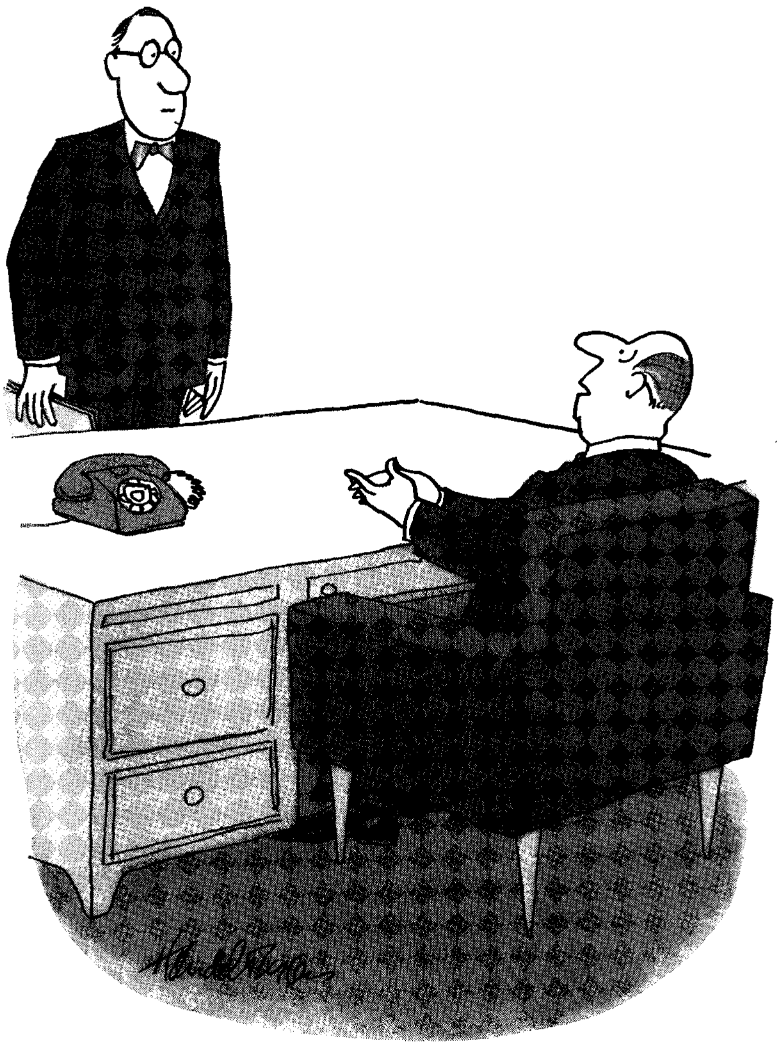
Both in "Final Payments" and in "The ompany of Women," he author pays repects to Jane Austen nd Charlotte Brontë. The invocation of Jane usten I took to be ainly a gesture of adiration, in view of ordon's conspicuous bjectivity. But "Fial Payments," a tale spiritual anguish, reminded me especially of Charlotte Brontë and her isolated, morally diligent heroines and awesome males. Reading Gordon, I remembered a line from "Jane Eyre" that captures exactly the spirit of her work: "I know no medium." Speaking through Isabel, whose strength of character and eccentric sense of duty approximate those of Brontë's heroine, Gordon manages, on the whole, to vindicate her own claim to the emotional territory. However, the rhetorical energy bound up in that line of Isabel's about the murderous importance of her father's existence is sometimes the source of ludicrous imagery: "desiccating piles" of books; plastic doilies that shine "with a false sympathy that was really hatred for the poor, the halt, the slow and the messy;" a priest's "edible-looking" shoes; somebody's boots "delectable as candy;" someone else's "round and serviceable" big toe. Serviceable?

A perfectionist, Gordon views men as gods or oafs; she doesn't come to terms in either of her books with the idea of them as human beings. Her reflections on men and women are unresolved—never adding up, as Brontë's do, to an exhilarating confrontation, like the two-chapter bout between Jane Eyre and St. John Rivers:

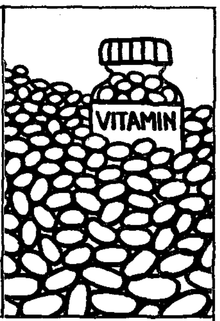
> He had held me in awe because he had held me in doubt. How much of him was saint, how much mortal, I could not heretofore tell: but revelations were being made in this conference: the analysis of his nature was proceeding before my eyes. I saw his fallibilities: I comprehended them. I understood that, sitting there where I did, on the bank of the heath, and with that handsome form before me, I sat at the feet of a man, erring as I. The veil fell from his hardness and despotism. Having felt in him the presence of these qualities, I felt his imperfection, and took courage. I was with an equal—one with whom I might argue—one whom, if I saw good, I might resist.

Gordon's female characters back away from confrontation with the adversaries they admire—the father in "Final Payments," the priest in "The Company of Women"—and retreat in sanctimonious disgust from the oafs. Since they could certainly say, as Jane Eyre does, "I felt his influence in my marrow—his hold on my limbs," the absence of intersexual argument is a disappointment. It could be a result of the feminist piety that seems to underlie Gordon's portrayal of women and brings her, at times, to the verge of sentimentality, as in this lyrical passage from "The Company of Women":

> There was something between them, between



"Well, Remson, if you don't know why I called you in here and I don't know why I called you in here, I don't suppose anybody in the world knows why I called you in here."



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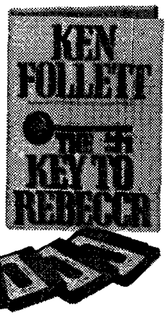

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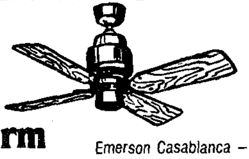

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all of them. They were connected to something, they stood for something. They were not only themselves, secretaries and schoolteachers, people who took care of their mothers, ushers in movie theaters, the lame ducks no man wanted. When all of them came together, they were something.

Or this:

> I wonder what abuse a woman has to go through at the hands of a man before she gives up the inward flicker of delight, like the click and flame of a cheap cigarette lighter, at being chosen.

Like "Final Payments," "The Company of Women" features self-denial as a major motive, and again the emotional volume is set high from the start, with mention on the first page of deep love and a couple of powerful aversions. (Priestly footwear comes up again, too, on page 6: "His black shoes . . . serious and blessed and devotional. They were at the center of things. God was that: nothing not vital.") Five women, out of long devotion to a domineering priest, spend their summers with him in upstate New York. Having no other men in their lives, for various reasons, the members of the group rely on the priest for manly guidance and on one another for comfort. All, including the priest, have fixed their hopes on the one child among them, a girl named Felicitas. Felicitas grows up precocious and spoiled, leaves home for college, undergoes a first affair even more horrible than Isabel's in "Final Payments," flees from a squalid abortion parlor, and, back under the protection of the group, bears a daughter and decides to marry a local handyman, good-looking, so she says, though probably stupid:

> Oh, I know he is: there is deep down in him a perfect misconception of the world; there is knit into the fabric of his bones a slowness so complete I marvel that his hands work.

Communal hopes are transferred to the new daughter.

These events serve as a framework for high-pitched rumination. The substance of the book is emotional action: friendship, enmity, insanity, danger, shame, fear, astonishment, shock; feelings of deepest pleasure, of pure, infantile shame, of pure loss, perfect simplicity, extreme honor, durable pride, and demanding and beautiful grandeur, not to mention hate and love. Love is the theme, and Gordon wields the word with accustomed zeal and virtuosity, applying it in assorted grammatical forms to human beings, God, ledger books, mathematics, jokes,

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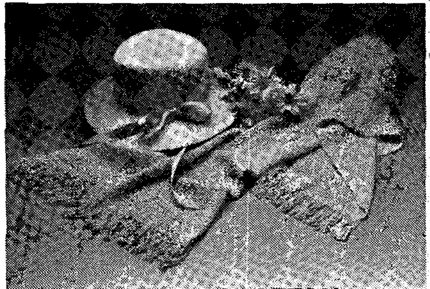

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languages, a room; describing it as dangerous, damaged, and possessive, terrible, prosperous, extraordinary, priestly, human, dependable, great; presenting it as the centerpiece in a pageant of strong emotion, which incorporates perfect fingernails, a perfectly evil mouth, eyes perfectly incapable of light, the perfect curve of Greek sentences, a perfect right, a blade that could slice someone perfectly in two, perfectly faithful women. There is a fierce, colored passion for proximity and a terrible, deep, ragged loneliness. There are characters deeply grateful, entranced with happiness, feeling pure need, sheer need, and sheer eager force of pleasure; people who would die for others, for whom it would have been death not to see another for a year, who would never forgive, who could not bear; and one who guards her Saturday-morning sleep "with a fierce intensity, a sheik who watched jealously the youngest, the only real beloved of his harem." The point, which is likely to elude the reader until the author gets around to pinning it down, is that human aspiration is at odds with ordinary life, that high hopes and deep feeling have about as much weight in the scheme of things as resignation and disappointment. Those who would die for someone don't, and those who would never forgive apparently do.

Gordon has trouble composing a stolid sentence—a sentence unencumbered by a rare turn of phrase or a momentous adjective—but there are a few. "She waited until after lunch to call the number," for example. To udge from the slightness of her references to such specific features of life as subways, television, politics, Brooklyn, and the insurance business, her impression of the outside world is vague compared with her grasp of passion. If t weren't for the crowd of characters n the foreground, the novel's flimsy background might pass as an aspect of single self-absorbed sensibility. As it s, Gordon has chosen to tackle her tory obliquely, and from half a dozen eparate angles, with plot and dialogue eeping through alternating third-erson soliloquies, the voices merging n the familiar heartfelt clamor, despite the idiosyncrasies assigned to the peakers.

"The Company of Women" turns ut to be a bluff of a novel—a brave how of sentiment and phraseology overing the collapse of a farfetched mbition. As the creator and moving

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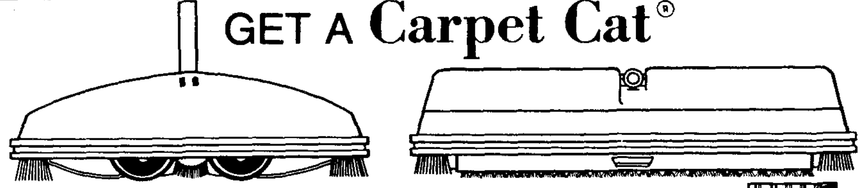

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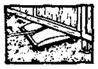

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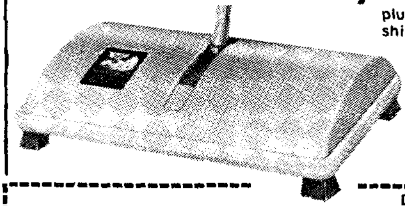

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spirit of a society, Gordon imposes on herself an obligation to be worldly and judicious that she doesn't seem yet to be able to meet. Unconfined to one point of view, she squanders her distinctive ardor. —SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NEIGHBORING LIVES, by Thomas M. Disch and Charles Naylor (Scribners; $14.95). This admirable novel begins and ends with a view from mid-Thames of Chelsea: first from a skiff in which J. M. W. Turner sits, in 1846, trying to capture on paper the shifting shades of light and water; and then, in 1867, from the deck of a steamer, where a woman named Jo Hiffernan muses upon the houses along the shore, once inhabited or frequented by the Carlyles, the Rossettis, Algernon Charles Swinburne, William Morris, George Meredith, William Holman Hunt, and her former lover, James Whistler. Neither Turner nor Jo Hiffernan, however, plays a major role in the intervening pages; the Carlyles and the Pre-Raphaelites are in the foreground of this skillful group portrait. Historical novels are too often an uneasy alliance of research and speculation, but this one is witty and graceful, disclosing the eccentric essence of each colleague and rival (and so of the whole era) in wry details: Carlyle eats porridge for dinner, and his wife smokes cigarettes on the sly; Hunt is willing to modify his portraits of sultry damsels to mollify the critics; Lewis Carroll yearns to photograph Rossetti's wombat as it naps in a tureen; and the bohemian Morris admires "Past and Present," one of Carlyle's grandiose tomes.

GENERAL

TOO LONG A SACRIFICE, by Jack Holland (Dodd, Mead; $10.95). An analytical discourse on the troubles in Northern Ireland over the past decade, informally presented, admirably thought out, and very well written. The author, born in Belfast of mixed Catholic and Protestant heritage, is a journalist and poet. His story of the undeclared civil war is told graphically, interspersed with passages on the political history of the unhappy country and on the tangle of forces and counterforces—the numerous Ulster "defense" outfits, the two I.R.A.s (Official and

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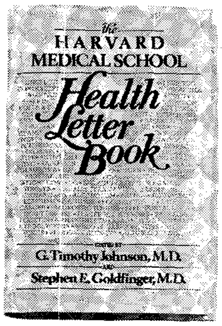

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Provisional), the military and paramilitary organizations the British government has set up—that are contending with one another. In one startling chapter, he reports on an interview with a young Ulster Freedom Fighter who kills Catholics almost indiscriminately. ("I think of myself as a soldier, but in another way I still think of it as murder," he says.) Though Mr. Holland can write objectively, he has a definite point of view: he condemns the violence of both factions, but he considers partition a folly, and he shows some despair over what seems a hopeless situation.

The War Between the Generals, by David Irving (Congdon & Lattès; $17.95). The well-known English military historian starts his story just as Eisenhower is chosen to lead the invasion of Europe, and closes it at the Nazi surrender. Using many unpublished primary sources, such as diaries, he enlarges on the theme of discord within the Allied military commands (mainly the Anglo-American, though he pays some attention to the French and Russian). The arguments over where and when to invade, how to use air power, how to shape strategy after the Normandy landings have been ventilated by many historians; Mr. Irving now adds the dimension of personality and personal rivalry by means of unflattering candid-camera portraits of the leaders. Disparagement, however, is not the book's sole effect. Though, for example, General Patton seems considerably less sane than the press ever let on, and though General Montgomery seems to combine masculine arrogance and feminine fussiness, they, and the other men in this volume, did win the war. Indeed, when all of Irving's new evidence has been assembled, the Allied generals fit the historic mold of fighting men: bursting with energy and egotism, and so combative that they must always be fighting somebody—if not the Germans, then one another.

Note: "The Camera Age: Essays on Television," by Michael J. Arlen, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($13.95). All the contents originally appeared in this magazine, in somewhat different form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Gorky Park, by Martin Cruz Smith (Random House; $13.95). This un-

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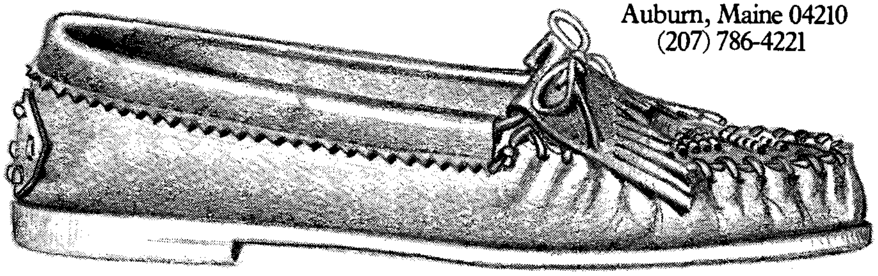

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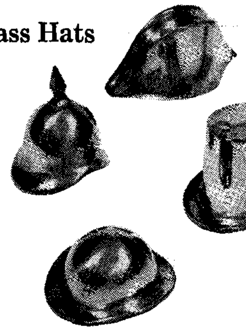

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commonly fine melodrama opens with the discovery in a snowdrift in Gorky Park (a wooded recreational park in the heart of Moscow) of the bullet-ridden bodies of two young men and a young woman, all faceless and fingerless to defy identification. The police officer in charge, a chief homicide investigator named Arkady Renko, is convinced by the programmed nature of the crime that it was of foreign origin and, consequently, is the responsibility of the K.G.B., but the K.G.B., oddly and suspiciously, insists that Renko handle the matter. Renko is an interestingly complicated man, brave and intelligent (though he misuses "hopefully" as glibly as any American congressman), and a zealous cop. His investigation, with a brilliant reconstruction of the crime and an even more brilliant identification (with the help of advanced Russian technology) of the victims, produces enough enigmas within enigmas within enigmas to reel the mind, and leads him into conflict with his oldest friend, with every authority, with a visiting American fur dealer, with a visiting New York City police detective, with a dangerous Siberian girl. It also puts him in the hospital, throws him in and out of prison, and, finally, carries him off to a treacherous rendezvous in New York—in the wastes of Staten Island. Mr. Smith, we are told, spent two weeks in Moscow, in 1973. He has managed, however, to recall, or invent, a Russia—a Moscow peopled with Muscovites of all kinds and classes, living and drinking and scheming and worrying and hoping, enduring the winter and dreaming of summer—that has the texture and the substance of reality. It may, astonishingly, *be* real. But no matter. The book is a commanding, and a wringing, performance. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

•

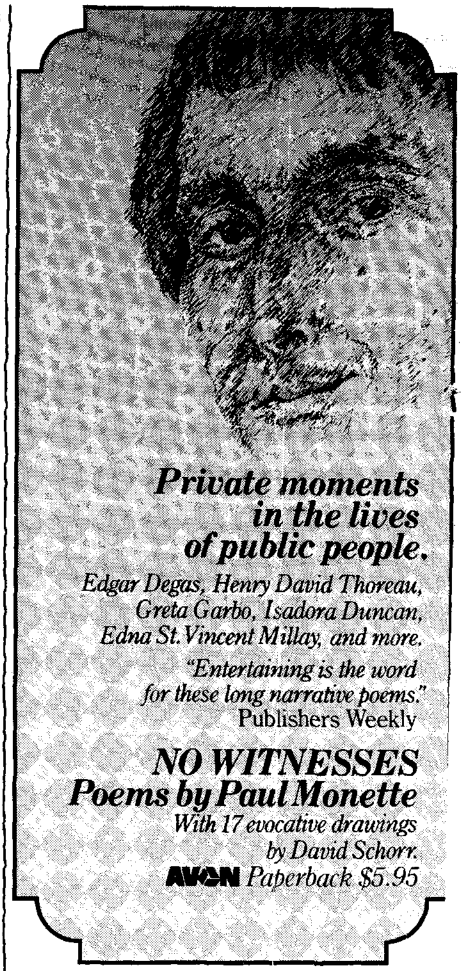
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Pasco* (*Wash.*) *Tri-City Herald*]

TOLEDO, Ohio (AP)—Bill Coleman had to write and mail an important letter as soon as possible, so he wrote the letter before leaving for work at a store.

This didn't leave time for breakfast so he grabbed a small cream pie to eat on the way.

In his rush to get the letter mailed, he inadvertently put the cream pie in the mailbox instead. It turned out to be just as well.



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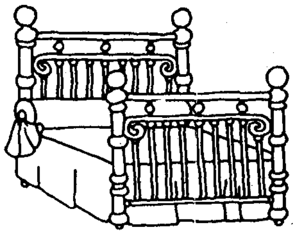

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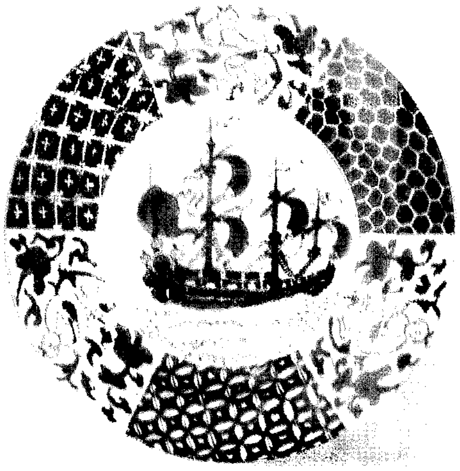

China export plate K'ang Hsi period.
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